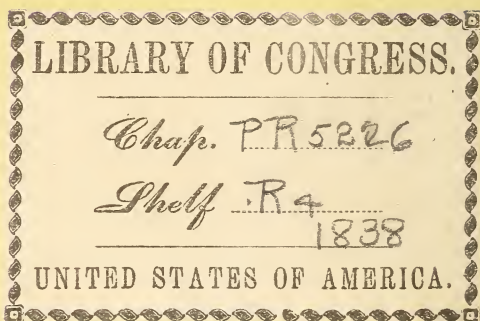




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SKETCHES,  
IN  
PROSE AND VERSE.







Richard, lithog.

# THE ANCIENT WEALD OF SUSSEX.

Geo. J. Smith, del.







SKETCHES  
IN  
PROSE AND VERSE.

(SECOND SERIES.)

CONTAINING

VISITS TO THE MANTELLIAN MUSEUM,

DESCRIPTIVE OF THAT COLLECTION :

ESSAYS, TALES, POEMS, &c. &c.

BY

*Design*  
G. F. RICHARDSON,

OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM,

LATE CURATOR OF THE MANTELLIAN INSTITUTION.

LONDON :  
RELFE AND FLETCHER, CORNHILL.

1838.  
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TO

G. A. MANTELL, Esq., LL.D. F.R.S.

&c. &c. &c.

---

MY DEAR SIR.

ALLOW me to dedicate to you the present volume, the only interesting portion of which, at least in the estimation of the writer, consists in the few and desultory pages which are devoted to the description of your labours and discoveries ; and the imperfect but respectful homage to your talents and genius.

With every sincere and respectful wish  
for your health, prosperity, and happiness,  
allow me, my dear Sir, to subscribe myself,

Your obliged and devoted servant,

THE AUTHOR.

BRITISH MUSEUM,  
*July 1, 1838.*



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# S K E T C H E S.

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## VISITS TO THE MANTELLIAN MUSEUM.

### No. I.

GEOLOGY is a science which is still in so youthful, it might be said, so infant a state, that however ardently and successfully it has been cultivated of late years, its importance and value are even now known and appreciated only by a few, by a small section of philosophers and *savans*, rather than by the generality of mankind; and thus a study which is connected with the most indispensable wants and necessities of the human race, which is essential to the landholder, the farmer, the architect, and the engineer,—nay, which is associated with higher and more intellectual pursuits, and is valuable to the painter, the poet, the moralist, and the divine, has

beyond the means of the association to effect ; and at the moment when these remarks are penned, negotiations are in progress for its being transferred to the British Museum. Yet since, in the event of such a removal, it will in some degree be dispersed among the treasures of so vast a collection, the writer has presumed that some account of the Mantellian Museum, in its present separate state, may not prove wholly uninteresting to the reader.

For a complete and detailed history of the collection, the inquirer is referred to the various works of Dr. Mantell, particularly his recent publication,—“ The Wonders of Geology.”—The following desultory observations are merely offered, in the hope of their affording a general idea of its contents, the sources whence it has been derived, and the chief features which it offers for observation.

The South-East of England presents strata of three different kinds,—the Chalk, the Wealden, and the Tertiary. The chalk rises at Beachy-head into hills, which traverse the county of Sussex from east to west, extend into Hampshire, and are termed the South Downs ; another range passes by Godalming, Godstone, &c. into Kent, and is called the North Downs ; while the area between the two is traversed by a line of hills, composed of sandstones, clays, &c., having on each side a

valley of clay, constituting the Wealds of Kent and Sussex, and the whole group is hence denominated the Wealden formation. Prior to the researches and discoveries of Dr. Mantell—in fact, a very few years ago, the character of the Wealden formation was wholly mistaken, and its real nature altogether unknown,—the sandstones, shales, and indurated clays, which compose its strata, having been supposed to belong to the chalk, and to be of marine origin. Dr. Mantell, however, by a series of extensive and laborious investigations, has ascertained the true geological character of the district, and its embedded organic remains; and has shown, that while the fossils of the chalk are entirely marine, consisting of shells, corals, sponges, and fish: the weald presents exclusively the remains of land and fresh-water animals, and plants; has evidently been deposited at the mouth of a river, and has constituted, at some remote period, an extensive delta. Dr. Mantell has farther discovered, that the whole of the wealden strata were once, in all probability, covered by the chalk; and that they have subsequently been elevated, and forced through the superincumbent chalk, occasioning its denudation and destruction. The last division of the local series, the tertiary beds, occur at Castle-hill, near Newhaven; in the cliffs from Shoreham to Rottingdean; at Bognor; and in the vicinity of Chichester. The circumstances attending the

deposit of the remains of the enormous lizards, which are found in the wealden, are conceived to be simply these,—that these gigantic creatures lived and died in the ancient waters; that after death their remains were floated down the stream; that decomposition ensuing, first the flesh decayed and perished; next the integuments were macerated and dissolved; and lastly, that the osseous relics thus released from all connexion or attachment with each other, either sank to the bed of the stream, or were thrown by the waves on the shores and banks, and there sinking in the mud or sand, were converted, with these substances, into stone.

The following lines may, perhaps, be offered as a general sketch of the interesting and valuable contents of this unique collection:—

'Tis indeed a world of wonder,  
Found within the earth and under;  
Fancied forms and wild chimeras,  
Creatures of primeval æras,  
Startling all our ancient notions,  
Showing lands of old were oceans;  
Showing oceans once were dry,  
As the mountains old and high!  
Wondrous shapes, and tales terrific,  
Told in Nature's hieroglyphic;  
Written in her countless volumes,  
Graven on her granite columns!  
Showing many a strangest mystery,  
From her ancient, wondrous history.



Forms as wild as fancy wishes,  
Monster lizards, stony fishes ;  
Fragments of the lost amphibia,  
Here a femur,—there a tibia ;—  
Here the monster mammoth sleeping,  
There the giant lizard creeping,—  
Beings of a tropic nature,  
Crocodile and alligator ;  
Fragments vast of lost creations,  
Relics of earth's first formations ;  
Here the snake, the lizard there,  
With the tiger and the bear !  
Monsters from beneath the waves,  
With the creatures hid in caves,  
Brought in later days to light,  
From their dens of stalagmite !

Yet these giant forms tremendous,  
Creatures wondrous, wild, stupendous,—  
Huge,—that fancy cannot frame them ;  
Wild,—that language may not name them,  
Differing from a world like this,  
Each and all were framed for bliss ;  
Form'd to share, without alloy,  
Each its element of joy,  
By that Power that rules to bless,  
All were made for happiness !

The first object which attracts the attention of the visitor in ascending the staircase, is the model of a portion of the pelvis of the Megatherium, or colossal Sloth, whose enormous size and singular structure, Dr. Buckland, among other writers, has

so vividly described. The model in question was presented to Dr. Mantell by the College of Surgeons, and is taken from the real specimen in the possession of that Society, which was discovered by Sir Woodbine Parish, in the bed of the river Salado, near Buenos Ayres, in South America, in 1832. The corresponding structure of the horse is placed in immediate juxta-position, exhibiting, by its pigmy-like proportions, the enormous bulk of this giant of the sloth family, which, with its colossal size; its columnar limbs, and its huge body, cased, it is conceived, in scaly armour, must have presented a living fortress, impregnable to all the attacks of the creatures by which it was surrounded. The diplomas, certificates, and other documents of learned bodies, both at home and abroad, placed around, evince both the estimation in which Geology is held by the learned world, and the sense entertained of the value of Dr. Mantell's labours and contributions to this important science.

The next object to which the attention of the visitor is directed, is a diagram, representing a restoration of the Weald of Sussex, and affording the chief features of a scene, which a Martin has endowed with all the sublime and terrific powers of his pencil.\* The centre of the drawing pre-

\* See Frontispiece to Dr. Mantell's recent publication, "The Wonders of Geology."

sents a vast river, some mighty Nile, or still mightier Mississippi, which is conceived to have once flowed through the district, and whose streams and shores were peopled with the strange and singular forms both of animal and vegetable existence here depicted in their appropriate situations, at a period when this country formed part of a vast continent, or an equally extensive island. The waters exhibit the Plesiosaurus, that wondrous combination of bird and lizard, and quadruped and fish; which, with arched and swan-like neck, sails majestically on the tranquil bosom of the stream;—the *Lepidotus*, a very Triton of the river, an enormous fresh-water fish, pronounced by Agassiz to have been fifteen feet in length, is shadowed in the distance. On land are seen the gigantic *Megalosaurus*, the *Hylæosaurus*, with its enormous spinal apparatus, bristling in fearful array along its back; while the colossal *Iguanodon*, with its similar appendage of spines, and its single unique horn, appears to reign undisputed monarch of the wild and wondrous scene! A host of accessories are strewed in the fore-ground,—the turtle, the tortoise, and “such small deer,” crouch at the feet of the lizard-monarch of the realm, and display, by their disparity of size, the terrific proportions of the stupendous shapes with which they are contrasted. The vegetable forms exhibit a

like dissimilarity to those now in existence; in vain do we seek for the trees which now luxuriate in the weald, and abound in a temperate zone, the oak, the ash, or the elm; we find only those at present limited to the tropics, and allied to the fern, the cane, the palm, and the bamboo!

On entering the apartment, the objects are seen arranged in cases in their due order and succession, while various additions, and recent specimens, are placed for illustration round the room. Here a stuffed specimen of the Iguana climbs the wall—there we behold a crocodile—and yonder “an alligator stuffed;” while over the fire-place the magnificent skull and antlers of the gigantic Elk of Ireland give an air of imposing dignity to the whole.

The first specimens which excite the attention even of the most careless observer, are the enormous fragments of the vast lizards, who, in the language of a celebrated German palæontologist, and writer on fossil remains,\* once ruled the earth, and formed an age of reptiles.

An enormous femur of the Iguanodon, an *ex pede Herculem* illustration of the gigantic size of its owner, first meets the eye, indicating, by its colossal dimensions and structure, the vast proportions of the creature of which it formed a part; in

\* Von Meyer.

other divisions of the same case the attention is variously drawn to a rib, vertebræ, heads of tibiæ, or knee bones, and other fragments of like colossal dimensions; and by the simple process of joining, in idea, these separate structures, placing the vertebræ on the table in the centre of the room, appending the ribs on each side, supporting the enormous trunk on such massive thigh-bones and legs as are described above, and then clothing the skeleton with all its investiture of integument, muscle, flesh, skin, and scales, we create a monster which the apartment could not contain as to size, and which was elongated to an extent of eighty or a hundred feet—a whale on land—surpassing all existing realities, and embodying the wildest visions of Eastern fable or romance. The structure, habits, and general character of this monarch of the lizard race, have been so amply described in the works of Dr. Mantell, that it may here suffice to offer a general description, referring to his writings for more ample details of these former lords of the creation.

The Iguanodon has been so named from the Iguana, a lizard of the tropics, the termination *odon*, from the Greek *odous*, a tooth, being added to show that its teeth resembled those of the Iguana; the teeth, as the reader is doubtless aware, being one of those generic points by which animals

are usually classed by naturalists; and, together with the claw, horn, and other characters, being analogous, with the exception of size, in the recent and fossil animal. The term Iguana, the writer has understood, is derived from the Tamul language of Hindoostan, and together with other words of like derivation, of which the anana (pine apple) is one, has passed from the East to the West Indies; in both of which regions, as well as in North and South America, the animal is found to exist. It is a harmless herbivorous creature, and its flesh being considered a delicacy, especially in the French West India Islands, it is constantly pursued and killed for food. Its colossal prototype is conceived to have borne the same character, to have been alike herbivorous, and to have found its food and its home amid the tropical vegetation by which it was surrounded when living, and which are entombed, in a fossil state, in the same quarries with its bones. The resemblance in many important points between the recent and fossil reptiles, is not only of high interest to the scientific student, but is striking and impressive even to the common observer. For instance, the teeth in the lizard race are singularly small compared with the bulk of the animal, these creatures having no power of masticating their food, but biting it off and gorging it entire, like the boa constrictor, and the serpent



tribe in general. Hence the teeth of an Iguana five feet in length, are no larger than those of a mouse, and exhibit in their smallness of size; their prismatic form; the angular shape of the crown; and the notched and serrated edge; an almost perfect similarity to those of their extinct prototype, which are alike of most insignificant proportions compared with the size of the animal, which it is conceived extended from seventy to a hundred feet in length, accordingly as it approximated to the crocodilian or lacertian type. The claw presents a like resemblance; but, perhaps, the most striking similarity is that presented by the horn, an invaluable and unique specimen of which forms one of the most interesting objects in this department of the Museum. Like the teeth, it is singularly small—a mere protuberance in fact; and has its analogy in one species only of the Iguana, found in St. Domingo, which has a small osseous conical horn, or process, covered by a single scale, and is called the Iguana cornuta.

The same cabinet contains many hundred specimens of the bones of reptiles, turtles, fishes, and birds: these last were for a long time objects of doubt, as to whether they really were the osseous relics of the feathered tribes, when the fortunate discovery of the inferior portion of a leg-bone, in which the mark of the articulation of the hind-toe is distinctly

visible, set the question at rest, and proved them to be bones of wading birds, similar to the heron. This department is farther enriched with a series of fossils and minerals, illustrative of the geological structure of the coast of Sussex; commencing with the Bognor rocks in the west of the county; followed in regular succession by specimens of the conglomerate of Brighton cliffs; subsulphate of alumine and tertiary deposits from Castle Hill, near Newhaven; the chalk with flints at Beachy Head; the chalk, marl, and gault, of the South Downs; the Shanklin sand of the Isle of Wight; and, lastly, the limestones, clays, sandstones, and marble, of the Weald. The vegetable remains of the wealden district are placed in an upper apartment. A frame adjoining contains a fine example of the ammonite from the lias; a splendid series of caudal vertebræ, it is supposed, of the *Hylæosaurus*, announcing by their gigantic processes the enormous size of the animal to which they belonged; and beneath, a slab of sandstone from the weald, exhibiting the ripple marks caused by the tide.

A large case near the centre of the room, contains the rare and *unique* specimen termed the Maidstone Iguanodon, from its having been discovered in a quarry near that town, about four years since. Some workmen in the employ of Mr. W. H. Bensted, were blasting a portion of rock, when,



on the explosion taking place, the scattered fragments of stone were found to exhibit traces of bone, which proved on examination to be those of the *Iguanodon*. The specimen was immediately purchased in its original rough state, by some private friends of Dr. Mantell, and presented to him; and having been chiselled and sculptured from the rock in which it was embedded, now forms the most interesting specimen of the kind yet discovered; its value and importance consisting in the circumstance of its exhibiting the nearest approach to the perfect skeleton yet brought to light, and sufficiently indicating that the entire of the osseous remains of the animal were once deposited in this spot. A fact of considerable importance connected with this discovery, consists in its being found to confirm many of Dr. Mantell's previous assumptions respecting the structure of this fresh-water leviathan: for instance, among other speculations of like nature, he had assumed that the fossil animal must have differed from the recent *Iguana*, whose feet are slight and slender, in having hind feet of a massive form to support its enormous weight; and accordingly the hinder feet are found to present a striking similarity to those of the rhinoceros. The deposit in which this specimen was embedded, which is the Kentish rag, a portion of the green sand, and therefore a marine

formation, differs from the strata of the Weald, which are entirely of fluviatile origin; and the difference is explained by conceiving that the remains in question, as is frequently the case at the present day, were floated out to sea, and there embedded in a marine deposite. The individual in question, though but a pigmy in comparison with the more gigantic creatures whose remains are placed in the opposite cases, is conceived to have exceeded sixty feet in length; and the principal fragments preserved are the two thigh-bones, a leg-bone, with bones of the feet, claws, spine, breast, tail, and ribs; while a row of vertebræ suddenly broken off, with other circumstances of similar nature, indicate the fact previously alluded to, that the whole of the structure was once embedded in this spot, and that a considerable portion has been quarried off, and lost to science. Dr. Buckland, in adverting to this circumstance at the Bristol meeting of the British Association of Science, observed, that lizards unquestionably once existed of so colossal a size, that, compared with them, the elephant was but a shrimp; “and as,” added the Professor, “the stone in which they are embedded is used to mend the roads in Sussex, you will, in your journey to Brighton, probably crush beneath your carriage-wheels the remains of creatures which, had you lived a hundred

thousand years ago, might have turned the tables, and crushed you. But," he continued, "a distinguished *savant* and friend of mine has formed a whole menagerie of these creatures at Brighton, which I recommend all who visit that place to go and see."

Pass we now to another discovery of the same nature. The case beneath the window contains a considerable portion of the *Hylæosaurus*, or lizard of the weald or wood, the osteology of which presents many peculiar features, as well as singular departures from the structure of recent lizards. This is particularly the case in the sternal apparatus, or bones of the breast; for while the omoplates resemble those of the crocodile, the coracoid bones are formed like those of the lizard. But this circumstance is surpassed in singularity and importance by certain large, triangular bones, which Dr. Mantell, in a paper read before the Geological Society in 1832, has pronounced to be dermal processes, or bony spines, which extended along the back, above the skin, and represented, in the extinct animal, the grisly spines of the Iguana, and other existing reptiles. This specimen, which is perfectly *unique*, and has not its parallel in the world, closes the assemblage of animal relics exhumed by Dr. Mantell, from the weald.

A separate case is devoted to the organic remains discovered by Dr. Mantell in the cliffs of Brighton,

which occur in a coarse conglomerate composed of fragmentary chalk and flints, impacted in a calcareous cement; the whole being a collection of water-worn materials deposited upon the chalk; the animal relics, consisting of the teeth and bones of the elephant, buffalo, horse, and deer. The visitors who promenade or drive on the Marine Parade, are probably not aware that beneath them lie the remains of a former condition of this region; for these deposits, though, geologically speaking, they are but of recent date, yet extend beyond all history and all tradition, and point to a period when creatures, now limited to the torrid zone, and which could not be acclimated in the present state of the temperature, were natives and inhabitants here. An adjacent case presents a like assemblage of remains of the large Mammalia, collected from the most distant regions. On the upper shelf are seen models of the bones of the *Megalonyx*, (great-clawed animal,) an enormous creature of the sloth family, which, on its first discovery in North America, was conceived by President Jefferson to be a lion, but which the more minute and accurate observations of Cuvier determined to be a gigantic sloth, analogous to the *Megatherium*. In the lower departments are variously deposited bones and tusks and teeth of elephants, and other large mammalia, from Walton, in Essex; of elephants and

mastodons, from the banks of the Ohio and the Hudson, with a like collection from the Burmese empire ; and in particular a splendid suite of fossils from the Sub-Himalayeh mountains of Hindoostan, presented by Captain Cautley ; comprising the osseous fragments of the elephant, mastodon, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, gavial, &c., the interest of which is increased by the site in which they are found ; the animals, as the crocodile and turtle, being many of them fluviatile, such as inhabit rivers, while these remains are discovered on hills and elevations over which no river can possibly flow ; affording a decisive proof of elevation, and showing that these hills have been raised to their present mountain heights subsequently to the existence of these animals, and the deposite of their remains. The lower divisions of the same cabinet are occupied by relics exhumed from the local alluvium, among which is a skull from the levels of the Adur, near Shoreham, conceived to be that of one of our Celtic ancestors, the teeth of which present so flat and smooth an appearance, that it is inferred, our barbarian ancestors rarely indulged in an animal repast, but chiefly subsisted on pulse and grain.

The recesses on each side this case contain, the one a model, the other a real specimen of the Plesiosaurus, so vividly described by Dr. Buckland,



as combining the attributes of half a dozen animals in one, uniting the head of a lizard, the neck of a swan, the paddles of a whale, the ribs of a chameleon, and the tail of a quadruped; while, by one of those admirable adaptations of means to an end, observable throughout universal nature, the bones of the creature were solid, like those of fish, instead, like those of the terrestrial animals, and of man, of being hollow and filled with marrow, with the obvious design of fitting the creature to move with the more facility in water, the element in which it was destined by Omnipotence to live, and move, and have its being.

In an adjacent recess are placed samples of the fossil forest of the Isle of Portland, comprising specimens of plants allied to the cycadeæ, termed *Mantellia* by M. Adolphe Brongniart, and considered as forming a link beneath the coniferous trees, and the ferns and palms, exhibiting the woody structure of the plant, yet so perfectly silicified as to strike fire with steel. A case adjoining is devoted to a varied and miscellaneous collection of specimens, comprising fish, from the tertiary formations of Italy; models of trilobites, in the collection of Dr. Harlan, of Philadelphia; a portion of the volcanic isle of the Mediterranean, which rose and disappeared a few years ago; with a splendid collection of shells from the Newer Pliocene

strata of Palermo; and an invaluable assemblage of organic remains, chiefly of bears, tigers, and hyenas, from the fossiliferous caverns of Germany. An adjoining receptacle contains, among other relics of like nature, the gigantic vertebra of a colossal lizard, discovered in the United States by Dr. Harlan, which he has named the *Basilosaurus*, and which, surpassing in size even the wealden monsters of our native land, well deserves its appellation of the Lizard King.

A long table in the centre of the apartment is occupied with the fossils of the chalk, which, it is well known, are wholly marine, comprising the choicest and most valued specimens of that formation, and affording the most interesting proofs of the changes of which it has been the scene. The specimens comprise a beautiful series of zoophytes of extinct forms; numberless genera and species of which have been determined by Dr. Mantell; the chief of these are termed the *Choanite*, *Marsupite*, and *Ventriculite*, names derived from the form and structure of the animals, one of which was shaped like a funnel, another like a bag, another like a stomach, while the separate divisions present sponges, marine plants, and weeds, with an unique collection of crustacean remains, fragments of the crab and the lobster; and a similarly valuable collection of *echinites*, teeth of



sharks, and tropical shells. A case placed near contains examples of the minerals of the chalk, crystallized quartz, chalcedony, carbonate of lime, &c., and closes the interesting series of valuable objects comprised in the lower apartment of the collection.

Such are the most important and striking of the monuments of nature, and of the physical history of this district, comprised in this section of the Museum. The remaining portion will claim a separate paper for its description. But ere we quit the scene of wonder, let us look once more around—once more contemplate the attractive objects which it presents. To describe the whole of its memorials, and the deductions which may be formed from its study, would require a treatise instead of the slight sketch which is here proposed: to select some of its most interesting objects, and to impress a few of its most instructive lessons, must suffice for the present purpose. One of the earliest results of geological investigations is the extreme antiquity of the earth, the age of which is indisputably to be computed by cycles of cycles of ages! The modern date of the creation of the human species, whose remains are found only in the alluvial soil, while the solid rocks beneath contain only the remains of the animal tribes, but present no traces of man, or his works, is a fact which as speedily becomes apparent.

The existence of the animal creation prior to that of mankind, and the peopling the earth by their diversified races during immeasurable æras before man existed on its surface, is a necessary deduction from the facts above stated. The antiquity of the earth, the priority of the animal creation, the modern date of man, are assertions, now unhesitatingly and fearlessly declared by geologists, and repeated by teachers and divines. A few years, however, only have elapsed since the promulgator of such opinions would have aroused the fears of the timid, and provoked the hostility of the ignorant and half-informed. Yet the truth had been shadowed forth long before; philosophers had entertained similar opinions from the earliest times, and with almost prophetic spirit the divine Milton had cautioned us—

“ Nor think though man were not,  
“ That Heaven would want adorers, God want praise.”

This warning was uttered nearly two centuries before the researches of science had shown that this beautiful and wondrous world existed and was filled with living creatures, innumerable ages ere man was its inhabitant. The tropical climate of the ancient earth, and the gradual refrigeration which it has undergone, are circumstances which in this locality, as elsewhere, are proved both by its animal and vegetable remains, by the lizard forms, and

ferns, and palms of the Weald; by the shells and crustacea of the chalk, which are referrible to Indian genera; and by the elephantine types of animals which are discovered in the later tertiary strata. The immutability of the laws of nature is shown, among other proofs, by the analogy of modern with ancient causes and results, in modifying the surface of the earth itself; and in organized beings by the similarity of the types of many fossil with those of recent animals, and by their corresponding habits and instincts; by the herbivora roaming over the plains, and the carnivora lurking in caves and dens of the earth. Nor amid the attractions associated with this collection can we omit the charm which is attached to a young and advancing science, whose researches are as engaging as they are important, and whose discoveries yet have all the freshness and fascination of novelty. When another continent was discovered, the old world was anxious to precipitate itself upon the new; and in like manner, when a fresh world is opened at our feet, we all are anxious to penetrate and explore it.

To descend from general principles to single specimens, and from excursive observations to particular facts, how eloquent are these silent records of the history of the earth; how impressive these mute but persuasive teachers of the past! Yon fragments of the giant lizards, how forcibly do they

recall the story of their life and being: how accurately realize the existence of monsters wilder and more wondrous than even Oriental fancy has portrayed! Those ripple-marks on the sand, how exactly do they present the traces of the last tide which flowed over them—the furrows of its waves—the markings of its snails and worms! Those blocks of Sussex marble, how interesting their history; composed merely of the snails generated in the slime and mud of the river, and converted with it into limestone, they have been employed by man as long since as the Roman invasion, and during two thousand years have ministered to his use, have ornamented his halls and temples while living, and furnished him with a tomb when dead! Yon fossil forest changed to stone, how powerfully does it revive the wonders of our childhood—of trees and woods transfixed to marble, and teach that tales of Eastern necromancy are exceeded by the magic of nature! Specimens derived from her inorganic kingdoms evince how wondrous are the mutations which even these have undergone; the flint marked with the sharpest impression of the shell, the most delicate foliage of the weed, proves that these impressions were stamped while the stony substance was in a soft and soluble state, and that rocks and stones were not always the solid, unyielding substances which we now behold them;

but that all stone, all rock, whatever now is hard, once was in the state of sand, of mud, or of fluid. Nor can we be insensible to the singular beauty and elegance of many of the specimens before us. Yon Sicilian shells, how lovely is their shape; how tasteful their position! They are placed with as much skill as if arranged by the finger of taste, to embellish the cabinet of a lady; but they have been grouped only by the hand of Nature in the profound recesses of her ocean depths:—how bright and beautiful those teeth of fish; how brilliant their enamel, coloured with a metallic tint of softest and most delicate lilac! How elegant those traceries of the weed—fresh and perfect as if the plant were living, yet firmly and inextricably embedded in the solid rock! Nor can we, while contemplating this Museum, and investigating its invaluable records of the past, refuse our admiration of the labours of its founder, of the talent, enthusiasm, genius—call it what we will—which has induced him to “spurn delights and live laborious days,” to undertake the most trying, mental labours, the most arduous personal researches, the most laborious manual operations, in extricating from the rocks which entombed them these wonders of nature! Nor, finally, can we quit the scene of our observations, without feeling that elevation of the mind, that purifying of the heart, which are ever

produced by our retirement, however temporary, from the petty concerns of life, to our contemplation of nature, and our consequent adoration of its Divine Author! To borrow the language of a popular living writer :—

“ 'Tis not this rare Museum's highest praise  
To charm the learned and the scientific ;  
But that in all beholders it must raise  
Feelings and thoughts of holiness prolific !

“ For who that once within its verge hath trod,  
And of its prodigies been made spectator,  
But 'looks through nature up to nature's God,'  
And in his creatures owns the great Creator !”

*Horace Smith.*



## HENRI LAROCHE JAQUELEIN TO HIS SOLDIERS.

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“ In the morning La Roche Jaquelein put himself at their head, and addressed them in words which will be remembered as long as the memory of heroic actions shall be preserved by history.— ‘ Friends, if my father was here you would have confidence in him. I am only a boy ; but by my courage I will show myself worthy of commanding you. If I advance,—follow me ! If I give way,—kill me ! If I fall,—revenge me ! ’ These were his genuine words, and no finer are to be found in the annals of any age or country : — ‘ Mes amis, si mon père était ici, vous auriez confiance en lui. Pour moi, je ne suis qu’un enfant ; mais par mon courage, je me montrerai digne de vous commander. *Si j’avance, suivez moi ; si je recule, tuez moi ; si je meurs, vengez moi !* ’ ” — *Quarterly Review*.—No. XXX.

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’Twas in that fatal fever-trance  
Which ages yet may mourn,  
When all the fairest fields of France  
Lay wasted and forlorn !

Before his band a leader stood  
With dauntless look and tone,  
And offered up his young life-blood  
For the altar and the throne !



In brighter days and happier hours,  
 'Mid pleasure's gay resorts,  
 He had shone the pride of beauty's bowers,  
 The darling of her courts !

But young Henri's darker lot was cast  
 Amid the hapless brave ;  
 The hour of conflict was his last,  
 The battle-field his grave !

And his spirit sank in lone despair  
 As he look'd on his feeble throng ;  
 For they were but a handful there,  
 And their foes were thousands strong.

Alas ! a weak and wasted band,  
 Was all that cause could bring ;  
 And few there were in all the land  
 For God and for their King !

And there 'mid pause of eye and breath,  
 Ere yet the thunders woke,  
 Their leader gave the charge of death,  
 And thus brave Henri spoke :—

“ If, soldiers, in yon hostile ranks  
 Your leader's form ye see,  
 Then rush like rivers o'er their banks,  
 And, comrades, follow me !

“ But should I play a coward part,  
And shrink in yonder strife,  
Then plunge your sabres in my heart,  
And take a traitor’s life !

“ But, brethren, if I brave my lot,  
And find a glorious doom ;  
If my knell be yonder cannon-shot,  
And this green sward my tomb ;

“ Then, comrades, vent no idle woes,  
Nor waste in sighs your breath !  
But on ! and let your slaughter’d foes  
Avenge your leader’s death ! ”

## FLAVIANUS AND LUCILLA.

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THE reign of the Emperor Diocletian exhibits one of those few periods in which the falling fortunes of the Roman empire were sustained with a courage, and retrieved with a success, worthy of her best days, and the triumphs and achievements of war were secured by the policy of moderation and peace. A few adverse events, a few unworthy actions, alone dim the glories of his illustrious reign; and the persecution of the Christians is the darkest blemish which stains the otherwise spotless mirror of his life and rule.

The philosophic sovereign, who himself had been raised from slavery to a throne, lost no opportunity of promoting all whose talents and virtues rendered them worthy of such distinction. Among those who had possessed the good fortune and the merit to be thus honoured by their sovereign, none better deserved the elevation than

the youthful Flavianus. Of humble birth, the child of poor but respected parents, he owed his advancement entirely to his merits, and was promoted, from one rank to another, until he attained a distinguished command in the body-guard of the emperor. A native of Rome, he had joined the legionary standards at an early age; and at a period of life when many had scarcely begun their course of glory, had shared in so many campaigns, and obtained so many triumphs, as entitled him to the honours and the rank of a veteran who has terminated his career. Under the command of Maximian, whom Diocletian had associated with himself as a partner of the empire, he had waged a fierce and prosperous warfare with the insurgent peasants of Gaul; and when he had vanquished them in the field, employed the influence he had obtained with the government, in interceding for these oppressed creatures whom tyranny had driven into rebellion; and obtained, in many instances, the grant of life and liberty to those who fain would have deprived him of his own. And when the prudent emperor determined to increase the monarchical authority, by investing two other individuals with sovereign rank and power, and Galerius and Constantius were appointed Cæsars, the youthful soldier was invested with an important command, under the orders of the former,

in the Persian war,—suffered with him the disgraceful defeat of Carrhæ, and with him retrieved the honour of the Roman arms, by the subsequent victory over the Great King. Honoured by the intimacy and esteem of Galerius, he soon acquired that of Diocletian himself; was invited by the emperor to accompany him to Rome, and witness the memorable triumph of himself and his associate Maximian; and was farther urged to retire to his favourite residence at Nicomedia, and partake of the philosophic leisure which the enlightened monarch prized as the most desirable condition of existence. Here, favoured with the friendship, and rewarded by the munificence of his sovereign, he could reasonably look forward to obtaining the highest honours which ambition could offer, should he feel disposed to re-enter her career; or, if he preferred the repose of peace and learned leisure, he could hope for the most undisturbed enjoyment of these in the companionship of his gifted and philosophic prince. And a yet softer tie was added to those which bound the youthful veteran with their silken cords: the young, and beautiful, and high-born Lucilla, amid a crowd of less-favoured rivals, honoured the envied Flavianus with evident partiality, and awarded to him the preference for which so many sighed in vain. Her father had shared the fortunes of the emperor,

and, like all his partners and friends in early life, had also partaken of the good fortune of his maturer years; having been recently appointed to one of those stations of rank and influence in the household of Diocletian, which had been created when the policy or the inclination of that prince impelled him to introduce the magnificence of the East into the imperial courts of the West. The emperor, it was understood, knew and approved the attachment of the lovers, and had even been pleased to express his satisfaction that the daughter of one of the most faithful of his servants was thus to be entrusted to one of the bravest and most distinguished of his warriors.

Matters wore this aspect, when, during the stay of the Imperial court at Rome, Flavianus called one morning to pay his usual attentions to his young and fair, but somewhat capricious mistress.

He found her seated in a lofty atrium, on a couch of ivory, the feet of which were of onyx, while its draperies were formed of the rich and rare silks of Persia and the East, and he saw her surrounded by the usual attendants on the levee of a lady of distinction of that era. Intermingled with her slaves and domestics, were dispersed about the apartment the various ministers of luxury and ease, whose services were most in request:—here a Persian merchant had availed himself of the

prevailing peace, to bring specimens of the newest and most beautiful productions of eastern looms,—there an Alexandrian displayed the exquisite vessels of glass, the fabrics of his native city, whose elegance of form, and pure unsullied whiteness of tint, were unattainable by Italian skill,—there a Greek artist awaited his turn to solicit attention to those cameos and gems, the beauty of whose engravings alike excelled the efforts of native talent,—and here also, as too often has been the case elsewhere and since, those aspirants who were admitted to the closest intimacy, and honoured with the most intimate confidence of the party solicited, were precisely those least deserving such preference. On her right, his swarthy face peering over the marble neck of the fair patroness, was a Moor, insisting on the virtues of his philtres, infallible as love potions; his charms and amulets, omnipotent against witchcraft and the evil eye;—on her left, an Egyptian sibyl was urging her skill in necromancy, and seizing and half-opening the hand which lay carelessly extended on the rich drapery of the couch, was engaged in exploring on its gentle, unfurrowed surface the future fortunes of its fair possessor. Her immediate attention was devoted to sitting for her portrait to Barillus, an Athenian, who had obtained the patronage of all the fashionable ladies in Rome



as a painter of likenesses, his recommendation being, that he was understood to preserve the resemblance, and yet increase the beauty of his fair originals, with greater skill and success than any cotemporary artist.

On the announcement of Flavianus the various suitors for her favour or her custom were successively and briefly dismissed. The fortune-teller was bid to study her coming fortunes in the vestibule ; the Moor was dismissed to offer his charms to those who had none of their own ; even the artist was desired to retire and wait an interval ere he pursued his task ; and the crowd of merchants, jewelers, traders, and other aspirants for her patronage, were put off to a time when she should be better able to investigate their claims to her attention.

The youthful suitor, on his entrance, attempted an apology for having thus broken in on her leisure, and disturbed occupations so various and important ; but, with a sweet yet languid smile, she begged that he would abstain from excuses which were wholly needless. “ Those people are so numerous,” she said, “ and so tiresome !” and she reclined with an air of languor on the cushions placed at the back of the couch.

The youth offered the usual common-place compliments, and gradually led his fair companion into a conversation of the same character with that

which young gentlemen, especially of the military order, have talked with young ladies from the earliest periods of polished society till the present, and which they will doubtless continue to talk as long as society shall exist. He hoped her health was good; that she was pleased with Rome; and had enjoyed its various attractions, amusements, and charms. Among other topics, he mentioned that the capital had not the happiness of pleasing its Imperial master, who, disgusted with its enormous crowds, and the free, intrusive manners of its inhabitants, so different from the gentle character of the inhabitants of Asia Minor, and the deference and respect with which they had been accustomed to regard him, had determined to leave the metropolis of the world at the earliest possible period, and return to his beloved Nicomedia and its milder inhabitants. This information was given under the strictest injunctions of concealment to his fair companion, and, like many other state secrets, was told the next day to all her female friends and acquaintance, with the same scrupulous injunctions of secrecy, which were of course just as scrupulously obeyed!

“Any news, my Flavianus?” she inquired, as the fire of their converse was about to languish for want of fresh fuel.

“None,” he replied, “of a foreign or important

character;" and he discussed the various subjects of political interest in that easy, familiar, but lively manner, in which a man commonly talks on matters of business with his wife, or, still more, his lover. "None, *anima mea*," was his answer; "absolutely none. Silly people, who know nothing of the matter, talk indeed of war, but rely on it there will be none; they say the Persian will again attack us, but this is a mere mistake; his chastisement in the late struggle was too severe, and he will not be such a fool as to annoy us again."

"So you have no novelty, then, to impart?"

"None—stay,—yes—the Imperator mentioned this morning, while chatting on his way to the bath, but this is a secret, *psuche mou*, that he had determined to inflict summary punishment on the Christians."

"The Christians!" asked Lucilla; "who are they?" for her reading, though as extensive perhaps as that of any young lady of her age and time, had not, we regret to state, extended so far as to render her acquainted with the obscure sect.

"O, unbelievers, absolute deniers of the gods."

"Impossible," said the incredulous listener, "there can be no such people! This sect may possibly have their own deities, but they cannot reject ours. Under different forms, names, and

circumstances, thou oft hast told me our divinities are adored over the whole earth;—our terrific Neptune—our bright and beautiful Apollo—our thunder-bearing Jove—are known and revered at least by all the better portion of mankind. Think, *Flaviane mi*,” said the fond admiring beauty, as she played with the ringlets of his brow, “think of a set of fanatics who could refuse to worship—to adore a Mars !”

The young soldier was not to be outdone in courtesy, and added, almost involuntarily, “Nay, such heretics might be, and possibly are; but who, *vita mea*, could refuse his adoration to Venus herself?”

“Yet believe me, Lucilla,” he continued; “the tale, however strange, is true, though thy pure mind would fain disbelieve such impiety. These Christians are so impious as to reject our holy religion, sanctioned as it is by the maxims of philosophers, the precepts of sages, and the charms of poetry; with hands and hearts impious, yet powerless as the Titans of old, they have attacked the high Olympus, and would fain hurl the deities from its heights, but in vain! Our faith is too firmly established to dread their impiety, and will survive when their very name is forgotten. The deities themselves will avenge their neglected worship; their insulted rites, their outraged altars; the

thunders of Jove will smite them, the darts of Apollo reach them in their flight, the winds of Æolus sweep them from the face of the earth!" and the young Roman, fired with hallowed indignation, started from the seat on which he was leaning, rose instinctively to his feet, and his eye shot flame, and his cheek glowed with rage and anger, as he denounced the sacrilegious sect.

His fair auditor shared his rage, and her fine brow was clouded with displeasure: her eye lighted with kindred fires as she exclaimed, "Nor will the divinities of our gentle sex suffer calmly the sacrilegious injury. The majesty of Juno, the beauty of Anadyomene, the chastity of Diana, the wisdom of Athene, will arm every Roman, every man, in their cause. And I pray thee, Flavianus, what deities are they whom these atheists would substitute in their stead?"

But he regretted his inability to afford any satisfactory information. That they were haters, deniers of the gods, atheists, impious, he felt assured; but of their principles, their conduct, their character,—he knew nothing. He then mentioned, with the same injunction of secrecy as before, that the emperor had declared his intention, at the first moment of leisure, to exterminate these sacrilegious ones, and to expunge the name of Christian from the earth. And both agreed in the wisdom, jus-

tice, and policy of his determination, and thanked the gods for having sent them such a sovereign.

And now, at length, the youth adverted to a theme from which he had long and painfully refrained. “And when, sweet Lucilla,” he exclaimed, “when shall we name the day, the happy hour, that makes thee mine—say, when shall I be blest? *Quando tu Caia, quando ego Caius?*” asked the impassioned youth; and the yielding happy girl named an early day on their return to Nicomedia as the period of their mutual felicity.

Time passed, the splendid triumph of Diocletian took place, and Rome, for the last time, beheld an emperor enter her gates in triumph! The politic sovereign speedily withdrew, as Flavianus had predicted, to his favourite Nicomedia, to pursue his plans of policy and government, and determine the fate of his Christian subjects. The suspense was not of long duration, the fatal edict of extermination was pronounced, and all who refused compliance with the will of their persecutors and tyrants, suffered the tortures and the martyrdom, which they preferred to the idolatry and superstition they contemned. Among those who persisted in their refusal to obey the commands of the tyrant, the name of Adauctus is enshrined in the annals of Christianity as one of the earliest professors of her faith, one of the foremost in her army of martyrs.



The philosophic and temperate character of Diocletian, rendered him, as is well known, averse to deeds of cruelty and bloodshed; and it was rather from the advice of bigotted and evil counsellors, than from the feelings of his own heart, that he was induced to issue the order for persecution, and even then he left the execution to other hands, and only interposed himself to mitigate the cruelty of his own decrees, and rescue, if possible, his victims from the fate to which he had exposed them. When among the list of the proscribed the name of Adautus was given in, and he saw one of his earliest and most trusty servants, of his oldest and most tried friends, about to fall a victim, the heart of the emperor relented, and he determined, if possible, to rescue one whom he so much valued, from his impending fate. Knowing the determination and zeal, or the obstinacy and infatuation, as it was then called, of the Christians, he resolved to entrust the matter to no common chance, but to despatch instantly to Rome, where Adautus was committed to prison, a friend on whose zeal and intelligence he could rely, for the purpose of visiting the captive in his confinement, and by every possible means inducing him to return to the faith he had abjured. His choice fell on Flavianus, who, flattered with so signal a mark of confidence, and anxious to display his zeal in the

conversion of a heretic, joyfully accepted the mission; and after a brief, but affecting farewell of Lucilla, repaired to the imperial city, and sought the prison of Adauctus. He had formerly enjoyed the friendship of that officer, and flattered himself with the hope of easily bringing him to yield compliance with the humane and benevolent solicitation with which he was charged. But what was his surprise when he found the prisoner, sensible and grateful indeed both to the clemency of his imperial master, and the zeal of his friend, yet firmly and decisively resolved to be governed by higher duties than those which even loyalty or friendship could impose, and determined to obey alone a heavenly ruler, to comply with the dictates only of a celestial friend! In vain did the ardent Flavianus picture to his view the bright prospects of life and liberty, of honour, wealth, and ambition, which lay open to him if he would retract his present opinions; and on the other hand, the disgrace, imprisonment, suffering, and certain death which awaited his obstinate adherence to those tenets. The patient captive lent a respectful, but firm attention, and mildly, but resolutely declared that he had chosen his part; that life, and liberty, and ambition, and wealth, had for him no charms; captivity, torture, and death, no horrors, could they but enable him to win that crown of martyrdom to which,

albeit unworthy, he meekly, yet fervently aspired! Astonished at the gentle, yet determined magnanimity of the prisoner, Flavianus was induced to inquire deeply into the motives which prompted a course so contrary to the usual motives of human conduct, and was gradually led first to wonder, next to admire, and lastly, in some degree to share them. Like Festus sitting in judgment on St. Paul, he was awed by the eloquence, the heroism, the resignation of the captive; and while, like Paul, Adauctus reasoned of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," Flavianus, like Felix, trembled, and like him exclaimed, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!" Unlike that character, however, he put not off the day of conversion to that "more convenient season," which so seldom arrives; but with all the nobleness of heroism and self-devotion, embraced the faith of the sufferer, encouraged him to perseverance and self-sacrifice, gratefully avowed himself his convert, and departed from Rome for Nicomedia, only to avow a similar determination, and await a similar fate.

Returning thither, he first sought the dwelling of Lucilla, to avow to her the change in his sentiments; resign his interest in her love, and bid her an eternal farewell! And difficult and almost impossible was the task to convince her of his sincerity, or even of his sanity. To imagine that he

had abandoned or betrayed the confidence of his benefactor and sovereign, had himself followed the example of defection, and embraced the faith which he once laboured to destroy, was a change too strange, too rapid to be at once believed or understood; and it was not till after a long conference that he succeeded, by the calmness of his manner, and the decision of his reasoning, in convincing her that he was following the dictates of the coolest judgment, and not the mere phantasy of a heated imagination. "Farewell, my Lucilla," was his last exclamation, "*moribundus te salutor*. I go from thy beloved arms to prison, to judgment, and to death, a death of which I am all unworthy, yet which I proudly and joyfully meet and welcome! A few short hours of misery, of prison, and trial, and the stake, and I exchange these temporary, these passing evils, for an eternity of bliss. Forget, O my Lucilla, that Flavianus lived, that Flavianus loved!" And he tore himself from her arms and left the hall.

Animated with the full spirit of his faith, he next sought the imperial palace, and was hailed by Diocletian with looks and accents of joy.

"Well," exclaimed the monarch, "thy task, I hope, is accomplished, and thy prisoner, released from the bonds of captivity, and from those worse fetters which have enchained his mind, lives to hail

our clemency, and bless the gods whom he had offended.

With faltering, yet determined accents, and looks, in which decision and humility were strikingly blended, the youth replied to the ardent inquiries of his sovereign, by relating the determination of the prisoner, and his own conversion.

The surprise, the indignation of the emperor, now burst through all bounds. To be betrayed, as he conceived himself to be, by the confidant whom he had entrusted with his most valued secrets; to find the servants of his house, the dependents on his bounty, following the example of disobedience, and one after the other embracing a faith which he had sworn to exterminate, excited his rage beyond all limits; and, calling for a band of his Prætorians, who were in attendance, he directed the youth to be consigned to the public prison.

A return of affection induced him, in a few days, to mitigate, if possible, the fate of his victim, and he despatched emissaries to his place of confinement, to induce him to forsake the new faith which he had professed, and return to the religion of his fathers. But, as was usually the case with converts to Christianity, these efforts only served to confirm the determination they were intended to weaken. In answer to the entreaties of his



friends, and the solicitations, threats, and commands of the emperor, his replies were meek and temperate, but decided and resigned. He expressed his grateful sense of the bounty of his sovereign, his readiness to serve, honour, and obey him in all things, save those for which he was amenable to a higher authority. The rejections of his offers of mercy exasperated the monarch, and with some compunction he left his former favourite to his fate. Summoned before his judges, the youth repeated all his previous declarations; and while he acknowledged the lenity of his sovereign as a ruler, he denounced him as a persecutor, and an enemy to the true God! But one course remained; his judges could not but convict an accused who gloried in the acts of which he was charged, and by the unanimous voice of all, he was condemned to the stake!

The brief space which intervened between the judgment and its execution, was devoted by the martyr to offices of prayer, and praise, and duties of devotion. Fervent appeals to the one only God for protection and support; hymns of praise for his mercies and consolations; pious meditations, on the example of the admired Adauctus, who, he doubted not, had already attained the crown of martyrdom, to which both looked forward, formed the sole occupation of the captive, who languished



in his solitary dungeon for the fiery trial which should release him. The fear of displeasing a watchful and jealous master, deterred the courtiers, his former friends, from visiting him now,—one only being came to minister and receive consolation — and that visitor was Lucilla ! O woman ! thy virtues, like the mild, meek lustre of thy, perhaps, fairest emblem, the orb of night, shine not out in the glare of day, but await the hour of darkness and of sorrow to beam forth in all their meek and gentle beauty, to shed their sweet and soothing consolation ! While man ignobly quailed before the will of a despot, and abandoned his suffering friend, she feared not danger,—she braved persecution,—left the gilded halls of her paternal palace to visit the dark and noisome cells of a prison, and spurned the admiration of the world, to soothe the sorrows of a captive ! Her first efforts were directed to effect the reconversion of her lover, and bring him back to the ancient faith ; but finding these unavailing, she was led to inquire into his motives, to investigate the causes of his conduct, and was won at length to admire and participate in them. In their frequent colloquies, he explained to her the beauties and glories of the Christian faith and practice, as contrasted with the folly and guilt of Pagan superstition and Pagan crime,—dwelt

on the duty of choosing the better and rejecting the worse, and of coming forward whenever she felt sufficiently established in the faith, and openly and fearlessly avowing it. "I will, my Flavianus," was the heroic answer; "I will join thee ere long, and we shall yet be united,—united in the heaven thy revelation hath disclosed!"

Meanwhile the dread day of execution arrived. The emperor, from real or assumed feelings of regret, directed the windows of his palace to be closed, in order not to witness the sad spectacle of the execution of a former friend. At an early hour the unhappy prisoner was brought from the jail,—his dress the garb of the lowest malefactors; his hands and feet manacled with heavy chains; yet his look preserved the original nobility of his demeanour, though tempered with a humility and resignation unknown in earlier days. His eye was lifted in meek adoration to heaven; his lips moved in silent prayer. He pursued his painful pilgrimage to the place of execution,—a mound slightly elevated, at a short distance from the city. Arrived at the spot, no time was allowed him to address the people, but his sentence was read while he was bound to the stake; and the torch being instantly applied, the flames of martyrdom ascended fierce and fast around the head of their victim! Suddenly at this instant was beheld an apparition

of strange and exceeding beauty,—a female tall and beautiful; her clothes of that pure white, bordered with purple, her hair bound with that wreath, which form the distinguishing vestures of the bride,—was seen rushing towards the stake. The soldiers, alarmed at such a prodigy, gave way, and opened a passage to the stake; and Lucilla, for she it was who sought and found the fiery union with her lover, rushed into the flames, embracing with the strong grasp of love the burning body of her betrothed. He feebly and instinctively endeavoured to save her from so horrible a death, by gently forcing her back; and the attending guards, recovered from their momentary surprise, alike attempted to remove her—but in vain! She clung yet closer to her lover; the flames which consumed him, caught her own loose, bridal garments. “I come, my Flavianus,” was her cry; “according to my promise, I come!” And as the fierce, devouring element mantled over her head, igniting her long and lovely tresses, and wrapping her garments and her frame in sheets of fire, she sank in the arms of her lover, and both found the death they had so ardently sought!

## L I N E S

RECITED AT THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE

SUSSEX ROYAL INSTITUTION AND MANTELLIAN  
MUSEUM.

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WHEN wrapt in primal night Creation lay,  
And Nature languished for the birth of day ;  
While yet the world no bliss of light enjoy'd,  
And Earth and Ocean lay a formless void ;  
Then God's own Spirit moving o'er the deep,  
Awakened Chaos from its lifeless sleep ;  
Chas'd from the dreary void the gloom of night,  
And said, " Let Light appear, and all was light !"  
Soon as the bright and blissful boon was given,  
All Nature hail'd this first, best gift of Heaven.  
Then loud hosannas through creation rang,  
Then all the Morning Stars together sang ;  
Angelic natures shar'd the blest employ,  
And all the Sons of God were heard to shout with joy !

E'en thus in later times to darkness hurled,  
A kindred gloom o'erspread the moral world ;  
Primeval Night usurped her early reign,  
Earth's ancient darkness lived and ruled again ;

And mental gloom, and ignorance, and crime,  
Recall'd the chaos of the earliest time!  
When lo! the Spirit of th' Eternal woke,  
Again the dawn of light, of knowledge broke ;  
Again the Spirit of th' Immortal Mind  
Revealed the boon of science to mankind,  
Gave to some favour'd son, some child of earth,  
A ray divine, a spark of heavenly birth ;  
Nor lent the blessing to his single breast,  
But bade his spirit light and guide the rest !

Thus was a Newton taught to trace the skies,  
And show how countless worlds on worlds arise :  
Thus Milton soared in all the bliss of song,  
Caught the blest accents of th' ethereal throng,  
Rose to the heights of heaven, and linger'd there,  
“ An earthly guest, and drew empyreal air ! ”  
And many a pilgrim of this vale of tears  
Came but to point and lead to brighter spheres !

Yet while each realm of Nature and of Mind  
Revealed the secrets in its depths confined,  
One spot alone remained—this teeming earth  
Lay all unknown—its wonders and their birth,  
Until some master-spirit dared explore  
Its hidden myst'ries—myst'ries now no more,  
Since Leibnitz, Werner, Cuvier, brought to view  
Its varied states and changes ever new !  
And last a Mantell, on his native soil,  
With mind untir'd, with self-requiting toil,  
Disclos'd a mine, with treasures all replete,  
And oped a scene of wonders at our feet ;

And as Columbus to th' admiring world  
Another sphere of light and life unfurled,  
So to our awe-struck mind and startled gaze,  
Our Mantell wakes a world of other days ;  
Annuls the former bounds of space and time,  
Recalls to life creations all sublime ;  
Revives again the forms that breathed of yore,  
And bids earth's wildest wonders live once more !

And while a Newton bids us gaze on high,  
And trace our Maker mirror'd in the sky ;  
As Milton bade th' aspiring spirit soar  
To heights of heaven, and wonder and adore,  
And share in bliss to nobler natures given,  
And taste on this poor earth the joys of heaven ;  
So, taught by Mantell's science, we may bring  
" Sermons from stones, and good from every thing ;"  
Learn holiest lessons from each stone or clod,  
And " look through Nature up to Nature's God ! "



## THE CULPRIT.

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THE little village of H—— is one of the most picturesque, healthy, and delightful, of those which lie embosomed amid the valleys of the South Downs. From the salubrity of its site and the mildness of its air, it is frequently resorted to by invalids and persons in quest of recovery; and it was at the close of a severe illness which attacked me in childhood that I was placed there for a short period, under the care of a lady who was the widow of a former curate. Mrs. Thompson, left with an only son, preferred this retreat to the gayer scenes of the metropolis, which she had previously inhabited. Here she could better economize the little stipend on which she depended for support; here she could indulge in her admiration of nature and a country life, for which she had imbibed a strong partiality, while she felt more at liberty to direct her attention to her son, whose education devolved wholly on herself. The many years which

have since elapsed have not effaced her from my memory, and her slender and elegant form, her fine oval features, and the gentle tones of her voice, are as strongly as ever impressed on my recollection. My stay was comparatively short, for the genial atmosphere of the place, assisted by youth and a good constitution, speedily repaired the effects of illness, and a short time sufficed to restore me to my parents in renewed health and vigour. Our little circle consisted of Mrs. Thompson herself, a female domestic of middle years, and a remarkably pretty and engaging girl of about the age of her son, who assisted in the domestic duties, and whom she requited by a trifling weekly payment, and by innumerable acts of kindness and affection. The smallest family has its portion of trouble, or its unworthy member, and even at this early period the unhappy and evil disposition of William Thompson developed itself in various modes calculated to wound the heart and alarm the mind of a parent. The circumstances which gave her the deepest pain were his utter repugnance to learning, and his perfect insensibility to kindness. No inducement, whether of reward or punishment, could incite him to apply to learning; he threw his books aside at the first opportunity, and despised and neglected all the lessons of his mother; while to her repeated prayers, entreaties, and every inducement that

affection could suggest, he turned a deaf, unheeding ear. Malevolent, mischievous, and evil, he took an unnatural delight in rendering others as perverse as himself, and many were the instances of mischief; and, I regret to add, of falsehood, into which I was led by his example, and even by his direct solicitation. His evil conduct was a source of bitter sorrow to his afflicted parent and her friends, and it was easy, even at that early age, to perceive that he was likely to grow up a bad man, and to entail misery and disgrace on himself and his connexions. After my return home, I occasionally saw Mrs. Thompson, and learned with regret that William was pursuing his evil courses; that after leaving school with the opprobrium of mischief, falsehood, and even theft, he had absconded from the employ of a tradesman, to whom, in despair of qualifying him for a profession, his mother had apprenticed him. Her health was represented as having given way under the sorrow occasioned by his ill conduct, and the next intelligence informed us that her days, which, like those of the patriarch, were "evil and few," had closed in sorrow and tribulation. In the fearful crisis of 1825, a mercantile house, that of a relation, in whose hands her little fortune was, perhaps imprudently, placed, became bankrupt, and her worldly all was gone. Distress and suffering, coupled with the anguish inflicted

by the continued misconduct of her son, whose evil propensities had grown with his years, until he was all but an outcast, overpowered her mind and frame, and after a short and rapid illness, she sank in that repose "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest!" At her decease her little establishment was broken up; and her furniture, books, and effects, were sold by her son, who speedily squandered the amount in low debauchery, and never even defrayed the expenses of his mother's funeral. He now sank rapidly lower in the scale of misery and degradation; he had no ostensible pursuit, no settled abode; his home was the beershop or the alehouse; his companions poachers, vagabonds, and thieves; and how his livelihood was obtained no one could tell, though no one doubted that it was gained by wicked and guilty means. Time passed on; for several years I heard nothing of the unworthy companion of my childhood, and had, indeed, lost sight of him in the crowd of the world, when, on returning home one evening, I found a note, ill written and worse spelt, signed almost illegibly with the name "W. Thompson," in which the writer claimed my acquaintance as having known him in boyhood, and solicited my assistance to relieve him in a state of extreme poverty and destitution. My servant informed me that the note was left by one of three persons who

had called that evening, that they were of extremely shabby appearance, and evidently in a state of intoxication. I left a small amount to be delivered in answer to the note, and took measures not to see the writer when he called. A circumstance also reached my ear about this time (though at present I am unable to state whether it was before or after the period of his visit at my house,) which was of so revolting a nature as to complete the disgust which his character and conduct inspired. He had continued on terms of intimacy with the female whom I have already mentioned as the inmate of his mother's house in childhood, and who, in the course of years, had grown up a fine young woman, admired for her personal attractions, and esteemed for her virtuous and becoming conduct. He had even professed to pay her attentions as a lover; but, though she felt an interest in his welfare, as the son of her regretted mistress and benefactress, his character was far too repugnant and dissimilar to her own to allow her to receive his attentions, and she discouraged his addresses in the most decided manner. He, however, found means, one Sunday evening, to induce her to accompany him for a walk, and having led her up a by-lane, with the brutality of a savage and the wickedness of a fiend, attempted an assault of a most atrocious character. Fortunately her

screams caught the ears of some persons returning from a neighbouring chapel, who hastened to her assistance, and deprived the ravisher of his victim. The matter, at the earnest entreaty of the poor girl herself, was hushed up, and he was spared the penalty of public exposure and public punishment.

I had, indeed, all but forgotten that such a person had ever existed, when the day before the last Spring Assizes I received a subpoena requiring my attendance at the County Hall at —, to appear as a witness on the trial of William Thompson. I repaired the next morning to the town, which is a few miles only from my place of abode.

The holding the assizes in a country town is an event fraught with considerable importance, and the circumstances with which it is associated are calculated most powerfully to excite the attention and impress the feelings of the observers. The entry of the judges, the representatives of the majesty of the law—the trumpets which herald their approach—the robe and ermine with which they are invested—the almost regal honours with which they are attended, and the all but regal respect with which they are regarded—the sheriff in his court dress and with his armed attendants, the personification of the executive power, subordinate, however, to the superior dignity of the law itself—the associations which are connected with these person-



ages, the reflection that their advent brings tidings of life and liberty, or of death, imprisonment, or exile, to those who fearfully and anxiously await their coming in the prisons to which they are consigned; these, with other accessories, which the fancy may readily supply, combine to produce a scene of no ordinary excitement and importance.

I repaired, the moment of my arrival, to the office of the respectable solicitors who had summoned me on the occasion, to ascertain the purport of my having been cited, and to learn what farther intelligence might be necessary for my guidance.

I was ushered into a low gloomy parlour, one part of which was occupied by a desk strewn with fusty-looking papers; while another was filled with a similar piece of furniture, at which a pale-faced, thin man, in a suit of rusty black, was intently engaged in copying some papers. On my requesting to see "one of the partners," he rose and rang a small hand-bell, which summoned the party inquired for into the room.

He was a short and rather stout man, with that smirking look and fidgetty expression of face which are the usual characteristics of the genus Lawyer, species Attorney. His name was Grub, and he was the junior associate of the every way respectable firm of Grindem and Grub.

On announcing my name and errand, he called

up as much sympathy into his face as it was capable of containing, and tried to look as pathetic as possible.

“Bad business, Sir, he observed; very bad business—clear case—nothing can save him, except perhaps a flaw in the indictment—no chance of that;—attorneys for prosecution Touchem and Take—Touchem clever young man—articled to me—taught him his trade too well—no hope that way”—and on my interposing an expression of regret, he suggested, by way of consolation—“Still, no saying beforehand—glorious uncertainty—lucky thing case came into our hands—do all we can—matter of course;—got Mr. —— for him—cleverest man of the circuit—ear of all the judges—lucky prisoner did not apply to Suckem and Dry; they live over the way, Sir, that’s their office—couldn’t have got —— for him if he had—says he doesn’t care if he never holds a brief for ’em again—behaved shabby last assizes—bad policy—rising man— ——.”

I interrupted his remarks by inquiring into the particulars of the case, which he ran over with great volubility, finishing with a repetition of the same lamentations of “bad case—sorry for him—behaved very handsome—paid all—instructions for brief—drawing same—fair copy for counsel—attendances, and so on—every thing paid, isn’t it, Mr. Tippins?”

The ghost in black turned its head, and replied in a solemn tone, “All right; the young woman

called last night and paid the bill, and hoped we should do all we could for the prisoner."

"And you told her we should, of course."

The ghost nodded its head, but spoke not.

"Very handsome conduct;—sorry for him;—best thing is, it isn't capital now;—only transportation for life." He then added, with a serious look and a leer in his eye, and a whisper on his tongue, "Worst of it is; judge sure to sum up against pris'ner, 'cause his lordship's in a hurry;—wants to get the business over,—going to the continent next week."

I found I was becoming acquainted with more secrets than I had sought. I had heard before, that

"Wretches hang that jurymen may dine,"

but was not previously aware that the fate of a prisoner was liable to be influenced by the travelling propensities of a judge.

"But come, Sir," added Mr. Grub, after a pause, "time wastes; we'll go to court, if you please." And, leaving his house, we proceeded to the Court-house; on the way to which, he informed me, that I was summoned to speak to character,—a step which I could not help informing him I considered to be useless, if not worse, as I had known the prisoner only when a boy; and what I then knew was by no means in his favour. He,

however, overruled my scruples, by stating that where there was no defence, why—a witness to character was better than nothing. “It breaks the thing, my dear Sir,” said my adviser: and, willing to assist a fellow-creature, and one, too, whom I had known as a child, and in happier circumstances, I readily consented to render any service in my power, though feeling perfectly assured that my testimony could be of no avail.

We reached the County Hall, and with no small difficulty elbowed the way for our two selves, and one bag of papers, to the table appropriated to counsel, attorneys, and reporters. My conductor appeared on the best of terms with every one, and with no one more than himself. He nodded to the officers of the court; bowed to his brother attorneys; smiled sweetly on the counsel; got a nod from Mr. Undersheriff, and half a nod from the sheriff himself!

A court of justice presents a singular and varied scene, half tragic half comic, like life itself! The judge all solemnity and decorum; the sheriff proud of his dignity and his court dress; the counsel pert, prim, and self-satisfied; the jury looking fit to undertake any work you might put them to, save that of deciding on the life and liberty of a fellow-creature; the crowd gazing in silent, stupid wonder; the prisoner, and the prisoner’s friends, looking on the calm, business-like scene before

them, with feelings of indescribable anxiety, terror, and dismay,—all exhibit a diversified and curious group from the great picture of human life. We, at length, reached the table, and took our seats : at that moment a sort of armistice prevailed—the jury had turned round in the box to “consider their verdict,” and deliberate on the fate of a wretched-looking youth at the bar ; our own counsel was profoundly engaged with the *Times* ; a junior on our right was cutting open a new number of a periodical ; and two reporters on our left were playing jokes on each other, and laughing audibly.

The jury were not long deliberating ; the awful “Guilty” was pronounced, and recorded by the clerk of the arraigns in the customary manner. I regarded the decision as an ill omen, and my feelings were yet more painfully excited when the name of William Thompson was pronounced, and the unhappy culprit of that name was brought from below, and placed at the bar.

So many years had passed since I had beheld him, and then I had seen him only as a child, that I should have been utterly unable to recognise the boy, whom I once had known, in the hardened and reckless culprit whom I now saw before me. Years of dissipation had done their work on his features ; that amelioration of appearance which is usually remarked in prisoners, and is the natural result of seclusion, regular habits,

and abstinence from guilty or sensual indulgence, was by no means observable in him; he was remarkable only for the brutal stupidity of his aspect; and he stood the portraiture of gross, hardened villany. He scowled gloomily at the court, growled a surly, "Not guilty," in answer to the customary inquiry, and then relapsed into a state of sullen, callous indifference: nor as the trial proceeded did he evince any greater anxiety or excitement. His reckless demeanour excited general disgust; and all present looked in horror at so young, so hardened an offender. One being only of the whole assembly there was, who betrayed the least interest in his fate; and so poignant was *her* sorrow, so deep and melancholy the expression of her grief, that her sympathy alone might seem to compensate for the scorn or dislike of all around. In the first row of the spectators stood a girl, of the class of servants, neatly, but by no means showily attired, whose features, beautiful in themselves, were invested with yet higher interest, by the care and sorrow she evinced for the unhappy culprit. She listened most intently to the progress of the trial; and as the fearful ordeal proceeded, her attention arose to anxiety—to agony! She watched every witness who appeared in the box, and caught their words as if life or death hung on the issue. The counsel for the prosecution she seemed to regard with a look almost



of horror; and the advocate for the defence as an angel of mercy, sent to save and bless! The spot in which she stood was so close to the prisoner that he could not but have perceived her; yet from callousness or stupidity, he appeared to be altogether careless or unconscious of her presence; and no word, look, or token of recognition, passed between them. Silent, unnoticed, unknown, her feelings were all her own; and methought she exemplified, in her loneliness, the beautiful sentiment of Scripture, that "the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with its joys!"

The proceedings were commenced by the counsel for the prosecution stating the case to the jury. He adverted, with evident feeling, to the situation of the prisoner, who was the orphan son of a clergyman, had been educated with care by a widowed and indulgent mother, and whom he deeply regretted to see in his present unhappy position. He had no wish to aggravate the guilt of the case; indeed, the instructions which he had received from the highly respectable prosecutor,—instructions with which his own feelings most fully accorded,—expressly directed him not to heighten the enormity of the transaction. But whatever were his particular instructions, and whatever his private feelings, his public duty was paramount to these, and prompted him to state what, indeed, the jury would

not fail to perceive, that these very circumstances of superior birth and education ought to have placed him above the commission of the act with which he was charged, and of which, from the evidence about to be adduced, no doubt could exist that he was guilty. He then stated the particulars of the robbery, which were of a common-place, indeed, almost of a ludicrous description. It appeared that the prisoner met an errand-boy, with whom he was acquainted, and who had been despatched by his employer, a tradesman, to different places in the country for the purpose of paying various sums of money to persons to whom he was indebted. The prisoner having learned from the lad the nature of his errand, and ascertained the amount which he had with him, persuaded him to quit the main road, and repair to a rookery close by, for the purpose of bird-nesting; and when arrived there he first climbed partly up a tree himself, and then quickly descending, pretended that he had injured his arm in consequence of his coat being too tight for him; and, with this shallow excuse, prevailed on the simple lad to take off his own jacket, place it in his, the prisoner's hands, with all the money it contained enclosed in a pocket-book, and mount the tree: and then it was stated the prisoner, when he saw the boy fairly perched on high, disappeared among the trees, and absconded with the garment and the money. The hue and

cry was immediately raised; the prisoner was sought for, and after the interval of a week was discovered in a low beer-shop in a distant part of the county, regaling with a party of infamous companions. The counsel then called various witnesses in support of these statements.

After being examined by himself they were cross-examined by the counsel for the defence, with more or less length and acuteness, as depended on the extent and importance of the testimony they had adduced. These cross-examinations, however, as is so often the case with cross-examinations for the defence, were all intended to make the worse appear the better reason, to make the honest men rogues, and the rogue an honest man. But it was only washing the blackamoor white; and the farther the case was investigated, the more apparent became the prisoner's guilt. The party longest subjected to this, not very pleasant ordeal, was the silly boy who had allowed himself to be made the prisoner's dupe. His journey; his meeting with the prisoner; what they said and what they did; and how they walked and how they talked; together with the whole history and mystery of bird-nesting, was told and retold in a manner considerably more tedious than entertaining. Yet, though the boy was kept on the rack for a full half hour, it was impossible to shake his testimony or invalidate his evidence; and the lad quitted the

box, leaving every one impressed with the silliness of his conduct and the truth of his tale. This was the case for the prosecution ; and the counsel for the defence now rose to address the court. An “untoward event” disturbed and impeded the very outset of his harangue. A worthy grocer of the town, who had been promoted to the office of one of the sheriff’s javelin-men, never having perhaps been entrusted with so hostile a weapon before, managed to let it fall among the spectators, where it struck a woman and a child in her arms ; parties who are usually to be found in the front row of lookers-on, for no other reason, perhaps, than because women and children have no business there. No one, fortunately, was hurt by the accident ; but the confusion which ensued, and the squalling of the terrified infant, interrupted for some minutes the proceedings of the court, and delayed the eloquence of defendant’s counsel.

“All the better, my dear Sir,” said Mr. Grub, to whom I had expressed some impatience at the occurrence ; “all the better ;—gives him time to collect himself. Now for it,”—said the little man of the law, as the hubbub ceased and the counsel commenced.

His speech was indeed an admirable specimen of sophistical argument. Fully aware himself of the guilt of the prisoner, and knowing that it was too

evident to all present to be openly denied, he artfully endeavoured to impugn the testimony of the witnesses, to create a suspicion of their statements, and thus to establish that degree of doubt which the law has humanely provided shall be awarded in favour of the prisoner. His object, in short, was, since he felt that the jury must possess a moral certainty of the guilt of the prisoner, to show that that legal certainty had not been established, by which alone they could be justified in convicting the accused. He commenced by descanting on the gravity and importance of the charge, remarking that prior to the recent amelioration of our penal code, such a crime would have been punishable with death. "If then, gentlemen of the jury," he emphatically added, "you are not prepared to take the prisoner's life on the evidence, I call on you to acquit him!" Adverting to the suspicions arising from the conduct of the prisoner, he, with the semblance of much candour, admitted that his conduct was suspicious; "I surrender the case to you, gentlemen," he said, "as one of suspicion; but, gentlemen, I need not tell you, for my lord will tell you, and your own consciences will tell you, that suspicion alone is not a sufficient reason to deprive a fellow-creature of his life or liberty. Nay, I will even go farther, and say, that under these circumstances of suspicion, it may be difficult, nay,



impossible, for me to demonstrate the actual innocence of the accused: but Heaven forbid, gentlemen, that the guilt or the innocence of a prisoner should depend on no stronger basis than the skill of an advocate to prove him not guilty." Adverting next to the evidence, he first ridiculed the prosecutor (who was a shy man, with an impediment in his speech, and gave his evidence with much timidity) for having sent a witless boy on so important an errand. Then they had a story about bird-nesting, and climbing up a tree, and giving his jacket to a man to hold. He did not wish to throw discredit on the boy; Heaven forbid that he should, or that the jury should; but was it not far more likely that the boy, who, by his own account, was most unworthy of his charge, should have himself lost his money or his coat, or both, and then have trumped up this bird-nesting story; was not such a supposition, he asked, far more natural than that the prisoner, who could not have meditated such a crime beforehand; who met the boy only by accident, and knew not of his errand half an hour before; and whom, he should prove by a highly respectable witness now in court, to have hitherto borne an excellent character; was it not far more probable, he urged, that the boy should have invented the tale, than that the prisoner should all at once have become wicked, and have perpetrated the crime of



which he was now unhappily accused? He then availed himself of every, the minutest circumstance that could in any way be rendered available to his client's case, and left no effort untried that might by possibility assist it. In particular, he seized on a trivial act of omission on the part of the prosecution, and endeavoured, with the utmost skill and vehemence, to turn it to the advantage of this unhappy man for whom he was pleading. By one of the enactments of the recent Prisoners' Counsel Bill, it is directed that the prisoner shall be furnished with copies of all the depositions against him, a regulation which in the present case had been partially neglected. It appeared that subsequently to his examination before the magistrates and committal for trial, a child had come forward, who stated that she had seen the prisoner and the prosecutor's servant on their way to the rookery, where the robbery was alleged to have been committed. The girl's evidence was very unimportant. The child was frightened out of her wits; the little she said was scarcely audible in the jury-box; and the guilt of the prisoner was far too palpable to need the slight confirmation which her testimony supplied. By some inadvertence, however, the attorneys for the prosecution had omitted to furnish the prisoner with a copy of her deposition,

and his counsel took occasion to inveigh against the neglect in a tone of the most exalted and virtuous indignation. His learned friend on the other side he acquitted of all blame in this respect,—his friend was far too honourable a man to have so acted; but those who had instructed his learned friend, and on whom the odium of the transaction must rest, their conduct indeed he could not sufficiently stigmatize. During this part of his address he smiled most benignantly on his brother advocate, while he looked Indian tortures at two little attorneys, who sat ensconced in an opposite corner. By this part of his speech he contrived to elicit the special admiration of my neighbour, Mr. Grub, who, independently of any little professional gratification which he might be supposed to feel at the castigation of a brother-solicitor, was evidently struck with the magnanimity of the learned counsel in this particular instance:—"Capital fellow, isn't he;—how he gives it 'em,—serves 'em right,—shouldn't be so careless,—fine fellow,—got three briefs of their's in his bag now,—clerk told me so this morning." Our counsel was proceeding in a strain of similar energy, when a little official came and whispered a summons in his ear, which mentioned something about "the other, court," and had evidently the effect of cutting short his harangue.

He now hurried to a conclusion,—and scrambling up his papers and his sympathies, he stuffed the one into his bag, and the other into the close of his speech, and entreating the jury to immortalize themselves by pronouncing a verdict of acquittal for the prisoner at the bar, he brought his address to an end, and hastened to depart, nodding graciously to the opposing counsel, and shaking hands with the little lawyers whom he had the moment before so unmercifully abused. He was just in time, for at that instant, an officer, “learned in the law,” presented himself in the passage leading between the two courts, calling out “Muster ——— wanted, *Nisey Prisey*. Fickle and Fast—Breach—promise—marriage!” and in obedience to the summons, away he went to advocate or oppose some capricious swain in the other court, leaving the prisoner in this to be acquitted or found guilty, as the fates, the judge, and the jury might determine. I was then summoned to the witness-box by a junior, who undertook the task of my examination; and, as I ascended the step, I could not forbear taking a glance at the prisoner, who stood, as at first, stupified, unaffected, unmoved. Still nearer to him than before was the sweet sympathizer in his sorrows, the gentle girl who had stood the whole dreadful day by his side. As she cast on me an

imploring look, and seemed to regard me as the only hope,—the single solitary friend, who interposed between the prisoner and the whole host of his accusers and opponents, I caught a full view of her face, and beheld in the slender form, and beautiful, though melancholy features, the face and form of Mary, the companion of the prisoner and of myself in childhood—the protégée of his sainted mother. I had no time for further reflection, but answered, mechanically, the interrogatory to which I was subjected. My testimony was, of course, extremely unimportant, —mere dust in the balance, compared with the overpowering evidence of the prisoner's guilt. All I could testify was, that I had known him in early life, that he was the son of a clergyman, and had been educated with extreme care by a widowed mother. I was spared the annoyance of a cross-examination, and desired to stand down. The closing act of the drama now ensued,—the judge proceeded to sum up and to represent the case, stripped of the colouring, with which the zeal or partisanship of the advocate had previously invested it. After recapitulating the evidence, he remarked that too much stress had been placed by the counsel for the defence on the omission of supplying the prisoner with copies of the deposition of the child. They ought to have been furnished certainly,

and in future he hoped they invariably would; but the omission was not important,—the prisoner had been asked if he wished to question or contradict the witness, and had declined to do so. He had called no evidence to invalidate that for the prosecution; the only testimony adduced on his behalf was to character, and the person whose evidence they had just heard had known him only in childhood, and had apparently lost sight of him for some time prior to the act of which he now stood accused. If the jury believed the witnesses for the prosecution, and he was bound to state that their evidence appeared to him unshaken, they would find the prisoner guilty; if, on the contrary, they entertained a doubt, they would give the prisoner the benefit of that doubt, and return a verdict of acquittal. And with this remark he left the case in their hands, and requested them to “consider their verdict.”

And now followed that dread interval of doubt, anxiety, and suspense, when the twelve arbiters of life or death, of liberty or exile, were to determine the fate of a miserable fellow-creature. I looked on the prisoner,—he stood as before, unmoving and unmoved,—not a feature changed its aspect,—his eye had its former expression of indifference,—he was the same portrait of hardened, stupid villany, as when he first entered the

box. I looked on Mary; how different was the expression of her face—how exalted—how all but angelic! The judge, the jury, the bar, the court, which before had engaged her attention, and whom she had alternately watched with intense and painful interest, had now vanished from her thoughts; her eyes were raised to the roof of the hall—her lips moved fervently and quickly; her occupation was evident, she was engaged in silent prayer, supplicating the God of mercy for mercy on his offending creature! The suspense was but short; the jury decided without quitting the box; and in answer to the customary interrogatory from the clerk of the arraigns, pronounced the dread verdict of—Guilty! The usual question was asked the prisoner if he had any thing to state why judgment should not be passed on him according to law, when he handed up a paper, which the judge having read, stated to be an acknowledgment of his guilt, and urging poverty and destitution as his inducements for having committed the offence. His lordship remarked, that these circumstances formed no extenuation of his crime, and that it now became his duty to pronounce the sentence of the law—that the prisoner be transported for the term of his natural life! Scarce was the dread decision pronounced, when the loud, long cry of female anguish rang



through the body of the hall. O never, while memory endures, shall I lose the recollection of that wild, bitter, heart-piercing shriek! It seemed no impulse of the instant—no expression of sudden, momentary feeling—no burst of temporary excitement; it was the out-break of long-felt pent-up suffering; the gush of restrained, agonized feeling; the cry of long-endured and heart-rending despair. Its effect was electric: the counsel looked up in amazement,—the reporters started from their note-books,—the female spectators wept audibly; even the judge was moved, and as he attempted to record the sentence, his hand trembled visibly, as if unwilling to do its office. But its most striking effect was produced on the prisoner himself. Hitherto he had evinced no trace of feeling, and from first to last the dread inquiry had produced no change on his mind or features. But that wild outcry subdued even a heart callous as his own; he turned to Mary, for she it was whose sympathies had been thus expressed, attempted to clasp her in his arms, but prevented by the partition which inclosed the dock, he sank on the rail before him. Convulsive throes shook his iron frame; and when, after a pause, the jailor gently interposed to remove him, while Mary was borne away senseless by her friends, his moans were audible, and he wept like an

infant! After the brief interruption thus occasioned, the business of the court was resumed, a fresh culprit was placed at the bar, and the same scene of examining and cross-examining, of defending and proving, and all the wordy war of a court of justice was renewed.

I felt desirous to see the prisoner before I left the town, and on quitting the court, repaired at once to the jail, but was informed that I could not gain entrance on that day, but on the following morning might be admitted to an interview. I went thither at a very early hour, being anxious to return home as quickly as possible. Early, however, as I was, I was anticipated; a visitor had arrived before me, and I saw the slender form of Mary waiting at the massive portal. The morning was intensely cold, the wind blew with piercing keenness, and the poor girl shivered fearfully with the exposure.

How bitter are the sufferings of the poor, if contrasted for a moment with the sorrows of the rich. The lady of fashion or fortune, if assailed with those calamities from which none of the children of humanity are exempt, is surrounded with a thousand mitigations which soothe, if they cannot remove her grief. Her mansion affords every relief that comfort or luxury can bestow; her servants wait her wishes, or anticipate their expression; her embroidered kerchief receives her

tears ; her *eau de bouquet* revives her yielding spirits ; and if, in spite of these, and other auxiliaries, nature should faint in the conflict, she is gently and tenderly supported to her sofa, or pillowed on her couch of down ; her friends and connexions leave their cards of condolence, their marks of attention, at her door, and her sorrows and her sympathies are *affiché* to the public, and trumpeted to an admiring world !

Not so with the poor : their sufferings are embittered by that poverty and privation which barb the dart of anguish, and fester the wounds of sorrow ; the want of the common comforts, and even necessities of life increases the bitterness of their solitary wretchedness ; their sympathies are unshared, their sorrows too often unheeded and unknown !

I had just pronounced the name of Mary, and was about to enter into conversation with her, when the gate creaked heavily on its hinges, and a few steps brought us within the prison. On inquiring for the unhappy Thompson we were conducted to a room, and requested to wait until he could be brought from his cell. During the brief interval which ensued, Mary, who at once recognised me, with tears of gratitude, expressed her acknowledgments for my appearance on the prisoner's behalf the day before, and her regret that my interposition

had been unavailing. The prisoner, accompanied by the turnkey, now entered the room, and sorry I was to perceive that the transient impression of yesterday seemed already obliterated, and that he looked as hardened, as obdurate, as before.

I addressed him with the expression of my concern at the fatal issue of yesterday's proceedings, and the desire that he would point out any mode in which I could afford him assistance. Mary uttered the same sentiments, but with a generosity and feeling so elevated and affecting; a delicacy towards the culprit so far beyond her years and station; and a spirit so meek, and chastened, and resigned, that I was fain to remain a silent witness, unwilling to interrupt their conference.

"I am sorry, truly sorry, William," she observed, "that all was of no use."

"So am I," said the prisoner; "and then there's the expense. You'd better have given the money to me, Mary."

"Sordid being," I mentally exclaimed; "selfish, unfeeling, to the last."

"True, William, and it comes very expensive; I paid the gentleman a deal of money, which I had worked hard for many a day, for they charge high; they're not like poor folks, who do a great deal and get little for it."

Generous girl; and it was her hard earnings then, which had gone to provide attorney and

counsel, and the promptitude and liberality of her conduct it was which had extorted the eulogium of the worthy Mr. Grub.

“But there—it’s no use fretting now it’s done,” she added; “I did it for the best, and it’s turned out for the worst; ’twas master and mistress advised me; they’ve both been very kind; mistress has given me leave to come, and hired a young woman, out of her own pocket, to do my work while I was gone; and master gave me a letter to his own lawyer, and desired me to get a counsel, for he would get you off, they thought, if any one could; but it was of no use, the other counsel was against you; and the witnesses were against you; and the judge and the jury were against you, and I am afraid, William, your own heart”—but the delicacy of her feelings restrained her utterance, and she left the sentence unfinished, adding, after a pause, “however, I did all I could, and I hope, William, you think so.”

“All right for that, Mary,” said he, evidently softened; “you’ve been a good girl to me, though I was a villain to you, and would have been your ruin if I could.”

“O do not name it, William; I forgive you, and have done so long since, and am only glad you are not here on my account. But it’s no use talking of the past; we must now look to the future. I am told it is not such a very bad place where you’ll go—you have to work, of course; but you get



plenty of food and clothing, and many honest, poor people get but that here ; and then they say if you behave well you obtain your liberty at last. Isn't it so, Sir?" she inquired, with much anxiety, desirous that I should, if possible, confirm the consolation she would convey.

I assured her that her statement was correct, and that there, as here, good conduct brought its own reward.

But the prisoner was not to be thus consoled. "Pshaw," he exclaimed ; "they tell you all this, but it's no such thing. Transportation isn't what it used to be ; there's been a reform there too, like every thing else, and it's spoiled now."

"Well," said Mary, "there's good people and kind hearts all over the world, if one only deserves their pity, and let us hope you will meet with them. I must now do all I can for you, and it's little I can ; but I'll do it, William, cheerfully, happily, and I hope, trifling as it is, it may be of service. I was talking yesterday with the jailor—that is the gentleman up stairs—and he is very kind. He says I may send you any thing in the way of linen or clothes, and the carrier will bring parcels to and fro, and not charge me for them, and he brought me here and gave me a bed at his house, and charged me nothing, only I'm to pay him when I can ; and so now the spring-mornings are coming on, I'll get up early, and make you some shirts and



some warm flannel waistcoats, and mark some stockings with your name, and send them every week as I get them out of hand; and tell me, is there any thing else, William, that would make you comfortable, and if it's in my power to get it, you shall have it without fail?"

"Thank you," said the culprit, doggedly, "thank you, Mary."

"And now," she said, producing a small box, "here's a little money, William. It isn't much, for wages are low, and though I'm very careful, I hadn't saved much, and the lawyer's bill took it nearly all. You will do what you like with it, of course, but if *I* was to advise I would save it till you get abroad, and it may be of use and benefit to you there."

There was something repulsive in the eagerness with which the fellow seized and opened it, as if to count its contents; I however did not wish to hinder the good work, and therefore added my mite to the benefaction of the noble-minded girl.

"Thank you, Sir," she said; "and William thanks you too, for you have been very kind already. But there is one thing more I must say to you, William, and you must hear it; I would not for worlds reproach your conduct, nor reflect on what has past, but I must speak of it to guide you for the future. O William, if you had only thought as I have thought, you might have been happy;" and she

gazed intently on his countenance, anxious to mark the effect of her admonitions.

How much is often comprised in a few apparently trivial and unimportant words. If, indeed, he had "thought as she had," if the same sentiments of piety, of integrity, and virtue, had guided his conduct which had directed her's, how different might have been his present condition. And a circumstance which heightened the interest that her conduct would otherwise have inspired, was, that her whole deportment, kind, and sympathizing as it was, evinced the absence of every thing like personal attachment to the unhappy object of her pity. Had he been her lover, her efforts could not have been more ardent, more energetic, yet they would scarcely have been so hallowed, so exalted, as they now appeared. Her feelings, however anxious, were those only inspired by pity and commiseration; no stronger sympathy existed, or could exist, between them. There is no separation wider than that which divides a young and pure-minded girl from an immoral person of the other sex, and the gulf between these two was too wide, too deep, to allow of being passed. No—she saw in the object of her sympathy only the child of her benefactress, of her early, only friend, and with all the fond devotion of woman, gladly sacrificed her little store of money, her time, and her exertions, to repay the debt of gratitude long since incurred.

She continued, "O, dear William, it is never too late to repent and be happy. Let me implore you to think of your immortal welfare, and of another world than this. And that you may do so, I have got another present for you, and you will not refuse it, for it's far more precious and valuable than the few and trifling things I can give you beside; here it is;" and she produced a Bible from beneath her cloak, and observing that he turned doggedly away, muttering that he had one, and that they were bored with them there, she added, "Nay, say not so; take it for *my* sake, take it; and for the sake of your poor mother, who is in heaven! It was her present to me; she gave it me when I went to service, and her name is written on the blank leaf. O William, may it only be the same comfort to you which it has been to me, and a blessing will yet attend you! Read it, study it, pray over it, and it may reconcile you to your lot, may console you in life, may cheer you in death, and though you and I shall never—no, never—see each other again on earth, we yet may meet in another and a better world!"

She pressed the sacred volume on his unwilling acceptance, imprinted a pure and holy kiss of pity and of love on his obdurate cheek, sighed her last kind wish, wept her last farewell, and we quitted the prison together!

## THE JUDGMENT OF WINES.

*From the German of Langbein.*

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THERE was once an old monarch, so fond of his tipples,  
That he daily got drunk, did this winebibbing elf;  
So instead of being able to govern his people,  
He scarcely had sense left—to govern himself!

He sat once with all his magnates at table,  
And drank off his wine with an infinite zest;  
And bantered and joked, and told story and fable,  
With a jolly old abbot, his favourite guest!

“Sir Abbot, you’ve emptied full many a canikin,  
And with wines are acquainted far more than the rest;  
So tell me now truly, my round little manikin,  
Which wine of them all you consider the best.”

“So grave, mighty sire,” said the priest, “is the question,  
And my memory so short that, with your gracious leave,  
I must beg that you’ll take not amiss the suggestion,  
Of just one trial more ere my judgment I give.”

Nay, nay, you are really, Sir Abbot, too modest,”  
The monarch replied in his good-natured sport;  
“Your excuse, too, of all I e’er heard, is the oddest:  
What! the question too grave, and your memory too  
short?

“ Well, well, be it so, without farther orations,  
We’ll call our chief butler, who forthwith shall go  
And bring us up wines from the different nations,  
Who are subject to him in our cellars below !

“ And just to fill up a few moments of leisure,  
We’ll hold our high court at this hour in this place ;  
And know, my good lords, ’tis our right royal pleasure,  
That you shall assist us in judging the case.

“ The wine that we all find the best, for example,  
I’ll proclaim it as king by a sovereign decree ;  
But find we a bad or indifferent sample,  
By the very same edict it banish’d shall be.”

“ Sir Monarch, we’ll gladly obey your dictations,”  
The abbot replied, “ and forthwith let’s begin ;”  
For, charged with the wines of ten different nations,  
The monarch’s chief butler that moment came in !

As umpires and judges their work now commences,  
They poured out the wine, and they sent round the cup ;  
They sipped not in drops mere, poor, shallow pretences,  
But drained their full goblets right manfully up !

They tried and they tasted so cautious and clever,  
And quaffed off their wine with a great deal of zest ;  
But praise them or blame as they might, yet they never  
Could fully determine which wine was the best.

And soon to their glowing and joy-lighted faces,  
The walls and the windows danced merrily round ;  
And beakers and goblets fell out of their places,  
In the hands of their judges, and flowed o’er the ground !

And very soon after these royal assessors,  
Though heroes in wine as in iron and steel,  
Lost all the high seats where they late were possessors,  
And fell to the floor with a tumble and reel!

Though the judge with the cowl, and the judge with the  
sceptre,  
Clung fast from a feeling of honour and strength ;  
Not very long after their colleagues they kept there,  
But were borne off to bed by their servants at length.

And thus since no edict was sent to the people,  
And no wine was proclaimed to be king o'er the rest ;  
Why let each man now crown his own favourite tippie,  
And pay his allegiance to that he likes best !



# A SKETCH OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE,

BEING

THE SUBSTANCE OF AN ESSAY READ AT THE CONVERSAZIONE  
OF THE SUSSEX ROYAL INSTITUTION.

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WITHOUT entering on long, and possibly tedious discussions, as to the source of that great parent language, the high German tongue, it may be sufficient to observe, that it is indisputably of Gothic origin, and that as the Goths, as well as all the tribes who peopled the north of Europe, are of Asiatic descent, the source of the language is thus to be traced to India, the great fountain-head of knowledge and civilization; a fact which, if it needed confirmation, would be amply proved by the striking similarity that is found to exist between many German words and corresponding terms in the languages of India, especially those of Persia and Hindoostan. At the fall of the Roman empire, the southern nations, Italy, France, Portugal, and Spain, it is well known, retained the Latin language, though in variously altered forms,

and these were termed the Roman or Romaunce tongues, whilst the northern communities adhered to their original languages; and thus the Gothic tongue, under various modifications, became established in Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Flanders, and in this country. And since the language of a nation is the natural result of its political changes and conditions, we thus find that while the Roman language was perpetuated among the softer nations of the south; the hardier people of the north, where the Roman power had never established its supremacy, not only retained their original Gothic forms of speech among themselves, but diffused them widely and permanently throughout their colonies and conquests. The German tongue, after undergoing various changes of form, and alternating amid Frankish, Swabian, and Saxon dialects, the discussion of which, I fear, would rather weary than interest, assumed nearly its present form about the time of Luther, whose translation of the Bible tended to settle its style and character, and is regarded, even at the present day, as an authority and model of the High German language. The genius and talents of the writers of Germany, the power and influence of its master-minds, and the invaluable benefits which their labours and discoveries have conferred on mankind, have rendered its language familiar to a great part of the

European public ; a result which has been much increased during the last twenty years of peace, and the consequent intercourse of nations and individuals, whom the unnatural and dissociating prevalence of war had previously severed, and rendered strangers and foes. In this country, from the affinity of our moral and religious feelings ; from the congeniality of our literary tastes ; from the admiration ever felt and expressed by the Germans for those great writers and distinguished men, of whom England is so justly proud, from the days and the works of Shakspeare and Milton, to those of Byron and Scott, a considerable literary intimacy has existed between the two nations, and the German language has, especially of late years, been much cultivated and read among us. Still, it is to be regretted that this splendid tongue has by no means been studied or attained to a degree commensurate with the advantages which a knowledge of it is calculated to convey. It is not my purpose here to enter into a description of the various departments of knowledge in which the German literati and men of science have chiefly excelled ; this will follow shortly, when I shall have occasion to descant on German literature ; but when I recall to you that to the German nation we owe many of our most important and beneficial inventions, for instance that of printing,

which has been the mightiest engine of moral good yet conferred on mankind—that of gunpowder, which has softened the horrors of war, and established a protection for civilized man against the irruption of savages and barbarians, an advantage which Gibbon has beautifully illustrated at the close of his invaluable history—or when I remind the members of this institution that the Germans were among the first who directed their attention to geology, and that its very nomenclature and its chief elementary terms, as quartz, gneiss, felspar, schist, blend, &c., are German words, I feel that I have done enough to show that those inquirers after learning who omit to possess themselves of the key to so much knowledge, of so valuable a kind, are likely to be considerable losers by their own neglect.

In the course of some experience which I have acquired as a teacher of German, I have found two prejudices to exist, which operate with many persons against the acquiring this beautiful and admirable language: the first, that it is difficult; the second, that it is unmusical and harsh. With due deference I beg to assert that it is neither. As to its difficulty, it is to be observed, that to acquire the niceties and refinements of any language, so as to write it with elegance and correctness, and speak it with fluency and ease, is certainly a task

which requires some time to achieve, but which, in the instance of the German language, may, with the necessary application, be satisfactorily attained. But to acquire a correct and elegant pronunciation ; a general knowledge of its formation and structure ; and the ability to translate its most valuable authors ; is an object which may be effected in a few weeks, and with only a few lessons ; the fact being, that while the details of the language are, some of them, complex and varied, its general structure is extremely simple and plain, requiring far less application for its acquirement than the languages of the south, the French, Italian, or Spanish. The truth is, we are all forcibly struck with first impressions, and persons who on opening German books have seen a different type from that to which they are accustomed, have closed the volume, supposing that these hieroglyphics contained some deep and wondrous mystery, and that the language must be intricate and difficult, because its characters differed from our own.

Nor will the charge that German is harsh and unmusical be found to rest on better foundation. The chief, nay, it may be said the only reasons, which are offered in support of this statement, are urged only by persons who are unacquainted with the language, those who understand it considering it, on the contrary, a very musical tongue.

The sounds of the vowels are precisely those of the Italian, and are softer than the French as regards the *u*, and our own as concerns the *a*, *i*, *u*. The vowels, it is true, are of less frequent occurrence than in Italian, yet their absence is compensated, to borrow the remark of a German philologist, by a pleasing rhythmus of consonants. But it is frequently objected that guttural sounds are employed, and that these are of necessity harsh and displeasing. Yet it is obvious that the most complete and most beautiful languages, both of ancient and modern times, for instance the Greek and the Spanish, present similar sounds. There is indisputable evidence that the *chi* of the Greeks was a guttural, as are the *x* and *j*, of the Spaniards at the present day. These sounds, however, in German are so softened and ameliorated, that in reality they are produced by the palate rather than the throat, and far from being unmusical, they are, in fact, not less, but more harmonious than the sounds of the same letters in other tongues. Take for instance the syllable *t—ch*, add the sounds in each instance, try first the English *tach*, &c., then the German, and say which is the softer and more musical of the two. Indeed, so much more pleasing is the German sound, that nothing is more grating to the German ear than when, as constantly occurs with learners, the pupil substitutes the harsh English



sound of *ch*, for the softer German pronunciation. The difficulty, in short, I repeat is one only entertained by those who are unacquainted with the language; those who understand it invariably find it a very pleasing and musical tongue.

Having discussed the chief objections which are urged against this interesting language, let us hasten to the more agreeable task of pointing out its advantages and beauties. These are of no common order, and chiefly arise from the circumstance that, instead of its being a mere dialect, like several of the languages of the south, or a mixture of other languages, like our own and some other tongues, it is essentially an original language, a mother-tongue, the fruitful parent of the Swedish, Danish, Dutch, Flemish, and English languages, which are all, either wholly or in a great measure, formed from the German. In addition to these original advantages, it possesses as compared with other languages extraordinary power, versatility, and extent. It will be best characterised by being styled the Greek of modern times, since it embodies many of the chief properties of that incomparable language. Like the Greek, it has the power of forming compound words to an almost indefinite extent; and like the Greek, has the faculty of separating these words, and of referring their component parts to their appropriate portions of the sentence. Like that

splendid tongue also, and its immediate dialect the Latin, it possesses a peculiar *ordo* or construction of sentences, by which the verb is referred to the end of the sentence,—an arrangement which adds much to the dignity of serious composition, and proves exceedingly attractive and interesting to the classical student, who is delighted to find, in a Gothic language, a peculiar characteristic of the Greek and Roman tongues. From this affinity with the classical languages results also the advantage of a far greater capability for translating, than is possessed by languages not similarly constituted; hence the German translations of Homer, Pindar, and Horace, exhibit the excellences of their originals in a far higher degree, than is presented by versions of the same authors in other languages. The superiority of a mother-tongue is also strikingly exhibited over those which are little more than dialects of the Latin, as the Italian and the French; as well as those of a mixed character, like the Spanish, which exhibits a medley of Latin, Gothic, and Arabic; or our own, which presents a similar combination of German, Latin, and French. From this originality of words and expressions arises also a corresponding newness of ideas, and it was the remark of a talented friend, whom I some time since had the honour of instructing, that the German

language presented a new world of ideas as well as of words, and induced new tones of thought and feeling as well as of mere sounds. This interesting division of the subject might be advantageously discussed at greater length, but we will now pass to the other department of the subject, hoping, however, that enough has been stated to excite an interest in German studies, if for the sake of their philological attractions alone.

It is with infinite gratification that we ascend to the higher and more important branch of the theme, and rise from the contemplation of the language, to that of the literary productions of this interesting people. To enter on a complete survey of German literature; to describe its various and fluctuating epochs; and to illustrate the different authors who appear on the page of its history, would far exceed the present limits. We must therefore content ourselves with a summary review, and a brief enumeration, of a few only of its chief authors, its most distinguished poets, and most celebrated men.

The history of German literature is usually divided by native writers into six distinct periods, or epochs. The first, which extends from the earliest time to the middle of the eleventh century, is termed by them the Preparation (*Die Vorübungen*,) of the poetic spirit of the Germans. The

second, reaching from the twelfth to the first half of the fourteenth century, is that of the celebrated Swabian æra, the golden age of the poetry of romance. The third, which comprises the long interval between the fourteenth and the first half of the seventeenth century, constitutes an epoch when poetry, no longer cultivated by the nobility and higher classes, degenerated in the hands of the mastersingers during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. The fourth includes the space between the middle of the seventeenth and the first quarter of the eighteenth centuries, corresponding with the age of Louis XIV. in France. The fifth, a bright and memorable epoch, entitled that of the Regeneration of German Poetry, extends over about half a century, concluding towards the year 1770; and the sixth, is comprised between that period and the present time. It may be worth while to mention, as a striking proof how little the history of German letters is defined or understood among us, that, on turning over the pages of a late number of the *Edinburgh Review*, we find the reviewer of the interesting work of Dr. Menzel on German literature, committing the egregious blunder of confounding the epoch of the Minnesingers with that of the Mastersingers, though these æras are perfectly distinct as to time, and utterly different from each other in character and spirit.

To resume: these epochs, it will be perceived, are of very unequal character and merit; and while in some, the Swabian period, for instance, the genius and taste of the Germans appear to have risen above the contemporary standard of other nations, during other epochs, that for example corresponding with the age of Louis XIV., they seem to have fallen below it. The whole of these æras are, however, interesting to the critic and the man of letters; since, while the brighter periods attract us by their splendour, the duller serve to illustrate the brilliancy of more enlightened times. A modern writer has a remark, which is so judicious in itself, and so particularly applicable to this circumstance, that it is impossible to resist the pleasure of quoting the observation. It is to be found among the essays of a popular and philosophic writer, Mr. Horace Smith; who observes, while alluding to a similar subject, that “destruction and reproduction are alike the law of the moral, as they are of the physical universe; and that the failures and errors of one literary period, often constitute the elements, from which are derived the successes and triumphs of another.” On this sound and enlightened principle it will be expedient that the student should attend to the darker, as well as the brighter pages of German literary history, since they are, in point of fact, strongly and indissolubly connected with each other.



It will be advisable to pass briefly over the records of the very earliest periods, since the productions of such an æra are many of them so rude and unpolished, as to defy all the skill of the translator to render them in such a form as will not prove displeasing to the ear and the taste. It may be sufficient for the present to mention that the most celebrated writers of the first division, that preceding the eleventh century, are a priest named Ottfried, who composed a Harmony of the Gospels in the Frankish dialect; and the unknown author of the celebrated Eulogy on St. Anno, Archbishop of Cologne; which said eulogist has been shrewdly suspected to have been the worthy Archbishop himself. That these productions, though composed in so rude and early an age, are, however, not wholly destitute of poetic merit, the following passages will suffice to show. The poem commences thus:—

“ We oft have heard our minstrels sing  
 Of many an old and famous thing ;  
 How heroes fought in battle-field,  
 How castles strong were forced to yield ;  
 How friends with sweet affection loved ;  
 How kings reverse of fortune proved :  
 Now is the time that we should lend,  
 Our thoughts unto our latter end !”



The following description of the fall of man, contrasted with the perfection of the other works of the Creator, is highly picturesque:—

“When Lucifer had turned to ill,  
And Adam spurned his Maker’s will,  
Th’ Almighty’s wrath inflamed the more,  
Since all his works went well before !  
The sun and moon, by day and night,  
Bestowed in turns their grateful light,  
The stars their course of duty hold,  
And bring alternate heat and cold ;  
The fire obedient soar’d on high,  
And winds and thunders shook the sky,  
The clouds to fruitful showers gave birth,  
The waters poured their floods on earth,  
The smiling fields were decked with flowers,  
And foliage graced the woodland bowers ;  
The wild beasts roamed the woods among,  
And sweetly poured the birds their song,  
And every creature of his hand  
Obeyed their Maker’s first command ;  
Two beings only of the earth,  
The last, the noblest in their birth,  
Turned them to folly and to shame,  
Whence trouble and affliction came !”

The following description of a battle is, as far as it proceeds, equally graphic and picturesque:—

"Hark! the weapons, how they ring,  
 How the steeds together spring!  
 How th' inspiring trumpets blow!  
 How the streams of crimson flow!  
 How the air is heard to moan!  
 How the earth appears to groan!  
 How the warrior's cheek is dyed  
 With the glow of martial pride!  
 When the first of all the world,  
 Have the blade of vengeance hurled!"

The second æra, that of the minnesingers, or singers of love, or, as it has been termed, the golden age of ancient German literature, next dawns upon us, and presents a variety of poems, epic, lyrical, and didactic; the number, extent, and merit of which, considering the age in which they were produced, are truly astonishing, and far excel all the productions of the rest of Europe at the same period. Poetry was indeed the taste, the passion of the age, was encouraged and cultivated by the great and noble, and by their influence and example was diffused among the inferior classes. During this period flourished two hundred poets and writers of rank and celebrity, among whom are reckoned one emperor and two kings, together with other sovereign princes; and dukes, counts, nobles, knights, and ecclesiastics of distinction. The most celebrated among these writers are the following: Heinrich von Veldeck, Hartmann von Aue, Wolfram

von Eschenbach, Walther von der Vogelweide, Gottfried von Strassburg, Christian von Hamle, Ulrich von Lichtenstein, &c. &c. Their productions, like those of the troubadours and minstrels of the south, are chiefly devoted either to sacred subjects, or the praise of the fair sex, and the lyre of the knight, like his good sword, was devoted to "God and the ladies;" while the charms of nature were celebrated as well as those of the fair, and the beauties of spring were vaunted by the minstrel with those of his mistress. Few particulars of the lives of these chivalrous poets have survived to the present day, a circumstance which is regretted by a German critic, who justly infers that their lives, unlike those of modern closet-students, would have been full of chivalrous adventure and deeds of war and enterprise. As an instance of the extent to which poetry was cultivated and cherished, it may be mentioned that games, similar to the floral games of Thoulouse and the south, were instituted in Germany, and that a poetic contest was once held at Wartburg, which was attended by the most celebrated minstrels of the time, who maintained a regular contention for the prize of song. As a sample of the refinement, delicacy, and beauty of the productions of this æra, I would beg to cite, from a vast variety of others, the following charming address, by Christian von Hamle:—

TO THE MEADOW WHERE MY LADY GATHERED  
FLOWERS.

“ I would thou wast endowed with speech,  
And then, fair meadow, thou couldst tell,  
And to the fond inquirer teach  
How fair a fortune thee befel,  
When my sweet lady came to gather flowers,  
And rested her fair feet within thy lovely bowers !

“ O meadow, what was thy delight  
When my sweet lady stept o’er thee,  
And gently stretched her hand so white  
To cull the flowers that fairest be !  
O tell me, meadow, where her steps have trod,  
That I may place my feet within that lovely sod !

“ And meadow, pray my lady sweet,  
To tread again thy verdant floor,  
For where she plants her fairy feet,  
Nor frost nor snow shall harm thee more ;  
And say that if she grant me one sweet kiss,  
My heart, like thy fair flowers, shall bloom with very bliss !”

“ Can modern poetry,” asks a German critic,  
“ say any thing more charming ?”

“ What melody of feeling,” exclaims the same  
commentator, “ is found in the following strophes

of the virtuous writer, (Der Tugendhafte Schreiber,) as he is called in the old collections; supposed to be Heinrich von Rispach.

“ I sing in the wood,  
And of her I complain;  
Who my heart has subdued,  
And subdues it again!

“ As the nightingale sings,  
But sings ever in vain,  
My melody brings  
Me but sorrow and pain!

“ What avail the sweet lays  
Of the wild warbling throng,  
Who gives them the praise  
That is due to their song?

“ So the songs that I weave,  
Like the strains of the dove,  
No pity receive,  
No return for my love!”

Walther von des Vogelweide was one of the most successful and admired poets of this æra. He displays a mind far more enlightened and capacious, a fancy richer and more copious, and a command of language more powerful and expressive than we meet with in his contemporaries. He treats of religious and philosophical subjects

with a feeling and intelligence scarcely to be expected in so rude an age ; but most of his poems are, according to the prevailing mode, devoted to the praise of beauty ; and the following comparison of the fair sex with flowers, affords a favourable specimen of the skill and taste of their poetic admirer.

“ How truly sweet and beautiful is woman fair and kind !  
 Nor can we such delightful charms in other objects find ;  
 Or on the earth, or in the air, or 'mid the valleys round,  
 In lilies, roses, or in flowers, wherever they are found !  
 To roam amid the fields of May, and hear the sweet  
     birds sing,  
 Compared with woman's chaste delights, can scarce a  
     transport bring.  
 When man a lovely maid beholds, he may mock at  
     sorrow's pow'r,  
 For all his melancholy flies in that same joyous hour ;  
 Her small and rosy mouth appears so lovely when it  
     smiles,  
 And the sparkling of her playful eyes his sorrowing  
     heart beguiles !”

Ulrich von Lichstenstein, an ancestor of the noble family of that name, was another distinguished and excellent poet of this period ; and the following strophes from a Song of Spring, in which the favourite themes of these poets, the charms of May and of the fair sex, are blended, are instances of almost classic perfection.



“ Field and wood, and mead and bower,  
Saw I ne'er so blooming yet,  
For each fair but bending flower,  
With the dew of heaven is wet:  
And the warblers  
Sing the praise of lovely May.

“ So I sing of woman fair,  
In the very best I may,  
All my sorrow and my care  
With her love I'll chase away :  
And her goodness  
Makes the transport of my soul.

“ Woman's honour, woman's beauty,  
Woman's goodness, woman's truth,  
Point to every noblest duty  
That can charm the soul of youth :  
And her favour  
Is the richest good on earth !”

The reader may be desirous to see the original of these productions: the following is the text of the last quotation.

“ Heide, velt, walt, anger, ouwe,  
Sah ich nie bekleidet bas  
Von dem lufte suessen touwe  
Sind du bluomen alle nas  
Vögeline  
Singent lob des meien schine.

“ So singe ich von gueton wiben  
 Als ich allerbeste kan  
 Mit ir lob wil ich vertriben  
 Swas ich ungemuotes han.  
 Wibesguete  
 Git mir fröidenrich gemuete.

“ Wibes schöne, wibes ere,  
 Wibes guete, wibes zucht,  
 Ist fürwar ein erenlere  
 Minnegernder herzen sucht.  
 So ist ir hulde  
 Alles guotes übergulde.”

The next epoch, comprising the long and tedious interval between the fourteenth and seventeenth centuries, presents a dreary contrast to the brilliancy of the preceding age. In the early part of this period, the poetry of Romance, neglected and forsaken by the nobility and higher orders, fell into the hands of the lower and mechanical classes, was practised as a regular calling by the guilds and corporations of towns, and subjected to rules and regulations similar to those prescribed for other trades and occupations. This mechanical system of poetry gave rise, as was of course to be expected, to the most utter degradation of the art. Its spirit, fire, and genius, completely evaporated, and the very dregs of poetry alone remained. Yet, as may be supposed, this extensive space is not wholly

barren and destitute, but presents some few striking exceptions to the general dulness and depravation of taste. The heroic resistance of the Swiss to the Austrians, and to Charles of Burgundy, gave occasion to some beautiful heroic ballads, and the war-songs of Veit Weber have been admired and prized in every subsequent age. The celebrated "Ship of Fools," of Sebastian Brandt, is another distinguished work of the same æra. The renowned and indefatigable Hans Sachs, the weaver, who wrote works by the thousand, lived during this period. The celebrated artist, Albrecht Dürer, also flourished and wrote on art in this space. Nor must we forget the great and important event of the Reformation, which occurred during this lapse of time, when a simple German monk, the immortal Luther, a solitary and almost unbefriended individual, shook the papal tyranny, and effected a moral revolution, the mightiest which for ages had happened among mankind. This important event, though its first and immediate effects were rather prejudicial than otherwise to the cultivation of literature, from its attracting the inquiries of mankind chiefly to matters of theological and sectarian dispute, yet undoubtedly tended, at a later period, to enlarge the limits of the mind, and to extend the sphere of literature. A wider range of subjects was embraced, satire, fable, works of imagination

and invention were produced; few, it is true, in number, and disfigured by the bad taste and affectation of the age, yet (to revert again to the idea of Mr. Horace Smith) serving as material from which was produced a rich intellectual crop in the succeeding period. The institutions of foreign nations were also copied and introduced into Germany, and academies and societies, in imitation of those of Italy, were established, without, however, producing any important or lasting improvement in the productions of native authors.

At length we reach a new æra on arriving at the middle of the seventeenth century, at which time flourished the celebrated Opitz. This writer, who is now considered chiefly remarkable for his extraordinary activity of mind, since he produced a great variety of works during a most unsettled life, having scarcely ever lived longer than a year in one place, wrote a number of poems, which though obsolete now, yet at the time of their appearance, by the admiration which they excited, and the imitators whom they called forth, effected a considerable improvement in the taste and style of German poetry of that day. His chief imitators were Gryphius, father and son; Harsdörffer; Klai, and others, whose works, like those of their model Opitz, are now nearly forgotten. A like oblivion has covered the productions of Hoffmannswaldau, who,

like Opitz, was a native of Silesia, and founded what has been called the second Silesian school of poets. His taste, however, less pure even than that of Opitz, speedily lost its favour with his countrymen, and his works were soon neglected. German literature, at the close of the seventeenth and commencement of the eighteenth century, now suffered its lowest and last degradation. A servile imitation of the style of Louis XIV. prevailed to the exclusion of any thing like originality of thought or feeling; and, as is usual in imitations of so slavish a character, the faults of the model were copied with scarcely any portion of its advantages or beauties. At length, about the first quarter of the eighteenth century, the long hoped for renovation came, being brought about by the genius and energies of a circle of as distinguished minds as ever adorned any age in any country. The first revival of German taste proceeded from what is termed the Swiss school of criticism, when the celebrated Bodmer, with the feeling of a true patriot and a true poet, collected the neglected remains of the beautiful romantic poetry of the Swabian age, already named, and revealed to the admiring German public the genius and taste of their forgotten forefathers. A number of writers, of various talents and distinguished genius, now arose, each of whom has acquired a European



reputation, and exalted the poetic and literary character of their nation to a height which it probably never will surpass. The great and hallowed names of Klopstock, Haller, Wieland, Lessing, Gellert, Cramer, Kleist, Mendelssohn, Abbt, Mosheim, Müller, Herder, Richter, Göthe, Schiller, the youthful Körner, the brothers Stolberg, the brothers Schlegel, the brothers Humboldt, form, with many others, a constellation of genius, whose bright and brilliant course, commenced about the middle of the last century, sheds a halo of glory over the present day. Far from being able to discuss the qualities of these various writers and exalted men, in the brief space of our discourse, there is not an author named who would not require a separate lecture, if not a series, adequately to describe him, and to render complete justice to his merits.

We will now draw to a close, with a brief and imperfect summary of the writings and the talents of some of these distinguished men. With whom shall we commence?—for in this embarrassment of intellectual riches it becomes difficult to select our first treasure. Shall we commence with Schiller, the greatest tragic poet of this or any modern age?—shall we call your attention to his romantic Robbers, to his inimitable Don Carlos; or in his Mary Stuart point out the celebrated passage in which,



using a pardonable freedom with historic fact, he brings on the same celebrated scene, the relentless Elizabeth and her hapless victim, the ill-fated Mary; or shall we direct you to that still more affecting scene, the last confession of the unhappy Mary, a passage which Madame de Staël has so splendidly and deservedly eulogized? Passing by the other works of this immortal man, his admirable historical writings, and his inimitable ballads, shall we next contemplate Göthe, whose varied powers seem almost too extensive to have been possessed by a single individual and a mere mortal? A poet in all the varied moods of the lyre, a critic, a dramatist, a philosopher, a traveller, a chemist, a naturalist, and a geologist, to him may be applied the splendid eulogy which our own Johnson bestowed on Goldsmith, that "there was no kind of knowledge which he did not cultivate, and none which he cultivated which he did not adorn!" The same praise will, with equal justice, apply to Herder, who as a poet, critic, historian, and antiquary, has been entitled, from the extent and variety of his attainments, the Christian Voltaire, excelling that extraordinary man in the circumstance, that his talents were employed not in deriding or scoffing at religion, but in exalting and diffusing it. How delightful is it to dwell on the productions of such a mind, on his moral and philosophical reflec-

tions, so enlightened, benevolent, and just ; on his beautiful and affecting ballads, on his touching parables, second in wisdom, goodness, and inspiration, only to those of Scripture itself ! How admirable are the life and works of Mendelssohn, the philosophic, the gentle, the wise ! How delightfully instructive the productions of Gellert, the philanthropic, amiable, suffering Gellert, who, as an elegant and philosophic writer, an author of fables and apologues, and personally a hypochondriac, so forcibly reminds us of our own interesting Cowper ! One fact which is recorded in his life, will speak his praise far more eloquently than any eulogium which can now be delivered. He was, one autumn evening, called into the courtyard of his house by a peasant, who had brought a waggon loaded with wood, and who inquired if he were the Professor Gellert, who had written such beautiful poems, and on being answered in the affirmative, stated that he and his neighbours had read those poems with so much delight, that being very poor persons, utterly destitute of money, they had gone to the neighbouring forest, and prepared a supply of wood for his winter fire, which they begged him to accept as the only means in their humble power of acknowledging the entertainment and instruction which they had derived from his admirable productions ! Gellert was frequently

honoured with the approbation of learned societies and crowned heads, but this humble tribute of the poor Saxon peasants was ever regarded by his friends and himself as his most honourable eulogy. We can but glance at the merits of the spirited ode writers, Kleist and Gleim; or the varied qualities of the elegant and imaginative Wieland; or the abilities and virtues of Haller, the poet and the physiologist, the Christian moralist, the wise, the good. A passing tribute is due to the youthful Körner, whose works the writer has introduced, by a translation, to the English public, and who prematurely fell in battle against the enemies of his country, after having completed a brilliant literary career, at an age when most men have scarcely commenced it, having fallen at the age of twenty-one! The abilities and the fame of such minds as those of the Schlegels, or the Humboldts, of Lampadius, or Werner, are known and esteemed as far as knowledge and civilization extend.

We have reserved to the last the greatest, the most celebrated, the most sublime poet of the whole, who is almost beyond our powers of praise, and whose fame, like his subject, is imperishable, immutable, and immortal! Need it be added, that this author is Klopstock, the poet of the Messiah. To do justice to the varied attributes of such a

mind, to portray the genius, learning, taste, and inspiration which produced his great poem and his sublime odes, is utterly impossible in a single essay ; and it may be necessary to add, that highly as his chief work is valued, it is admired more for its lyrical and reflective, than for its narrative portions, and that his ode-poetry is, by many critics, preferred to his great work itself. My own individual opinion is of little moment, and I may err in my judgment ; but I have ever regarded the odes of Klopstock as the most exalted, the most sublime, the most delightful poetry that I have ever read, by any author, or in any language. The subjects are so lofty ; the diction so splendid ; the imagery so beautiful ; the sentiments so just, exalted and sublime ; and the whole effect so elevating to the mind and heart, that the reader, raised beyond the sphere of common-place feeling and common-place existence, listens entranced in rapture and in awe while the bard descants on his exalted and beloved themes, the joys of friendship, the attractions of wisdom, the delights of virtue, the happiness of a well-spent life, the aspiration after a higher, a holier, and a better ! How severe is the denial which forbids us to describe his literary life and pursuits, or his domestic and personal character, so manly, so amiable, so excellent ! What delight were it to dwell on the character of that

excellent being whom it pleased the Almighty to bestow on him as his wife, and then shortly to call her to another and a better world, his adored and sainted Meta! Excuse for a moment, if, passing by the sublimer odes of Klopstock, that on the Omnipresence of the Deity, that on his Recovery from Illness, on the Vision of God, the great Hallelujah, &c., we select the following short but exquisite ode to his beloved wife. The circumstances which gave rise to it were merely that, on entering her sitting-room one summer afternoon, he found her asleep; and after contemplating her for some time in silence, he left on the couch on which she was reposing the following ode, which is unrivalled for its tenderness, as his more sacred productions are for their majesty, and proves that this greatest of poets was as much a master of the pathetic as he was of the sublime!

## TO CIDLI SLEEPING.

“ She sleeps! O slumber, pour on her  
A new and balmy life;  
From Eden’s pure, untroubled fountain draw  
A bright and crystal drop! and shed it there,  
Where on her slumb’ring cheek  
Its waking red hath flown. And thou,  
O sweet repose of virtue and of love,  
Shade, with thine angel wing, my sleeping bride:  
She slumbers yet, how sweetly and how softly!  
O my lyre, be hushed! for know



Thy laurel wreath shall fade if thou awake,  
With softest whisper wake my sleeping love !”

To show that this admirable woman was worthy the attachment of such a man, it will be sufficient only to cite a portion of her own correspondence. The following is an extract from a letter addressed by her to the celebrated Richardson, the author of *Clarissa*; and though containing some German idioms, it displays an acquaintance with our language which is highly creditable to the talents of its accomplished and excellent writer. After some preliminary observations, she states — “In one happy night I read my husband’s poem, ‘*The Messiah*.’ I was extremely touched with it. The next day I asked one of his friends, who was the author of this poem; and this was the first time I heard Klopstock’s name. \* \* \* But I had no hopes ever to see him, when, quite unexpectedly, I heard that he should pass through *Hamburgh*. I wrote immediately to the same friend for procuring, by his means, that I might see the author of ‘*The Messiah*,’ when in *Hamburgh*. He told him that a certain girl in *Hamburgh* wished to see him; and, for all recommendation, showed him some letters in which I made bold to criticise Klopstock’s verses. Klopstock came; and came to me. I must confess, that though greatly prepossessed of his



good qualities, I never thought him the amiable youth whom I found him. This made its effect. After having seen him two hours, I was obliged to pass the evening in a society which never had been so wearisome to me. I could not speak, I could not play. I saw him the next day and the following, and we were very seriously friends. But the fourth day he departed; it was a strong hour, the hour of his departure." She then describes their correspondence and their mutual attachment. "But we were obliged to part again, and wait two years for our wedding. My mother would not let me marry a stranger. I could marry then without her consentment, as, by the death of my father my fortune depended not on her; but," observes this amiable being, "this was a horrible idea for me, and thank Heaven that I have prevailed by my prayers. At this time, knowing Klopstock, she loves him as her lively son, and thanks God that she has not persisted. We married; and I am the happiest wife in the world; in some few weeks it will be four years that I am so happy, and I still dote on Klopstock as if he was my bridegroom. If you knew my husband, you would not wonder. If you knew his poem, I could describe him very briefly, by saying he is in all respects what he is as a poet. \* \* \* But I dare not speak of my husband, I am all raptures when I do it."

Their innocent and happy loves had a sudden and melancholy termination. They had been married, as she states, four years, their only unfulfilled wish, that of being blessed with offspring, was about to be gratified, when it pleased the Almighty to recall her gentle spirit to himself, and the wife of Klopstock died in giving birth to a son, who survived her but a few hours. This melancholy bereavement gave a yet gentler tone to the feelings and compositions of Klopstock. He enshrined her as a new character in his great poem; during fifty years of widowhood he continued to lament her loss; and when in more advanced life, in conformity with the advice and the wishes of his friends, he sought a companion and a solace, he married the cousin of his wife, a lady, who in addition to some excellent qualities of her own, had known and loved his sainted Meta!

We are this evening favoured with the presence of a gentleman, who, as he informs me, once passed an evening with Klopstock. Time had then done its work; seventy winters had shed their snows upon the poet's head; but his youthful feelings still remained, he entertained his early love for our country and her sons, and on hearing that our friend was at Hamburgh, sent and expressed a wish to pass an evening with the countryman of Milton. He died shortly after, was honoured with

a public funeral and a public mourning; and, after fifty years of separation, was united in the same tomb with his Meta. "Lovely in their lives, in their deaths they were not divided."

We will now conclude this imperfect sketch with a brief review of those departments of knowledge in which the Germans have chiefly excelled. In mental and moral philosophy they boast the names of Leibnitz, of Jacobi, of Kant; in astronomy, of Kepler; in physiology, of Blumenbach and Haller; in geology, mineralogy, and chemistry, of Humboldt, Werner, and Lampadius. In biblical literature a similar renown is attached to the names of Michaelis, Griesbach, and Mosheim; in classical learning, to those of Heyne and Ernesti. In the drama, the works of Schiller are alike distinguished; as are those of Müller in history; while their poets are as extensive in number as they are varied in excellence; and Klopstock, Schiller, Wieland, Bürger, Goëthe, Gellert, Kleist, Tiedge, Körner, Gleim, with many others whom it is impossible to describe, or even to name at present, are renowned as far as civilization extends. Nor are the Germans less celebrated in other departments of excellence. In the divine art of music, they are immortalized by the single name of either Handel or Mozart. Nor is their reputation confined to their own nation or lan-

guage; in most departments of knowledge their superiority is universally acknowledged and revered. What modern poet has attained to the sublimity of Klopstock? what geologist has surpassed the fame of Humboldt? what chemist that of Berzelius or Lampadius? what biblical critic has equalled the celebrity of Mosheim or Michaelis? what classic approached that of Heyne or Ernesti? finally, what musician can even be compared to Handel or Mozart? and, to come down to the present moment, what traveller has given so able, so faithful, and so interesting an account of this country as the liberal, enlightened, and judicious Von Raumer?

Finally, it is to the efforts of German genius and the labours of German perseverance that mankind in general, and we as a nation in particular, are indebted for some of the most valuable discoveries and inventions which have enlightened and benefited mankind. The invention of gunpowder, as already observed, has softened the ferocity of war, and established a barrier against cruelty and barbarism; that of printing has diffused light and knowledge over the whole earth: nor can we forget that to the exertions of Luther, and the example shown by him, and the brave and independent character of his countrymen, we, as a nation, owe our own emancipation from popish tyranny, thralldom, and superstition.

## TO A YOUNG LADY, ON HER MARRIAGE.

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The following lines, with others which will be specified, were honoured by the Marquis of Northampton with insertion in a Collection of Poems, published by his Lordship in 1837, and entitled, "The Tribute."

---

AND thou shalt be a bride to-day—thou lov'd, and good,  
and fair,  
And the ring is waiting for thy hand, the wreath is in  
thy hair ;  
The young, the gay, the glad are met, to hail the joyous  
scene,  
And thy bridemaids wait upon thy steps, like fairies  
round their queen !

Thy young life hath been only past in love, and joy, and  
bliss,  
Thou but hast known a mother's care, a sister's love and  
kiss ;  
But thou shalt seek another now, shalt bear another's  
name,  
And the love, that we alone have shared, another now  
may claim !

For thou, fair girl, art like the bird, that left her ark of  
rest,

To seek a dwelling-place on earth, and build herself a  
nest ;

So thou hast left thy happy home, in other spheres to soar,  
And, like the dove the patriarch sent, shalt seek thine  
ark no more !

And sad our task will be and long, thy memory to  
retrace ;

To see—in fancy see—thy form, and view thy vacant  
place ;

To dwell, with grief, on every charm that bade us once  
rejoice,

And miss the magic of thy smile -- the music of thy voice !

One hope the while shall cheer our woes, and soothe our  
griefs to rest,

It is the thought, where'er thou art, that thou must still  
be blest ;

For howsoe'er thy lot be cast—wherever thou mayst be,  
All gentlest hopes and kindest loves must live and dwell  
with thee !

And when before the sacred shrine thou standest shortly  
now,

To pledge thy faith to God and man, and breathe the  
life-long vow ;

Our warmest loves, our fondest thoughts, shall all be with  
thee there,

And meet and mingle in the sky in blessing and in  
prayer !



126 TO A YOUNG LADY, ON HER MARRIAGE.

But hark ! they call—thy lover waits—no more must we  
delay—

We fain would hold thee ever thus, yet dare not bid thee  
stay ;

These streaming eyes, these breaking hearts, the pain of  
parting tell,

And these faint sobs are meant to say, but cannot speak,  
farewell !

## THE ELECTRESS PALATINE TO HER BROTHER, CHARLES I.

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CHARLES I., by the intervention and persuasion of the Court of Spain, sent Sir Henry Vane to the Electress Palatine, with orders to lay before her, in the most persuasive manner, the expediency of allowing her eldest son to be educated a Papist at the court of Vienna, with a view to make a match between him and one of the princesses of the house of Austria. To which representation she replied heroically—"That rather than comply with so irreligious and mean a proposal, she would be her son's executioner with her own hands."

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WHAT ! snatch my darling from my heart,  
My one, sad solace in distress,  
And sell his nobler, better part,  
For sinful Esau's sav'ry mess !  
Oh ! no ; the spirit of his sire  
Would look in vengeance from the skies ;  
And Heav'n itself in deeds of ire,  
Denounce so base a sacrifice !

No! rather on the headsman's block,  
I'd see my child, my darling lay;  
And bear—as bear I might, the shock  
That tore his parting life away!  
No! rather with my parent hands,  
I'd cut myself his thread of youth.  
Than see him rich in wealth and lands,  
Purchas'd with honour and with truth!

Go, then, and face my brother's frown;  
Say we repel so base a thought;  
And poor, and outcast, spurn a crown,  
If with our faith, our honour bought!  
And tell him from my child, that he  
Will keep the path his father trod;  
Will outcast, poor, and banish'd be,  
But true to honour and to God!

## IL RITRATTO DEL PITTORE.

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WHILE inspecting, in the autumn of last year, the deserted apartments and faded glories of the Palazzo P——, one of the noblest structures in Florence, and once the residence of its reigning family, my attention was excited by a female portrait of exceeding beauty. It is placed on the right as you enter the first picture gallery, and is fixed so inconveniently high, as not perhaps to have attracted the attention which is due alike to the perfect loveliness which it portrays, and the admirable style of art evinced in its execution. The features, on closer examination, I found to be exquisitely handsome; uniting with the dark eye and hair of the South, somewhat of the pale tint and oval contour of face which are regarded as the characteristics of northern beauty; while the lofty and majestic brow, the bright and eloquent eye, the small and delicate mouth, impressed as every feature was with a more than feminine gentleness and sweetness, realized the fairest and most appropriate attributes of female

loveliness, and presented a face and form of almost angelic beauty. The figure, which was tall and commanding, was attired in the magnificent, yet somewhat cumbrous costume of the middle ages; and the painting, which was of comparatively small size, was enshrined, and almost hidden, in a frame of the most gorgeous carving I ever remember to have beheld. Observing that my attention was particularly drawn to the portrait, our cicerone, a pretty black-eyed native girl, interrupted my meditations.

“*E bellissimo questo ritratto,*” was her remark; and she added that the picture was an especial favourite of her own, not merely, “*per la sua bellezza straordinaria,*” but for a legend of much interest connected with its history. Would “Eccellenza” like to hear it? I signified my assent; and accordingly, while the rest of the party were perambulating the apartments, the attention of a few minutes, and the gratuity of a few *lire*, procured me the information contained in the following pages.

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The reader of Italian annals will remember the dark and gloomy pages containing the history of the enmities and wars which so long prevailed between the rival cities of Florence and

Milan, and proved so destructive to both. After a long period of impolitic and devastating warfare, however, the politicians of that day made the discovery, that a state of hostility was by no means a desirable condition of things, and that the wisest thing they could do with the war, would be to put an end to it altogether, and return to that peace from which they had so unwisely departed; — a discovery, strange to say, which has been made and forgotten by statesmen and politicians over and over again, from the earliest and darkest ages, down to that eminently enlightened of all æras—the present day! Having severely and mutually suffered from the ravages of war, it became the natural object of both parties to secure themselves from so dire a calamity in future, by forming an alliance of the most lasting kind; and as the fetters of Hymen are considered among the most durable of those which can bind the human race, the aid of the little god was invoked, and the hand of the Donna Isidora, daughter of the reigning Duke of Milan, was sought by the plenipotentiaries of Florence for the young prince Rinaldo, son of the ruling potentate of the rival state.

In those days, when, as indeed is the case in many parts of the continent at this hour, the wishes of those principally concerned are least of



all consulted; and where, as regarded the female party, it would have been considered the height of indelicacy even to express an opinion on the subject, the matter was speedily arranged. The aged Count Ricci, a veteran minister, grown grey in intrigues and affairs of state, demanded the hand of the lady, which was accorded in the most prompt and business-like manner by the Milanese council of state, assembled for that and other deliberations; and the young prince, Rinaldo, who was then on his travels, was requested by his father to bring his peregrinations to a close on or before a certain day, when he was to receive the hand of the lady Isidora, his destined bride.

The prince replied to the injunctions of his father, by signifying his readiness to obey his commands, and the lady yielded a similar respect to the orders of her parent. The prince, in his missive, merely requested that one little ceremonial, which he believed was customary on these occasions, might not be omitted in his instance. He had heard high encomiums of the personal as well as the mental charms of his intended bride: might he be so favoured as to possess her portrait; and would his old and valued friend, Count Ricci, kindly undertake the necessary arrangements, and select the artist who should be entrusted with so delicate a commission. He was informed that his

wishes should be strictly fulfilled, and Count Ricci assured him of the pleasure he should have in superintending the execution of his desires. A request which he had slightly urged, that he might be allowed to protract his travels till the eve of his marriage, was alike cheerfully and promptly accorded.

Meantime the preliminaries of peace were concluded;—tranquillity, with its accompanying fêtes and rejoicings, delighted those whom war, and its concomitant sufferings, had afflicted before; and the preparations for the marriage of the young and lovely Isidora occupied and delighted all Milan. Art and nature were ransacked for her embellishment; for the silks, and gauzes, and velvets in which she was to be attired, and for the pearls and gems which should adorn a beauty more bright and brilliant than their own. Milan was thronged with the merchants of Italy, Flanders, and the East, and the magnificence of her *trousseau*, the number and beauty of her dresses, and the rarity and costliness of her jewels, engaged the tongues, and well nigh turned the heads of half the girls in Milan!

It was soon announced that the artist, who was honoured with the task of painting the portrait of the lovely bride, had arrived in Mantua, and had taken up his abode at the Palazzo of Count

Ricci; and the day after his arrival he waited, with a billet from that noble, on the lady Isidora, for the purpose of fulfilling his mission.

He was ushered into the princely apartment, where sat the proud and beautiful girl enshrined in all the rich accessories of rank and luxury, and still more splendidly adorned with the natural gifts of elegance and beauty. Her figure was tall and commanding, and the expression of her countenance corresponded with the proud promise of her form. The finely-chiselled profile of her face, the noble and classic contour of her features, the lofty bearing of her brow, the proud and dignified expression of her eye, tempered and softened as they were with the gentlest expression of feeling and affection, exhibited the noblest yet sweetest attributes of feminine beauty; and she sat enthroned in proud and queen-like, yet graceful loveliness, at once inviting and defying the painter to his task, attracting him by the splendour and variety of her charms, and repelling him by the hopelessness, the all but impossibility, of portraying them!

The aspect of the painter afforded a striking contrast to the appearance of the proud and splendid beauty before whom he was summoned. Plainly, and almost poorly attired, his look diffident and unassuming, his demeanour respectful and submissive; he however still exhibited that superiority of

demeanour, that conscious dignity of manners, which was by no means the unusual characteristic of Italian artists at a period, when young men of distinguished birth and descent devoted themselves to the cultivation of the arts, and the boast, "*Anch'io son pittore*," was the pride of some of her noblest sons!

With firm but respectful courtesy he announced his name and errand, and presented the note of Count Ricci, which recommended him to the favourable notice of the Lady Isidora.

A few minutes were devoted by the latter ostensibly to the purpose of reading the note, but, in reality, to that of perusing the countenance of the artist, and ascertaining the expression of his character. Apparently the result was satisfactory, for she addressed him with a smile of much benignity.

"You have travelled, Signor Pittore; so says our friend Count Ricci; and have visited various countries in the suite of your prince?"

The painter bowed assent.

"'Tis well; the task of sitting for a portrait is somewhat wearisome, both to the artist and the object; and your kindness, if we may presume to request it, in relating the adventures of your travel, may beguile the fatigue of your task as well as our own."

The youth replied in the usual form of courtesy,

complimenting himself on having been honoured with a duty so agreeable; “so replete,” he observed, “with gratification, and in which fatigue, on his part at least, could have no share;” when he was interrupted by the lady, who resumed:—

“If, Signor, your leisure permit, and you have materials at hand, we can now commence the object of your mission. Be this our first sitting.”

Bowing compliance, he proposed to devote his first attempt to sketching the outline of the face and figure; the remainder could be filled in at those subsequent opportunities with which he hoped to be favoured.

He then placed himself on a low seat immediately facing that on which the princess half reclined, and whence he could possess a full view of the fair object of his art. The lady, animated, of course, by the laudable desire of appearing to the best advantage to the eye of her intended consort, summoned up her most effective attitude, her most impressive looks! The painter, on his part, applied with no common devotion to his arduous yet pleasing duty. He first narrowly inspected each separate feature; and the soul-lit eye, the small and rosy mouth, and the fair and glowing cheek, were, by turns, the objects of scrutiny and admiration. He soon traced the outline of the face, and thence proceeding rapidly with the figure, interspersed his



advice and suggestions as to position, attitude, and other particulars, either with remarks of his own, so unassuming, yet so appropriate and just; or with replies to the observations of the lady, of so equally acceptable a kind; that the time passed rapidly away, and the fair sitter was surprised and delighted when, at the close of, comparatively, a short period, he handed for her inspection a sketch of her second self, an outline of her face and form, which, necessarily imperfect as it was, showed how nearly the finished portrait would approach to the living personification of elegance and beauty.

After a due share of examination, of criticism, and, it is proper to add, a merited degree of encomium, the painter was dismissed, with the order to resume his attendance on the following day. And the day following, and the day after, and day after day, did the young artist return to fulfil a task which was so delightful to each, but so likely, alas! to prove fatal to both! By degrees, slow, indeed, and imperceptible to others and to herself, the Lady Isidora relaxed the hauteur of her manner; she felt and testified the interest she took in the attention of the artist, suffered no engagement to interfere with his attendance, and looked to the moment of his arrival with anxiety and interest. Though brought up in the secluded manner usual at that time, and knowing, in fact, little of the



world, save that which could be gleaned in the comparatively limited circle of her father's court; she yet possessed that good sense and good feeling, that native propriety, that taste for the fair and good, and contempt for their opposites, which often supply the place of more extended observation; so that she listened with delight to the animated conversation of the youth, who evidently felt, at least, an equal delight in her converse and society.

His mind, on the other hand, strong and vigorous in itself, had been improved by early and judicious culture, and was expanded and enriched by the advantages of travel and observation. And delightful was their interchange of thought and feeling; varied, and sympathizing, and sweet, their mutual converse. Often would he prolong the hour allotted to his visit to thrice the space; too often would he lose sight of the object of his attendance altogether, and forget the painter in the instructor, the friend, the admirer! He had travelled far and wide, had visited each spot of his fair and native Italy, from sunny Naples to classic Rome; had passed the Alps, and sought the gay plains of France, the romantic land of Spain, the rich cities and commercial marts of Flanders and the Low Countries; and had even crossed the sea, and sought a rude, and all but unknown, land,

called England, and even here his inquiring mind had found matter of admiration. "They are poor and rude, lady;"—thus would he speak of these far islanders:—"their hills are bleak and barren, their valleys poor and sterile; the sun smiles not there as in fair Italy, but is, during half the year, enveloped in fogs; their fruits are scarce and few; the grape yields not to them, as to us, its rich and copious juice, and men are fain to cheer the sluggish current of their souls with rude drinks, pressed from the barley-corn. Yet these islanders are proud, and brave, and free; their women fair and fond; they love their rude, inclement land, and shame, by their attachment to their native soil, our baser Italians, who lacerate the maternal bosom of their country with intestine wars and divisions, and stain it with their blood!"

The lady sighed as she assented to the remark, for she felt that her own destiny (respecting which she now, for the first time, conceived a strange, undefined apprehension,) was determined by the existence of these very evils.

Or occasionally they would revert to the portrait, which Donna Isidora would think too flattering, and fear that it would disappoint the prince by surpassing the original, while the artist would respectfully differ, and regret the inability of art to represent the reality of loveliness, the graces of

life and beauty. Occasionally they would rise from the consideration of the mere features, to that of the sentiments and feelings which gave them their expression and their beauty; the cheek, the mouth, the lip, were matters of gratifying and instructive comment; and on the eye alone their discussions would have filled a volume!

They would thus discourse of the improvement of the mind, the amelioration of the heart, and their themes were the charms of nature, the delights of poetry, the joys of friendship, and the bliss of love; and their young minds accorded in so perfect a harmony, their bosoms beat in so sweet an unison, that they felt they were born for happiness and for each other. In him she beheld a character whose principles and feelings were in strict accordance with her own, strengthened and improved by larger experience of life and wider extent of observation, and whose elements realized all that she thought and felt to be appropriate to the manly sex. And he, like every youth of intellect and feeling, had formed to himself a *beau idéal* of the female nature, a being all gifts and graces, exalted in intellect, gentle in affection, elegant in manners and in mind. He had visited many countries and observed many persons, and despaired of finding in life the vision of his dreams, when he discovered in her a being whose face and form

outshone the fictions of fancy, as her mind alike excelled the dreamings of imagination !

Occasionally they would revert to his painter's art, and he would seize the pencil, and a few masterly touches would suffice to sketch out some scene of natural beauty or grandeur—an Alpine forest or a lonely mountain-torrent, or some scene of peaceful, sylvan beauty or pastoral sweetness, and ever in a nook of the painting would be seen a little cot, the nest of peace and innocence, the home of love ; and each felt and wished that the cottage was theirs, where, remote from the ambition and cares of the world, they might live for each other and for bliss !

Or occasionally they would converse of other arts save painting. “ Are you fond of music, Signor ; and do you play on any instrument ? ” asked Isidora, one morning.

“ The prince is devoted to the art,” replied the youth ; “ and in his court we should think it a disgrace not to perform at least on one. In Italy I touched the mandoline, in France I changed it to the guitar, wandered with it through Spain, and even the rude burghers of Flanders and the ruder English were not insensible to my strains. Would it please you, lady, to hear a ditty of those lands ? ” and, on receiving her assent, he took a guitar which she handed to him, and after a few

preliminary chords, he sang a melody in each of those tongues—Italian, French, Spanish, and German, with the appropriate language and expression of each; the styles of the music were different, the poetry which accompanied them was alike diversified, but the theme was one:—love, still, love was the subject of every song!

Time thus passed on, and the Lady Isidora gradually, and scarce perceptibly, imbibed an ardent affection for the stranger, till it was no longer to be hid; her every look and action betrayed that secret, which, of all others, woman fain would, but never can conceal—her affection for the being of her choice. The feeling would break forth in spite of herself; and one morning in particular, while conversing with her youngest and most favourite attendant, Teresina, she was herself alarmed at the progress which her attachment had secretly and silently made.

“Surely,” she observed, “our *pittore* is a gallant cavalier, and one fit to win hearts, if such be his purpose. Deemest thou, Teresina, he hath made a conquest of any of our Milanese *damosels*, or, perchance, he thinks not of them?”

“Why yes—no,” responded her confidant, “that is—but, *Altezza*, may I presume to entrust you with a secret?”

“Yes, certainly,” said the princess, with ill-



suppressed agitation; “yes—now—your secret, Teresina—quick—your secret!”

“*Pazienza Signorina*, you must know that the other morning I was going to the Chiesa di San Paolo, with your Highness’s books of devotion, ready for your use; when who should be waiting at the grand portal of the church but our cavalier himself. He stopped me, and inquired eagerly if your Highness would be at mass that morning. I replied that you certainly would; and with that he seemed so delighted —”

“Did he!” interrupted the princess; “faithful, affectionate—that is, dutiful and attentive young man!”

“But your Highness interrupts me,” said Teresina, pettishly; “yes, he was so delighted—that—that he tapped me under my chin, and imprinted at least a dozen kisses on my lips.”

But a cloud dark as thunder passed over the brow of Isidora, and a flash of fire, such as gives the lightning birth, darted from her eye, as she scarce distinctly exclaimed, “But you did not—you could not—encourage such presumption, such folly!”

“*Santa Maria!*” cried the frightened girl, alarmed at the unwonted expression of rage in her mistress, who, though proud and determined, was kind and gentle as the nestling dove. “Why where’s the harm of a kiss? Encourage him?—not I, indeed.



I only thanked him and made him a curtsy, and went the next day at the same hour, to the same place, but he took no notice of me then, *Signorina*; he was all attention to your Highness, for you were there, praying at the Cappella del Santo Cuore, offering a service for the repose of the soul of your lady-mother."

The transient cloud which had overspread the noble brow of Isidora, passed away as she forgave the thoughtless maiden, and received her again into her confidence.

The visits of the painter became more frequent, and more lengthened, and the partiality of Donna Isidora could not be concealed even from her attendants. To Teresina, in particular, who was her foster-sister, her companion, and confidant, since childhood, she could no longer hide her distaste for her approaching union, and her partiality for her humble lover.

"I know what I should do," said Teresina, tossing up her little head with an air of the most perfect magnanimity; "I know what I should do, *Signorita*, were I in your Highness's place."

"And what course would you adopt?" anxiously inquired the Princess, eager to derive information from any source, however humble.

"I should take the painter at once, to be sure, and give up the prince altogether!"

“Alas!” replied her mistress, “you advise a course which I feel to be impossible; beside, Teresina, you are not aware any more than myself that the artist entertains any sentiment akin to that which I feel in my own bosom. In all our interviews he has never expressed a feeling of the kind; not a word, not an expression has escaped his lips which may be construed into a declaration of attachment. That he may, indeed, entertain certain feelings of respect and regard, I admit may be probable; but surely, had he conceived a deep or powerful passion, he would have declared it ere now.”

“It is this very depth and force of his passion, Lady, which renders it difficult, nay impossible, to declare it. Every circumstance compels him to silence; respect for his employer, his patron, his prince; deference also to the rank and station of yourself; and, above all, the sincerity and truth of his love; believe me, these are the only but sufficient seals which close his lips in respectful but admiring silence. But if his tongue, indeed, be hushed, all else is eloquent in your praise. When, Lady, he contemplates your features, and sketches each lineament of life; or when leaving his employ to converse with you, he gazes in silent, mournful admiration on your face; or when perusing the same book together he steals a timid, furtive glance to read the fairer volume which that

face unfolds; O Lady, it is impossible not to see that he loves, adores you, with a passion only too deep for utterance!"

The lady sighed her assent to a declaration which, in truth, she herself could not doubt, and her attendant continued:—"And then, only contrast his conduct with that of the prince, who, forsooth, pursues his travels, and visits foreign towns and countries, up to the very moment of his union. Why, Lady, if he were a real lover he would seek in you the only shrine worthy of his pilgrimage, and long ere this would have been at your feet. Trust me, sweet Isidora, your only course is to reject your cold and stately lover, and receive his humble, but more ardent rival."

The lady felt the force of the advice, but regretted her inability to follow it. "Ah, Teresina, in another sphere of life such a course were possible, but in my station it is not even to be contemplated. Reasons of policy and state, my girl, which thou knowest not of, compel me to the sacrifice; and, fatal as it is, it must, it shall, alas! be made:" and she buried her lovely countenance in her hands, and wept bitterly.

"'Tis true," said Teresina mournfully, "I know nought of politics, but I think they can have nothing to do with the heart; and my lady will excuse my saying that, if such sacrifices be the conditions

of greatness, I desire it not. Wouldn't give up my Geronymo to be a princess to-morrow, not I!" and she tossed her pretty head again with the same magnanimity as before.

And here let us pause to reflect, for a moment only, on the distribution of happiness which Providence kindly allots to its creatures, and which compensates in many stations of life, for advantages not possessed in others; so that the condition of its creatures is mercifully rendered far more equal than they themselves are inclined to suppose. Rank and wealth and station, we well know, far from securing their possessor from misery or suffering, often impose a greater burden of affliction; the halls of wealth and grandeur are too often the abodes of misery and anguish, and the raiment of purple and fine linen, only the shroud which conceals a lacerated bosom, and a breaking heart! Of all the offerings which the elevated and the noble are called on to make at the shrine of expediency, there is none so costly, so fatal, as that which compels them to give up the tenderest affections of the heart, the most hallowed feelings of attachment and of love, to motives of mere policy; since, in too many instances, the sacrifice is made not with the consciousness that happiness will be increased by such a step, but that the certain result will be the destruction of the noblest hopes, the most exalted

feelings, and the most pure and perfect enjoyments of which our nature is susceptible, and which are all yielded up as an offering to rank, or wealth, or fashion, or any of the gilded idols which the tyrant society has chosen to set up!

The period fixed for the marriage of the princess now drew rapidly near, the preparations were all but completed—the picture all but finished. The painter saw but a few more interviews before him, ere his work would be terminated, and himself dismissed. Their intercourse continued as before, marked by the same ardour of innate feeling, but the same outward respect, which is perhaps the most natural and appropriate demeanour of real but concealed affection. Once, and once only, in their later meetings, did the lady Isidora allude to one whom she so powerfully and mournfully felt to be his rival. It was one morning, when among other matters with which he was charged by Count Ricci, he brought a letter from the prince. The missive was dated from Naples, where he was then staying on his travels, was elegantly but coldly written, and, amid other compliments, expressed a hope that the artist to whom he had entrusted the portrait of his bride, was neither negligent nor unfitted for the task; and concluded with the common-place wish that the time would speedily arrive when he might hasten to throw himself at

the feet of the lovely original, and claim her as his own. Donna Isidora read to the artist that part of the letter which related to himself, but the theme was evidently any thing but pleasing; he testified a degree of uneasiness which he had never before betrayed; and the subject, painful to both, was speedily dropped, nor was it again renewed.

A few questions, however, she could not refrain from asking:—"The prince speaks of you in terms of interest, Signor," was her first remark.

"His Highness does me too much honour," was the cold and formal reply.

"You appear to have been the favourite—the companion of the prince," she added inquiringly.

"I have been so honoured, Lady," he answered. "In his travels I have visited with him the fairest scenes of nature; and in war we have shared the same tent, partaken of the same fare, and braved the same dangers together."

"Come, tell me all about the prince," said Isidora, forcing a smile to her sweet, sad features as she spoke. "Is he handsome—is he like yourself—is he popular—is he beloved?"

But a glow of displeasure, as at the mention of a rival's name, suffused the brow of the young Italian, as he submissively but firmly desired to be excused the description. "The lady would herself appreciate the delicacy of his situation,—



the duty he owed to his prince, his employer, his benefactor, would prevent him from complying with her wishes, and performing an office which, under other circumstances, would have been a task of most agreeable kind." Isidora readily complied with his desire, for the theme was as little agreeable to her as to himself. The portrait was now in fact finished, and he respectfully intimated, that the present would be the last time he need intrude on her presence. She turned pale for a moment at the announcement, and with all the anxiety of affection, found it impossible to contemplate the immediate separation from a being to whom she could not but feel that she was irrevocably attached. As he placed before her the finished, the splendid specimen of his art, which glowed with all but the beauty and brightness of its original, she endeavoured to discover some cause of delay, some excuse for another visit—a feature which needed alteration—an expression which required improvement, but in vain. He respectfully, but strongly pointed out the impossibility or inexpediency of the changes she proposed, and, perhaps flatteringly, declared that the portrait, in this respect at least, bore a resemblance to the original, that to alter would be to injure, but could not be to improve it.

"Flatterer," she playfully and sweetly said;

“you are spoiled, Signor Artist, and have been long enough at court, I perceive, to have become a courtier. But, as a last request, come to-morrow; I may, in the interval, discover yet some improvement, which escapes me at this moment; and now I look again, methinks a tint more of warmth to the cheek, a thought more of fire to the eye, and the picture will be Isidora’s self. *Addio*, till to-morrow at noon.” She waved her hand in sign of departure, and ere she could withdraw it, the painter had seized those marble fingers, and sinking on his knee, pressed them for an instant to his lips, and left the apartment.

The morning arrived—the hour of noon came and went, yet brought no tidings of the artist. After some time, however, a page of Count Ricci’s was announced with a letter. It was from the painter, and was dated the evening before. He briefly excused his absence, for he was about to leave the city, and the adieu he had just taken was his last. On returning to the Palazzo, he found a fresh courier had come in, stating that the prince would arrive on that day week, three days prior to the nuptials. The portrait being finished, his farther presence was unnecessary; Count Ricci would kindly take charge of the picture, and deliver it to the prince.

“ And when does the Signor Artist leave ?” asked the princess.

“ He departed, please your Highness, last evening,” was the boy’s reply.

And he was then gone,—he for whom she had conceived so strong, so unalterable an affection. No more should she see that endeared form and face ; no more hear that beloved voice ; no more be blessed with the sympathies of that mind for which alone she could have wished to live and be happy ! Would that she had never seen—never known him ; or that they had been equals in society, no matter in what condition, since for his dear sake she would willingly, gladly, have exchanged the crown for the cottage ; and rank and splendour for obscurity or want, if only shared with him. But regret was unavailing, and she wept the more when she thought how useless it was to weep !

Day after day passed on, and as the dreaded period of her nuptials hastened with them, she felt only increased repugnance to the deed. Her health sank beneath the suffering, and she became an inmate of her chamber, attended by her maidens, who never left her side. Three days prior to the ceremony the prince made his entry into Milan. The whole city rang with admiration of

the splendour of his equipages, the manly beauty of his form and face, his liberality, his munificence. As if in cruel, but of course unconscious mockery, the procession passed under the windows of her palace, and the shouts of the multitude reached the couch of the suffering girl! Scarcely arrived at the palazzo of his ambassador, the prince sent a message, requesting permission to throw himself at her feet; adding, that he had received her portrait, was delighted with its attractions, and longed only to clasp the fairer original in his arms. But the intimation aroused every painful feeling of her soul, and she would not, she could not see him, but dispatched a message, requesting to be excused on the score of ill-health. Overpowered with despair, she now, as a last resource, sent for her father, and declared her unwillingness, her inability to accept the prince as her husband. The duke received the declaration as the coyness of a timid girl, regretted her indisposition, and hoped that returning health would bring renovated spirits and a sense of duty. Meantime he would send father Jerome, her confessor, to advise and console her. And the good father, who had written on the Seven Cardinal Virtues, seven folio volumes, each bigger than the other, came and read her a homily, three hours long, on the story of Jephtha's daughter, and in reply she could only

weep! The day before her nuptials, finding her repugnance insurmountable, she sent again to her parent, and again implored to be released from the dreaded engagement. Her father, though a prince, was a father still; he knew that gentleness and persuasion were likely to be the strongest inducements with the noble mind of his daughter, and he accordingly represented to her the inexpediency, nay, the impossibility, of refusing to fulfil the contract which had been entered into on her behalf, and with her entire consent. Had she indeed, at an earlier period, testified her objections, it might have been possible, though with much difficulty, to have released her from the necessity; but now that matters had gone so far, the refusal of her hand, in itself a breach of good faith, would be regarded an additional insult by the jealous and haughty Florentines; her marriage, considered as the bond of peace, would be converted into the occasion of discord; hostility and warfare would be the result; and would she, idolized as she was by all classes, change herself into an object of hatred, by lighting up the flames of war, and plunging her country in carnage and in blood? She shuddered at the picture thus portrayed, and mournfully assented to the declaration of her father, that no step remained but to acquiesce in the projected union. One last



resource was left, however, which the ingenuity, the tact of woman only could have suggested. She resolved to appeal herself to the prince, to her future husband; to avow all to him, and to invoke his pity on one so unhappy, so unfitted to bring happiness to him.

Accordingly she hastily committed to paper a statement of her unhappy position; plainly avowed that the painter whom he had commissioned to take her portrait, had won her affections; carefully absolved the artist from all share in the offence, which she attributed only to herself; and, finally, implored him, by every feeling of mercy, of generosity, and pity, to withdraw his pretensions, and not urge a union which would only entail misery on both. But what was her horror, her indignation, her despair, when she received what she could not but consider as the most heartless, the most unfeeling, the most ungenerous reply that, under such circumstances, man could offer to woman!

It was certainly conceived in a tone of levity, ill adapted to the circumstances of the case. In the first place, he regretted that he could not congratulate the princess on the choice she had made, of one so every way unequal to herself; he moreover was pained to find that he had already a rival; but thanked her, at the same time, for the candour



which had induced her to unfold his name and circumstances, since he should have to deal with so ungrateful a rival, whose future attempts he should however well know how to frustrate. But the conclusion was the most unfeeling part of the missive, and rankled deepest in her soul: he again deplored the preference shown to another, and unfeelingly observed, that though he was not a painter, but only a prince, he hoped notwithstanding to win her favour and her love; and finished by lamenting that it was impossible for him to comply with her wish, and that he must expect to meet her on the morrow at the altar, and claim her according to every most solemn engagement, as his own affianced bride.

“Unfeeling, ungenerous being!” exclaimed the hapless Isidora; “what a nature is thine!—why add insult to injury; why lacerate the heart thou hast so deeply pierced? But,” she added, collecting all the energy of her character, “the will of his Highness shall be obeyed; I *will* meet him at the altar, and will present him with that worst, most fatal of gifts—a hand without a heart. Let him take it if he will!”

Early next morning she arose, and was attired by her attendant maidens. But what a contrast was presented between her aspect and her attire! The ornaments and jewels which but a few weeks before

had engaged all her attention, were now disregarded, as useless, idle mockeries of her unhappy condition. Her robes were less white than her pale, sad face ; her pearls and jewels less pure than her still bright and beauteous, but tear-fraught eyes ; and she bent, hid from all observation, beneath the weight of her attire, and the large folds of the cumbrous veil, which completely shrouded her sweet features, and stifled her sobs and sighs ! She was led mechanically to her carriage, and thence to the altar, where the prince already awaited her. To the acclamations of the people, the benedictions of her friends, the involuntary admiration of the spectators, she paid no attention, but stood at the shrine like a lamb at the sacrifice, waiting the blow that was to deprive her of existence. The ceremony commenced, went on, was concluded, without a token of animation or interest on her part ; nor did the prince condescend to utter a word, or even cast a look, towards his victim, till the conclusion of the service, when he hasted eagerly, and almost rudely, to claim the privilege of a bridegroom, and to imprint a kiss on the lips of the sorrowing bride. He quickly raised the veil which shrouded her sweet, sad features, and was about to imprint his salutation on her lips, when she opened her weeping eyes, and saw—yes!—no!—yes, it was the painter in the prince,

who claimed his well-won prize. “ For he it was, *Eccellenza*,” added my informant, “ who, in the guise of a painter, had sought and won his lady’s love. So they were married, you see, at last, and lived long and happily. The prince was a great patron of the arts, and a *gran pittore* himself, and he painted many fine pictures; but his favourite task was ever to copy the features of his beloved wife, of whom he drew various portraits, but none was so like or so much prized by herself as that which he took when he won her love, and which is called ‘ *Il Ritratto del Pittore*,’ the Painter’s Portrait of the Bride.

“ But, *Santa Virgine! Eccellenza*, you are all but asleep!”

## TOY OF THE GIANT'S CHILD.

*From the German of Chamisso. (Tribute.)*

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BURG NIEDECK is a mountain in Alsace, high and strong,  
Where once a noble castle stood—the giants held it long;  
Its very ruins now are lost, its site is waste and lone,  
And if ye seek the giants there, they all are dead and  
gone !

The giant's daughter once came forth, the castle gate  
before,  
And played with all a child's delight beside her father's  
door ;  
Then sauntering down the precipice the girl did gladly  
go,  
To see perchance how matters went in the little world  
below !

With few and easy steps she passed the mountain and  
the wood,  
At length near Haslach, at the place where dwelt man-  
kind she stood ;  
And many a town and village fair, and many a field so  
green,  
Before her wond'ring eyes appeared a strange and curious  
scene !

And as she gazed, in wonder lost, on all the scene  
around,

She saw a peasant at her feet, a-tilling of the ground ;  
The little creature crawled about so slowly here and  
there,

And, lighted by the morning sun, his plough shone bright  
and fair.

“ O pretty plaything ! ” cried the child, “ I’ll take thee  
home with me,”

Then with her infant hands she spreads her kerchief on  
her knee,

And cradling horse and man and plough so gently on  
her arm,

She bore them home all cautiously, afraid to do them  
harm !

She hastes with joyous steps and glad (we know what  
children are),

And spying soon her father out, she shouted from afar ;  
“ O father, dearest father, such a plaything I have  
found,

“ I never saw so fair a one on our own mountain  
ground ! ”

Her father sat at table then, and drank his wine so mild,  
And smiling with a parent’s smile, he asks the happy  
child,

“ What struggling creature hast thou brought so care-  
fully to me ;

“ Thou leapst for very joy, my girl ; come, open, let us  
see ! ”

She opes her kerchief cautiously, and gladly, you may deem,  
And shows her eager sire the plough, the peasant, and his team ;  
And when she placed before his sight the new-found pretty toy,  
She clasped her hands, and screamed aloud, and cried for very joy !

But her father looked quite seriously, and shaking slow his head,

“ What hast thou brought me here, my girl? this is no toy,” he said ;

“ Go, take it quickly back again, and put it down below :

“ The peasant is no plaything, child ; how couldst thou think him so ?—

“ So go, without a sigh or sob, and do my will,” he said ;

“ For know, without the peasant, girl, we none of us had bread :

“ 'Tis from the peasant's hardy stock the race of giants are ;

“ The peasant is no plaything, child ; no, God forbid he were ! ”



# SKETCH OF THE HEBREW LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE;

BEING

THE SUBSTANCE OF A PAPER READ AT THE CONVERSAZIONE  
OF THE SUSSEX ROYAL INSTITUTION.

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THE origin of the Hebrew language is veiled in obscurity and distance; and though some philologists,—those of Germany in particular, with their accustomed perseverance,—have endeavoured to trace its rise, it is to be apprehended that their attempts will be found unsatisfactory, and that no human efforts have hitherto availed to reach the source whence flows the pure and sacred tongue. There is, however, reason for supposing that it is not the language spoken by the earliest Hebrews, though it presents such peculiar characteristics, and bears internal evidence of such extreme antiquity, as to entitle it to all the veneration and respect due to a highly ancient and a parent tongue. Among those features which bespeak its remote origin, may be reckoned the hieroglyphic names of its alphabet, one letter being termed a house, another

a door, another an eye, another a camel, &c. from their presumed resemblance to these objects. This is evidently a mark of very ancient origin, since it may be regarded as denoting the transition from hieroglyphics to written characters; and it is possible that some, if not the whole of the names of the letters whose appellations are thus significant, may have been adopted during the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt, and have been suggested by the hieroglyphics so generally in use among that people. Another instance of its ancient date is afforded by the comparative poverty of the tongue, and the small number of its nouns and roots, a circumstance alike indicative of a remote æra; since in an early state of society, when the wants of man, as well as his ideas, are limited and few, a corresponding paucity of terms is all that is required to express them; while it is only in a more advanced stage, when civilization has multiplied his wants and expanded his thoughts, that his words, like his necessities and his sentiments, become extended and increased. The grammatical structure of the Hebrew is well known to be proportionately simple, and its rules few and plain, though its exceptions and details are somewhat numerous and important. Like most of the other Oriental languages it has no vowels, as letters, these being indicated by points, which in all but

two instances are placed below the letters themselves. The rest of the alphabetic signs are divided into radicals, those which constitute the roots; and serviles, those which form the derivative words. With regard to the study of the language, it must be acknowledged that the mode of learning it with the points, which however is by far the more difficult, is certainly the most satisfactory; indeed, a critical and accurate knowledge is not to be attained without an acquaintance with the vowel points. But to learn it in the manner recommended by the erudite Parkhurst, without points, is well known to be an extremely easy task; the whole grammar is comprised by him in one quarto page, and it is the dictum of that learned and excellent man, that “the application of a few months will enable the student to read in the original, with ease and delight, most parts of the Holy Scriptures:” a very slight sacrifice of time and attention, it will doubtless be confessed, compared with the inestimable advantage of deriving the waters of truth pure from their sacred fountains. The study of Hebrew has been so fully eulogized by some of the most distinguished writers and exalted men, that it would be all but impertinent to obtrude any observations; but with the reader’s permission, amid a variety of similar panegerics, we will render from the

Latin the beautiful and affecting tribute of the learned Buxtorf: — “O study,” he exclaims, “truly noble! O pursuit, exalted above all praise, by which we are enabled to converse in the same tongue with God, with holy angels, with patriarchs and prophets, and to explain the mind of God from the very tongue of God, faithfully to our fellow men!”

We will now ascend from the consideration of the Hebrew language to that of the Hebrew Scriptures, and offer some few and passing remarks illustrative of the study of the sacred records, a learning highly valuable from its philological interest, independently of other and higher considerations. And if, as who can doubt, the aphorism of Lord Bacon be true, and if a study is to be valued, not as “an exercise of the intellect,” but as “a discipline of humanity,” what exercise, we may ask, can be so exalting to the mind, what discipline so purifying, so chastening to the feelings, as this most elevating of all studies, this most instructive of all contemplations?

And here, following the natural order of the Scriptures themselves, we shall have occasion first to allude to the Mosaic account of the creation, and to compare its statements with the discovery of modern science. The subject is obviously one of considerable importance, and has excited much

anxiety in many inquiring minds; for while it is found impossible, on the one hand, to resist the convictions which are forced on the mind by the investigations of science, it is also earnestly to be desired, that these discoveries and their results should not contradict, but rather should agree with those records to which we have been taught, from our earliest years, to look as our best instructors in this life, our only guides to that which is to come! But all the difficulties which may be felt or fancied on the subject will vanish, if we merely reflect, that while the general facts narrated in the Mosaic records of the Creation, are strictly in accordance with the first principles of science in theory, and the discoveries of modern philosophy in practice; the details of Scripture on this subject cannot but be regarded as popular rather than scientific, and as calculated for a liberal and extended, rather than a strictly literal interpretation. And thus that while the declaration of Moses, that the earth was without form and void, (or waste, as the Hebrew term *bohu* has sometimes been rendered), strictly accords not only with the chaos recorded by the traditions of classic antiquity, but also with the investigations and discoveries of modern philosophers, from the time of a Leibnitz or a Werner, to that of a Buckland, a Lyell, or a Mantell, the account of the operations



by which the change from this state to that of fertility and order were effected, is general and popular, rather than strictly and severely philosophical. In support of the view which we have ventured to recommend, let us for a moment contemplate the peculiar circumstances under which the Mosaic dispensation was revealed. After a long period of captivity, suffering, and oppression, we are taught that the Israelites were at length rescued from their bondage, and under the guidance of Moses, and the protection of the Deity, were delivered from thralldom, and brought into a state of comparative ease and enjoyment. One of the first cares of this extraordinary man, whom the Almighty in his wisdom raised up to lead and direct his chosen people, was to correct those tendencies to idolatry and superstition, to which, naturally prone themselves, they had been farther led by the example of their lords—the Egyptians. To turn then the Israelites from these idols, the worship of which they had learned from that people; to teach them that, instead of worshipping these unmeaning or disgusting objects, which that singular but idolatrous nation regarded with religious awe; to instruct them that, instead of bowing to cats and birds, and apes and monkeys, and plants and weeds, their duty was to believe in and adore one great First Cause—one Supreme



Being — one Jehovah, who formed not only these inferior creatures, but the heavens, the earth, the seas, and all that they contain; this was the great end and aim of the Hebrew legislator, prophet, and sage, who announced to the wondering and credulous people the new and important truth that,—“In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth,” &c. The conclusion that the Scriptures here require an extended, rather than a limited explanation, is farther borne out by the fact, that a strict adherence to the letter of the text, if persisted in, would involve difficulties even greater than those resulting from a freer interpretation, and would have the effect of rendering the sacred narrative inconsistent, not only with scientific truth, but even with itself. When we read of light being created before those bodies whose office it is to dispense light; or observe that the day and night are mentioned as prevailing alternately, while it is not till the fourth day that we read of the creation of those luminaries which were designed expressly—“the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night;” we cannot but be struck with the inadequacy of a strictly, literal understanding of the sacred records, and the necessity of a more comprehensive interpretation. And here we may

observe, that a forced interpretation of the Scriptures, or a straining of words to suit a particular hypothesis, is a practice which cannot be too severely discountenanced, as tending to open the way for license the most unlimited, and to degrade and destroy the integrity of scripture, and the authority which it is calculated to inspire. The word *yom* means day in the Hebrew, as clearly as day does in our own; and all attempts to wrest these simple roots into other meanings must be regarded as opposed alike to philology and revelation. Nor will the circumstance that the details of the Mosaic account of the creation are of a popular rather than a scientific character, be found to weaken the authority of the Scriptures, or to lower our ideas of the wisdom and power of the great Creator. Such a supposition will, on the contrary, only exalt our admiration of Omniscience, since it exhibits that beautiful adaptation of the means to the end, which is displayed alike in the moral as in the natural world. Had it been a part of the Divine purpose to have revealed to the Hebrew nation the scientific mysteries of nature, and all the secrets of creation; this purpose would have been as easy of accomplishment as any other wonder of Almighty power: for instance, as that great moral phenomenon existing at the present day, the preservation of the Hebrews as a distinct

people unmixed with all around them. But we shall perceive in this arrangement not a want of prescience and foresight, but a depth and extent of both which call for our strongest powers of wonder and adoration. If, for instance, it had been a part of the Divine revelation to have unfolded to the Hebrew nation the laws and operations of those principles of science which first created the universe, and have since regulated its course; and to have revealed to them the wonders of astronomy, meteorology, geology, and other kindred sciences; such a revelation would have been perfectly easy of accomplishment, since He who made these wonders could without difficulty have explained them, as easily at that moment, as at the present, by a Moses as by a Newton; besides which, many of these phenomena,—for instance, those of astronomy,—must have been studied by Moses while in Egypt, for it is perfectly ascertained that the Egyptians were acquainted with that science, and the true system of the universe; and we are expressly informed that “Moses was learned in all the learning of the Egyptians.” But the wisdom of Omniscience adopted a course indicative of a far more profound and intimate knowledge of human nature, the work of its own hands. It is a maxim as old as philosophy itself, that every good, to be really such, must be in

proportion to the capacity of its recipient; and though it would have been perfectly within the scope of Divine knowledge and power to have revealed through Moses the arcana of science, yet such a revelation would have been totally unfitted for a rude, and ignorant, and idolatrous people; such as the Hebrews were. That prophet, who would have endeavoured to persuade a superstitious and prejudiced community out of the evidence of their own senses, and have told them that the sun, which they saw daily going round the earth, in fact stood still, and that it was the earth which moved around the sun; that instructor, who announced an assertion so startling, and apparently so incredible and false, would, in all probability, have incurred the rejection both of himself and his mission. And with reference to the creation of the world in six days, may not an inquirer be permitted to assume, that when it was the intention of Divine wisdom to establish and sanctify, to the use and enjoyment of man, the benevolent and enlightened institution of the Sabbath; which in itself would be sufficient to exalt the Mosaic and Christian dispensations above all Pagan systems; which is a boon and blessing not only to man, but to the domestic animals whom he employs as assistants in his labours; but which, like all his advantages, he is ever prone to desecrate and

abuse; may we not assume that, in order to stamp a greater sanctity on this ordinance, the work of the Creator was figuratively divided into six days, and the seventh allotted as the supposed period of rest, with a view to impose a greater sanctity on the ordinance, and to deter man from profaning that rest which had been hallowed to his enjoyment by the previous repose of his Creator? Other arguments might be urged, drawn from kindred sciences,—astronomy, meteorology, geology, would afford proofs of the assumption,—but enough has perhaps been stated to establish the position laid down at the commencement, that while the grand principles of creation, as described in the sacred record, are correct and just, and perfectly reconcilable with the facts of modern philosophy and science; the details regarding these principles, and the mode by which they were brought into operation, are of a popular rather than a scientific nature, and were intended not so much for the instruction of a section of philosophers, or for the enlightenment of men of science, as for the peculiar community to whom they were originally revealed.

To proceed from the view of isolated passages and facts, to a consideration of the Scriptures regarded as a whole, it may be expedient to point out two or three particulars, which we shall find



of considerable assistance in perusing the sacred volume. These remarks are of little import in themselves, and are so well known to biblical scholars, that an apology is due to these last for mentioning matters which to them are so familiar, but which are designed for the information of those to whom they may not be so perfectly known. The first remark is, that the English reader of our translation of the Bible will derive much advantage from consulting those renderings of the text which are occasionally placed in the margin. These will not unfrequently be found preferable to the meaning given in the text itself; while they will often, from their greater fidelity, or their very variety, afford a new and interesting interpretation. Next, the reader is not always aware that those words which in our version are printed in italics, are wanting in the original, and are wholly supplied by the conjectures of the translator,—the poverty of the Hebrew language, as before observed, being such that it is content with a few textual words only, leaving the rest to be supplied by the imagination or judgment of the reader. And it will be found both a pleasant and a profitable exercise, if we occasionally make it a practice to read the Bible, omitting every word which is printed in italics, and repeating those only which are inserted in the usual type; we shall thus be struck in a very



forcible manner with the brevity and power of the Hebrew original. We shall farther find a source of considerable instruction in a part of the sacred records frequently overlooked; the apocryphal writings, which, though professedly devoid of the authority of the inspired portions, are second only to those in wisdom and truth. Goethe, the German writer, is indebted to them for many brilliant ideas; and the conclusion of the Book of Maccabees is one of the most skilful apologies in the whole circle of letters. "If," the writer observes, "I have done well, and as is fitting the story, it is that which I have desired; but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto:" an appeal scarcely to be surpassed for delicacy and acumen.

It may be necessary here to offer some remarks on the subject of our present translation of the Scriptures, which it must be confessed is occasionally imperfect, so that in some of the passages which will hereafter be cited, it will be necessary to differ from the received version. The defects of our translation, at its first appearance, consisted in the circumstance that it was not so much an original translation, as a collation from previous versions, in Dutch, and German, and English; and since it is obvious that the two hundred years which have elapsed since its production, have thrown

much light on Oriental subjects, which ought no longer to be withheld from the sacred volume, a new translation is certainly to be desired. It may, however, be satisfactory to the English reader to know, that its deficiencies are such as by no means affect any matters either of doctrine, of faith, or of practice, and that he may safely follow it as a guide for this life, and that which is to come.

The poetry of the Hebrews is of a peculiar nature, combining with that amplification, exaggeration, and extension, which constitute the chief features of the poetry of the Orientals, various qualities totally distinct from those of the other nations of the East. Its most striking attributes are found in its intensity, and its proneness to repetition. The Hebrew bard, not satisfied with representing an image, a thought, or a feeling, in its merely natural and simple state, becomes elevated and sublimed with his subject, and exalts every object, every idea, every sensation, to almost the utmost degree of intensity; while not content with the single statement, however powerful in itself, and however strongly enforced; he invariably repeats these images, and if possible with still greater fervour. The Hebrew poetry thus consists one-half of repetition; and it is impossible to examine any

verse of Job, or of the Psalms, or any of the poetry of holy writ, without at once discovering that the second part of the sentence is but the reiteration and amplification of the first. The poetic parts of the Scriptures are, as is well known, the Psalms, the Proverbs, and the book of Job, the Song of Solomon, and various lyrical pieces; but on investigation many poems will be found interspersed among the prose portions, which it may here be proper to enumerate.

Among the most important of these are the speech of Lamech to his wives; the blessings of Noah, of Isaac, and of Jacob; the songs of Moses, of the Israelites, of Deborah, of the Hebrews; the lamentations of David over Saul and over Abner; the thanksgivings of Hannah, of Hezekiah, of Jonah, with various parables, &c., concluding with the prayer of Habakkuk,—in all comprising twenty-five minor poems.

In calling attention to the poetic beauties of holy writ, the writer is aware that the Scriptures are given us for far higher purposes than merely for the admiration of our minds, or the gratification of our tastes; yet he may possibly be excused for briefly calling attention to their excellence as compositions, since an appreciation of their merits can only increase, and cannot possibly

diminish, our reverence for these holy records. These remarks will necessarily be brief and few, since the perfections of the sacred scriptures have been enforced by some of our ablest scholars and critics, and the beauties and sublimities of Hebrew poetry have employed the talents and called forth the admiration of a Buxtorf, a Lowth, a Kennicott, and a Doddridge. It is therefore only for a brief space that we will dwell on the general features of grace and of grandeur, of pathos and of power, which are observable throughout the whole of the sacred writings. But where shall we begin, and with what department of knowledge commence the eulogium of writers who have excelled almost in all? Shall we cite them as historians?—here they excel all others in those most important of all qualities, fidelity and truth. Charged with a divine mission, and strengthened by the consciousness of divine power, they were elevated beyond prejudice, they were unacquainted with partiality, and in the exercise of their sacred duty knew not fear even by name! To the great and the mighty they found their way, and exclaimed to the dread ones of the earth in a voice of more than mortal power, “I have a message unto thee from God!” To the guilty and voluptuous monarch on his throne they told a fearful tale of guilty gratification and mur-

dered innocence; and after the striking allegory of passion, injustice, and crime, they shouted in his startled ear, "Thou art the man!" Elevated beyond all weak and erring sympathy with human failings and imperfections, they spared not even the incidental faults of the enlightened and the good, but with unflinching determination of purpose, exposed, together with the faults of unworthier natures, the errors of the best, the

"Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!"

and thus the wrath of Moses, the meekest of men; the passions and the crime of David, the man after God's own heart; the folly and weakness of Solomon, the wisest of mankind; are all displayed with a severity and truth which cannot but exalt the fidelity of the sacred beyond all comparison with that of the profane historians. Shall we next consider them as legislators, and contrast the benevolent and enlightened code of Moses with the rude and barbarous laws, or rather, it may be said, the absence of all law, which characterised the social condition of contemporary nations? Shall we point out the admirable features of humanity, not only to mankind, but to the brute creation, which so favourably distinguish the Mosaic economy from the codes of other states of the same



æra? Their periodical release of slaves, their years of jubilee, their division of property; in particular their humanity to the animal creation, which scarcely seems to have been deemed worthy a thought by other legislators, are all features of the theocratic democracy of Moses, which bespeak the divine wisdom, and benevolence, and love by which it was inspired.

With regard to the writers of the Christian revelation, it may be observed, that the mantle of their fathers has fallen on them, and that much of the sublimity and beauty of the New Testament is derived from the inspiration of the Old. There is, however, one observance of the Hebrews, which is of so singular a character as to require peculiar allusion. The name of Jehovah having been revealed by the Almighty himself to Moses, is considered by the Hebrews so sacred, that no inducement will prevail on them to pronounce, or even to write it. The term *Adonai* is used as an equivalent; in writing it is indicated by abbreviating signs; and it is remarked that our Saviour observes the same respect. This circumstance has given rise to the following lines:—

There is a word, no mortal tongue  
May dare its mystic sounds combine;  
Nor saint hath breathed, nor prophet sung  
That holiest of the names divine!



Nor may the finger of the scribe  
Presume that hallowed word to write ;  
Accurs'd alike from Israel's tribe  
Were he who dared that name indite !

Yet though nor lip nor pen may dare  
That name unspeakable impart ;  
'Tis ever breathed in secret prayer,—  
'Tis ever written on the heart !

If we next consider them as didactic writers; where shall we seek for moralists so wise and just as these holiest and best of instructors, who were themselves taught by no mere human knowledge, but were enlightened by the wisdom which cometh from above? Shall we particularize the instance of Solomon, the most learned and instructive writer of his age and time, who, amid his varied acquirements, attained the higher wisdom to perceive that these also were vanity: and who so affectingly and mournfully teaches the insufficiency of all human knowledge, by the painful declaration that, “in much learning there is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow?” Or lastly, rising to poetry, what book, what page, it may be said, of holy writ, but casts into shade all comparisons adduced from profane writers? Compared with the intense conceptions, fervent aspirations, and glowing

descriptions of the Hebrew bards; contrasted with their

“ Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn ;”

how powerless are the most vaunted images, the most admired sentiments, the most valued expressions of profane poets! Shall we instance that sublime conception of Moses, which extorted the admiration of a classical critic, and induced Longinus to declare that no instance of the sublime equalled the expression of that Hebrew bard, who had recorded that “ God said, Let there be light, and there was light?” Or shall we proceed to the poetic portions of holy writ,—to those treasures of thought, and feeling, and expression,—which have so largely and so richly supplied modern writers? They are, to borrow the exquisite imagery of Isaiah,—they are, indeed, fires lighted on holy altars, from which later bards have taken live coals with which to touch, and sanctify, and inspire their lips. In all succeeding ages, poets have felt and owned the obligation. Milton gloried in acknowledging that the source of his inspiration was derived not alone from classic originals, but he informs us—

“ Chief,

Thee, Zion, and the flowery streams beneath  
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,  
Nightly I visit.”

And the greatest bard of our own times, like Milton, has availed himself of the same inspiration, but, unlike Milton, has not often avowed it. Lord Byron has continually borrowed ideas from the Scriptures. The beautiful passage in "Childe Harold," where the poet utters the celebrated aspiration—

"Would that the desert were my dwelling place,  
And one fair spirit were my minister,  
That I might all forget the human race,  
And hating nothing, love but only her!"

may be traced to the Bible. A thought similar to this had before been appropriated by Cowper, but was confessedly taken by him from Jeremiah, who also longs for "a lodge in the wilderness." One of the most striking passages in the *Giaour* is also borrowed from holy writ, and is derived from the death of Sisera in the Old Testament. After describing the fall of the Turkish chief, Byron proceeds—

"His mother looked from her window high,  
She saw the dews of eve besprinkling  
The pasture green beneath her eye;  
She saw the planets faintly twinkling:  
'Tis twilight, sure his train is nigh.

\* \* \* \* \*

Why comes he not, his steeds are fleet?"

which is but an amplification of the passage:—  
“The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice, Why are his chariot wheels so long in coming? why tarry the wheels of his chariot?”

The style of Dr. Johnson, strange as the assertion may appear, is less classical than Hebraic, for though his single words are Latinized, yet the construction of his style, the exact balancing of sentences, and the reiteration of the first part in the second, are peculiarities which I have named above as being familiar to every student of Hebrew. The Germans have largely availed themselves of the resources offered by the Scriptures, and owe to this practice much of the sublimity of their productions. And their greatest poets, from Klopstock to Goëthe, have felt and acknowledged the source of their inspirations.

But to hasten from these observations to the treasures of sacred writ, let us then select a very few instances only of the pathetic and the powerful, the beautiful and the sublime, which occur throughout the sacred volume, and abound in particular in the Psalms. Where in the whole circle of poetry shall we find so exquisite a lyric as the beautiful pastoral poem which attracted the admiration of Addison—the twenty-third Psalm, “The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want?” Or what

uninspired poem could rival the sublimity of the hundred and thirty-ninth, where the Psalmist so beautifully and powerfully contrasts the weakness and imperfection of the mere human atom with the power and immensity of its Divine Creator? Need we repeat the passage; it is almost too familiar:—"Whither shall I go from thy Spirit, or whither shall I go from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in the grave, behold, thou art there! If I take the wings of the morning, and flee to the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall find me! If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee!"

Not less, but if possible still more impressive and affecting, are the sublimities of Job, especially when, in the thirty-eighth chapter, the Almighty answering Job, inquires if he is acquainted with the mysteries of creation and of nature, or even with those of his own mind and heart. How beautiful is the confidence in the existence and power of the Saviour which is so appropriately chosen as a part of the burial service:—"I know that my Redeemer liveth!" How eloquent the



description of the great and awful change produced by death, given in Ecclesiastes, where the decay of nature is represented in a succession of the most admirable and affecting images; where we are taught to illustrate the feebleness of old age, that the grasshopper, one of the lightest of created beings,—the very grasshopper shall be a burden; while to indicate the loss of sight, we are told, “they that look out at the windows shall be darkened;” and so on until “the silver cord is loosened; the wheel broken at the cistern;” and “the dust shall return to the earth as it was, and the spirit to the God who gave it!”

But we might multiply instances which, after all, are probably familiar, though it is possible their very familiarity may occasion their beauties and sublimities to be often overlooked. And we will now close these imperfect observations with what may perhaps be considered the not inappropriate citation of the very last metrical passage which occurs in the Old Testament,—the celebrated and beautiful prayer of Habakkuk, one of the most beautiful and affecting testimonies of resignation on record.

“ Though the fig-tree shall not blossom,  
Nor shall fruit be on the vines;  
Though the produce of the olive shall fail,  
And the fields shall yield no food;



Though the flock shall be cut off from the fold,  
And no herd shall be left in the stall ;  
Yet I will rejoice in Jehovah ;  
I will be exceeding joyful in the God of my salvation !”

## THE OATH OF HANNIBAL.

(TRIBUTE.)

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It is the hour of praise and prayer,  
In Carthage' holiest shrine ;  
And priests and augurs worship there,  
With pomp and rite divine !  
And incense flings rich wreaths of smoke,  
And music blends its chime ;  
While Afric's sons the gods invoke,  
Own'd in that fiery clime !

And 'mid the pause of rite and song,  
A warrior chief draws nigh,  
And hasting through the priestly throng  
With ardent step and eye,  
He leads a stripling by the hand,  
The hope of all his line ;  
They reach the inmost fane—and stand  
Before its holiest shrine !

That aged warrior comes with joy,  
A fearful vow to make,  
And offers up his gallant boy  
For his lov'd country's sake !

The youth an equal ardour shares,  
With equal courage glows ;  
And on his country's altars swears  
Hate to his country's foes !

He vows, while life's warm current flows  
Love to his natal home ;  
But deadly hate to all her foes,  
And deadliest far to Rome !  
With fearless soul, and look severe,  
The youth hath pledg'd his truth ;  
And proudly calls on gods to hear,  
And men to mark the oath !

And did the youth obedience yield  
To what he swore that day ?  
Go ask at Thrasymenus' field,  
Or Cannæ's fatal fray !  
And long have Roman matrons wept,  
The oath he proffers now ;—  
So deeply sworn—so truly kept,  
Is Hannibal's dark vow !

## VISITS TO THE MANTELLIAN MUSEUM.

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### No. II.

ASCEND we now to the upper apartments. The last cabinet which we inspected in the lower room, was designed to illustrate the Fauna and Flora of the chalk, and contained fuci, weeds, and plants, together with zoophytes, crustacea, shells, and other relics of that formation; the whole bearing conclusive evidence of the tropical nature of the climate in which they existed, and the extent and duration of the vast ocean by which they were deposited. The series is completed by the contents of two cases placed in the upper room, consisting of a collection of fish from the chalk, which are perfectly unrivalled and *unique*. They form the subject of the last *livraison* of the *Recherches sur les Poissons Fossiles* of Professor Agassiz, and are figured from drawings by a distinguished artist, Dinkel of Munich, whom the Professor employed for this object. The arrangement of M. Agassiz is well known to the scientific world: he divides the fossil fishes into

four orders, according to the different form and appearance of the scales,—terming them Placoidians, Ganoidians, Ctenoidians, and Cycloidians, as the scales are characterised by a broad, a flat, a pectinated, or a circular appearance. The situation in which they are discovered is most extraordinary, since they are found with their mouths extended and filled with chalk; and one in particular, (*Osmeroides Mantellii*) a fish allied to the smelt, has the mouth open and filled with chalk, while the gills are expanded, the fins extended, and the body uncompressed, showing that the air-bladder was inflated; in other terms, that the animal was actually living, swimming, and breathing, at the period when it was suddenly arrested by the chalk in a fluid state, which first choked the creature, and then hardening and indurating around, preserved it in a fossil state. And there it lies amid its brethren of the deep; so perfect a thing of stone, yet so nearly allied to life, that, like the victim of Eastern necromancy, it seems to await but the disenchantment of its spell, the waving of a hand—the breathing of a word—to start again into being, and renew its past existence. This remarkable phenomenon is explained, by conceiving that the chalky bed of the sea must have been broken up, and the chalk become so fused and melted as to have reduced the whole to a slimy,

viscid state, like liquid plaster of Paris, so that when the fish attempted to respire they were choked by the admixture. The whole scene presents a Pompeii, or rather a Herculaneum of nature, where all the inhabitants have been suffocated by the irruption of the lava of the chalk! A similar result is observed in marine volcanic out-bursts at the present day; and when the island of Sabrina, in the Mediterranean, was erupted some years since, a quantity of fish were seen floating on the waters choked by the liquid mud. The appearance of many of these relics is painfully interesting:—here a struggling creature is seen writhing beneath its fate; yonder the mouth is opened to its utmost span, gasping for vital air; and here the fragile structure of the eye is preserved in all its delicacy of form and appearance. The manipulation of these objects deserves particular mention, and the dissecting and freeing them from their stony investment, has formed a task which has required the skill of the sculptor, united with the science of the anatomist. And their interest and value are increased by the fact, that in most cases the genus in all the species is extinct; and that of all the fossil inhabitants of this ancient sea not one is in existence now!

Around the room are displayed objects associated with various geological æras and formations,



and elucidating many curious phenomena. Specimens from the tertiary, the chalk, the wealden, the oolite, the lias, the coal, and the transition formations, occupy the shelves of various cabinets; and a case of minerals appropriately closes the series by the illustrations it affords of the primary rocks. The fossils of the tertiary system, from the London clay of Bognor, offer an instructive and valuable commentary on that formation. A series of beautifully executed models, exhibiting the structure of the Palæotheria, presented by Cuvier, and elucidatory of his discoveries, serve to explain the contemporary deposits of the Paris basin. These creatures, as the scientific student is well aware, are of extinct genera and species, are allied to the tapir, rhinoceros, &c., and being found in marls, once the beds of rivers and lakes, are conceived, like those animals, to have lived and wallowed in marshes and lakes. Among the most interesting relics of this locality, splendid examples of the Nautilus abound. The beautiful structure of this singular shell—this animated bark—which still navigates the oceans of the tropics, is well known to the scientific reader, as is the no less celebrated history of its twin-creature, the Ammonite, which resembled the Nautilus in the power of filling the inner chambers of its cell with a peculiar fluid, and expelling it again, and thus

sinking or rising at will, and sailing on the surface of the waters. Both are found in the most early formations, and proceed upwards to the chalk, where the Ammonite ceases to exist. In plainer terms, they were created at a very early period of the earth's history, and lived through various seas, till they arrived at that of the chalk, when of the two, the one was taken and the other left; the Ammonite was expunged from existence, while the Nautilus alone survives to the present day. This singular circumstance has given rise to the following lines, which Dr. Mantell honoured the author by introducing in one of his Lectures:—

#### THE NAUTILUS AND THE AMMONITE.

The Nautilus and the Ammonite,  
Were launch'd in friendly strife;  
Each sent to float, in its tiny boat,  
On the wide wild sea of life!

For each could swim on the ocean's brim,  
And when wearied its sails could furl;  
And sink to sleep in the great sea deep,  
In its palace all of pearl!

And their's was a bliss, more fair than this,  
That we feel in our colder time;  
For they were rife, in a tropic life,  
In a brighter, and better clime!

They swam 'mid isles whose summer smiles  
No wintry winds annoy ;  
Whose groves are palm—whose air is balm—  
Where life is only joy !

They sailed all day through creek and bay,  
And traversed the ocean deep ;  
And at night they sank on a coral bank,  
In its fairy bowers to sleep !

And the monsters vast of ages past,  
They beheld in their ocean caves ;  
They saw them ride in their power and pride,  
And sink in their deep sea graves !

And hand in hand, from strand to strand,  
They sailed in mirth and glee ;  
These fairy shells, with their crystal cells,  
Twin creatures of the sea !

And they came at last, to a sea long past,  
But as they reached its shore,  
The Almighty's breath spoke out in death,  
And the Ammonite lived no more !

And the Nautilus now, in its shelly prow,  
As over the deep it strays ;  
Still seems to seek, in bay and creek,  
Its companion of other days !

And thus do we, in life's stormy sea,  
As from shore to shore we roam,  
While tempest-tost, seek the loved, the lost,  
But find them on earth no more !

Yet the hope how sweet, again to meet,  
As we look to a distant strand ;  
Where heart finds heart, and no more they part,  
Who meet in that better land !

The illustrations of the chalk are supplied by the beautiful ichthyolites, or fossil fish, which we have described ; those of the wealden, in this department of the Museum, consist of an invaluable collection of its vegetable relics, which we have already characterised as being of tropical growth and character, allied to the fern, the palm, the cane, and the bamboo. Among the gems of this cabinet is a splendid example of the *Clathraria Lyellii*, a plant allied to the *Yucca* ; with other specimens, in which the floral axis is displayed in a beautiful state of preservation. The only animal relic of this formation placed in this cabinet consists of a portion of the spinal column of the *Hylæosaurus*, very recently exhumed from the wealden strata. Another invaluable relic, appertaining to the same æra, is the fossil crocodile, discovered in 1835, near Swanage, in Dorsetshire, where some workmen, in splitting a block of stone, observing traces of bone, carefully preserved the severed portions, which proved to be the bones of a crocodile ; which, like the lizards of the Weald, having existed in the ancient streams of fresh water, and died and become decomposed ; its osseous

fragments were rolled about by the stream until they were hurled into one heap, where they became converted into limestone by the operation described in our previous visit. The most important parts consist of a jaw, with two teeth singularly preserved, together with other teeth, bones of the pelvis, vertebræ, dermal plates, or bones for the support of the scales, &c. &c. &c. The specimens of the lias consist of a series of the relics of the *Ichthyosaurus* and *Plesiosaurus*, with a beautiful skeleton of the former, exhibiting the colossal eye, the fish-like paddles, the vertebræ, and the ribs most admirably preserved, though the body is bent almost double from some accidental cause, some pressure of the superincumbent strata, or some contortion of the animal itself in the act of dying. An adjoining cabinet contains recent skeletons of *Mammalia*, birds, and reptiles, and other objects of comparative anatomy. In the upper range is placed a formidable array of tigers' skulls; and among the skeletons, are those of the iguana, monitor, crocodile, turtle, hedgehog, mole, and a splendid wild swan. A miscellaneous collection of corals supply expositions of that singular realm of nature; and the mummy of a cat, holding a mouse by its tail, who having pursued her victim too far in the walls of an old house was jammed in, unable to advance or recede, and thus it is presumed

perished of hunger, is not among the least curious objects which this case offers for observation.

A room adjoining presents other illustrations, chiefly of the tertiary and chalk formations; and the large testacea of the latter—the inoceramus, scaphite, hamite, and turrilite shells, are deservedly admired. The series of the records of nature is terminated by a beautiful model of the head of the *Mosasaurus*, or fossil animal of Maestricht, which, having been discovered in the limestone quarries of that town, shortly previous to the French Revolution, was captured, with the city, by the troops of the Republic, and conveyed to Paris, where it now remains. This, which is one of the most successful models of the relic ever executed, was presented by Baron Cuvier to Dr. Mantell. The animal itself, whose structure approaches that of the monitor lizard, is conceived to have been carnivorous; the form of the caudal vertebræ announces that its tail, which near its junction with the body was of a cylindrical form, was flattened at some distance from the trunk, into an oar-like shape, enabling it to stem the most agitated waters. Its vertebræ have been found in our chalk, and its teeth in North America; and from its relics having been discovered only in marine formations, it is conceived that, unlike the existing lizards, none of which are known to live in salt water,



but perfectly in accordance with those which are extinct, such as the Ichthyosaur and Plesiosaur, the creature was marine, and possibly, like the former, entirely confined to the ocean.

The same cabinet contains various gems of science: such are the fossil wing of a Neuropterous insect resembling that of the living *Corydalis* of Carolina, discovered by Dr. Mantell, in a nodule of ironstone in Coalbrook Dale, Shropshire; a leaflet of fern, with the parts of fructification in a fossil state; together with a specimen of Nummulite rock, which, like so many other objects of natural interest, serves to illustrate the extraordinary antiquity of nature contrasted with that of man; for this rock, which is wholly composed of the shells of the Nummulite, is one of the latest of the tertiary rocks—in plainer terms, one of the latest rocks that Nature ever made; while it is from this most modern of her works that man has constructed the most ancient of his, for the pyramids of Egypt are in part composed of this stone.

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Such is the collection of the records of Nature here presented to observation: let us next review the antiquities of man, if, indeed, we can apply the term to objects, the whole of which are but as yesterday compared with the age of Nature herself.

Since several of the most important objects of antiquarian interest are derived from the once splendid Priory of Lewes, some preliminary remarks may possibly not be deemed unseasonable in this place. Indeed the monastic establishments of our forefathers constituted so important a part of their state of society, as to require a few observations on these institutions in general, before we proceed to a description of this particular edifice, and these remarks are rendered the more necessary in order to counteract the errors and misrepresentations which have prevailed on the subject. Misled by our prejudices, and hurried away by our feelings, we have been too much in the habit of stigmatizing these establishments as mere dens of sensuality, imposture, and crime, while we held their inmates, "the lazy monks," as they were called, to be mere sensualists, who were too much occupied in engrossing to themselves the good things of this life to bestow a thought on nobler or more exalted objects, or more philanthropic and benevolent pursuits. True it is that towards their dissolution they, like all other human institutions of ancient date, evinced the natural tendency to corruption and decay; and the scenes of imposture and pretended miracle which were then exposed sufficiently proved their degradation and superstition. But, even in that abased condition, they

continued to be the dispensers of much good to society, as it was then constituted, nor can a stronger proof of their extensive charity and general utility be found than the fact that, on the suppression of religious houses, it was found necessary to supply their charities to the poor by a system of legislative provisions, expressly enacted to fill the void left by the loss of their benefactions ; for, as is well known, the Poor Laws of Elizabeth, which, with some modifications consequent on the advance of society, prevail at this day, were imperatively called for by the spoliation and extinction of the monasteries by her father Henry VIII. And when we contemplate the advantages which these establishments possessed in themselves, and the benefits which they were calculated to confer on others, we cannot but be impressed with the conviction that they were admirably adapted for the rude period and barbarous manners in which they flourished, and that they were instruments in the hands of Providence for the diffusion of much good in their age and time. They were, in fact, the depositories in which were placed all the learning, accomplishment, and worth, which existed at those epochs. The monks were the best, if not the sole, historians, chroniclers, and writers of their age, as well as the only scholars and instructors of youth ; the religious houses contained the sole libraries and seminaries

of learning, and the chief, if not the only schools of all the arts then cultivated. As a proof that the monks of St. Pancras were not inferior to the rest of their fraternity in learning, it may be mentioned that a manuscript is extant in the Cottonian Library of the British Museum, written in Latin, and entitled a “Treatise of Roman Emperors, Apostles, several Kings of England and Prelates of the Church, from the Nativity of Christ to the year 1312,” which is stated in the title-page to be written by a monk of Lewes. Many of the minor arts they cultivated with skill and success, which have now either degenerated or become lost altogether. But their chief triumph was in architecture ; their excellence in which may lead us at once to envy the skill of past ages, and to blush for the inferiority of our own. To these attainments, if we add that they were the best agriculturists of those æras, that the sway which they exerted over their tenants, vassals, and dependants, was comparatively so gentle and mild, and contrasted so strongly with the harassing exactions of the rude and ferocious barons, who oppressed and tormented their unhappy inferiors without scruple or remorse, that the mildness of church domination, especially in Germany, passed into a proverb, and a saying is there prevalent, “*Man lebt gut unter dem kreuzstab*”—“It is good to live under the crosier ;” and if we reflect moreover on the care and superintendence of their

large possessions ; if we call to mind that they were the only mediators of that age of violence and rapine, and were continually called on to interpose between contending parties, to mitigate the horrors of war, and place the mediation, and, if needful, the powerful shield of the church, between the oppressors and the oppressed ; if we add to these considerations the remembrance of their continual charity and benevolence, and reflect that they were the support and solace of the poor in their vicinity, that their enormous kitchens and culinary establishments were intended not so much for their own refection as for the sustenance of the needy and the starving around them ; and if we remember that with these minor excellences, they combined the unceasing practice of devotion, and that in many of their establishments the sacred rites knew no interruption—no pause—but that day and night the prayer of supplication and the song of praise ascended to Him to whom their lives were vowed and their energies devoted ; impressed with these considerations, we cannot but feel that we are doing great injustice to these enlightened, and learned, and industrious, and holy men, if we inconsiderately and flippantly adopt the prejudice of the vulgar, and condemn them as mere slaves of superstition, indolence, and crime.

The priory was founded,\* as is well known, by

\* History of Lewes.



the great and potent Earl de Warenne, who was at once the kinsman and son-in-law of the Conqueror, and who, shortly after the Norman conquest, having vowed a pilgrimage to Rome to obtain the benediction of the Pope, found the continent, owing to the war then prevailing between the Emperor and the Pontiff, in too disturbed a state to allow of his proceeding to the papal city, and having sojourned for a while at the monastery of Cluni, in Burgundy, was induced, from his admiration of the piety, learning, and wisdom of the monks, to commute his pilgrimage to the throne of St. Peter for the erection of a religious house adjacent to his castle at Lewes, and accordingly devoted the church of St. Pancras, which he had found of wood, and rebuilt of stone, to the purposes of a monastic foundation. The abbot of Cluni, with that paternal care which was so becoming to the character of a spiritual superior, at first objected to send any of his fraternity to so great a distance and so strange a land; but yielding at length to the solicitations of the earl, he consented to despatch Sir Lanzo (as he was termed) as superior, with three other monks, to superintend the new establishment, which was endowed and provided for with a liberality and munificence worthy of a noble like De Warenne, whose power and possessions were inferior only to those of royalty itself. The concluding terms of



the charter are strongly expressive of his anxiety : —“ This, my donation and charter, I have made in order to be witnessed by the king in council, at Winchester, by making the sign of the holy cross with his own hand, and by the signs and testimonies of the bishops, earls, and barons then present. Amen! May God visit with the sword of his anger, and wrath, and vengeance, and everlasting curses, those who act contrary to and invalidate these things; but those who protect and defend them, may he reward with peace, favour, compassion, and everlasting salvation. Amen, amen, amen !”

Under prudent and enlightened direction the infant establishment speedily attained so much honour and renown, that no less than six priories of the same order were subsequently founded in different parts of the country, several of which were nearly, if not quite equal in importance to that of Lewes, but were all subordinate to it.

The character of Lanzo, the first prior, has been briefly but forcibly eulogized by Dugdale, who states, that under his management no monastery could excel this in the religious character of its inmates, in courteousness towards its guests, and in charity to all.

Its early reputation increased with the progress of years, the fame of its inmates for learning,

sanctity, wisdom, and charity, was widely diffused, it was honoured with the patronage of the great and noble while living, and was chosen as their place of interment when dead. Independently of the Earls de Warenne, various members of other noble families connected with the county; of the Albinis and Fitz Alans, Lords of Arundel; of the Sydneys, Earls of Pembroke; and Nevilles, Earls of Abergavenny; are known to have been interred within its precincts. The circumstances attending the burial of one of the priors, Thomas Nelrond, in the church of Cowfold, a village near Horsham, are too remarkable to be passed over without comment. This ecclesiastic, considering himself, in all probability, too humble an individual to deserve a tomb among the noble, and pious, and distinguished personages who lie buried in the priory, chose for his place of interment, the humble village church of Cowfold, where a beautiful monumental brass, in admirable preservation, records, in monkish Latin rhyme, his humility, piety, and virtue. The circumstances attending his grave afford a striking illustration of the beautiful sentiment of Scripture, that "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted;" for while the prouder monuments of the priory were scattered and demolished at the dissolution, this modest tomb, placed in an obscure village church, was shielded from notice and demolition,

and is the only sepulchral record of the mighty priors of Lewes which has escaped destruction. For these dignitaries, be it observed, enjoyed high temporal, as well as spiritual rank; they possessed a "hostelry" and a religious house in London, and held a seat in Parliament. The remains of this hostelry, which was situated in Southwark, were extant within a few years. The most important event which occurred in this locality during the existence of the priory was the celebrated battle and subsequent Mise, or treaty, of Lewes, between the weak and fickle Henry III. and Simon de Montfort and his confederate barons. This celebrated and sanguinary fight has been so often and so ably described before, that a mere general description is all that will be necessary for the present purpose. We had occasion just now, in allusion to the burial-place of Thomas Nelrond, the prior of Lewes, to refer to a maxim of Scripture, which teaches that "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted;" we have now as striking an exemplification of that text which informs us, "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay, saith the Lord," and which shows us that whenever the passions of man induce him to arrogate to himself this peculiar prerogative of the Almighty, he does so at his own cost and to his own discomfiture. It appears that the vanguard of the popular forces was composed of

Londoners, and that Prince Edward solicited to be allowed the honour of attacking them, in order to revenge an insult which they had recently offered to his mother, the queen. The event is thus narrated by Holinshed. Relating the attack on the queen, he states, in his quaint language :—" On the Saturdaie next after the translation of Saint Benet, as the queene would have passed by water from the Tower unto Windsore, a sort of lewd naughti packs got them to the bridge, making a noise at hir and crying, 'drown the witch;' threw downe stones, cudgels, dirt, and other things at hir, so that she escaped with great danger of her persone, fled to Lambeth, and through fear to be further persued, landed there, and so staid till the mayor of London, with much ado appesing the fury of the people, regained the queene, and brought her back again in safetie unto the Tower." This was a gross outrage in itself, in that age, when majesty was held all but sacred ; it was considered little short of sacrilege itself, and Prince Edward vowed to wash out the injury with blood ; accordingly, on the preparations for the battle being made, learning that the Londoners were in the van, he eagerly demanded permission to attack them, in order to avenge the insult recorded above, and by this means fell into his own snare. But here it will be desirable that Holinshed should again relate his own

story. "At the first encounter," he says, "the Londoners were beaten back, for Prince Edward so fiercelie assailed them that they were not able to abide the brunt. He hated them indeed above all other, namelie, for that of late they had misused his mother, reviling hir, and throwing durt and stones at hir (as before ye have heard) which wrong and abuse by them committed was, peradventure, on their parts forgotten, but of Prince Edward, as it seemeth, remembered, for—

‘ Pulvere qui lædit, sed læsus marmore scribit.

‘ He who inflicts an injury, writes it in dust ; he who suffers it, in marble.’

“ Hereupon Prince Edward, to be revenged of them, after they began to fly, most eagerlie followed them, chased and slew them by heaps. But whilest he separated himself by such earnest following of the Londoners too farre from the residue of the king’s armie, he was the onlie cause of the loss of that field ; for the Earl of Leicester perceiving that the prince, with the chieftest force of the king’s armie, was thus gone after the Londoners (of whom he made no great account) he exhorted his people to show their valliance at that instant, and so coming upon his adversaries with great courage, in a moment put them to flight.” The king, previous to the battle, had taken up his



quarters in the Priory, while Prince Edward occupied the castle; and on the loss of the battle the discomfited monarch again took refuge within its sacred limits, where he was detained prisoner by De Montfort. The king of the Romans sought refuge in a mill, and was there discovered and taken; and the taunts of the popular leaders to the imprisoned sovereign, as recorded by contemporary historians,—“Come forth, Master Miller, come down, thou unlucky master of the mill,”—are altogether in the spirit and character of the times. The treaty which followed, the Mise of Lewes, as it is called, is equally well known, and excites our sympathies by the redeeming qualities of filial affection which it presents, since it provides that Prince Edward and Henry d’Allmaine, who were yet free, should yield themselves prisoners in redemption of their fathers who were detained as captives. But we need not wonder at any features of lenity and gentleness which marked this treaty, though its provisions were afterwards ruthlessly broken by Leicester; for the church (agreeably to what has already been mentioned as its usual practice in those days), became the mediator; and two of the monks of St. Pancras on the royal part, and two of the Minorites, or Grey Friars, on the popular side, were chosen to conduct the negotiations. The convent of Minorites, it is to be



observed, was a religious foundation, whose history is veiled in obscurity, and of which little is known save that it was destroyed, like the Priory, in the time of Henry VIII.

An additional circumstance of considerable importance in our annals is connected with the history of this æra and this edifice. The policy of the Earl of Leicester induced him to summon a popular Parliament, with the view of sanctioning him in his daring purpose of keeping the king prisoner. Two representatives for each county, and two for each city and borough, were accordingly summoned, and thus the writs for assembling the first Reformed Parliament, it may be said, were issued from these walls. The Priory continued to flourish with unabated splendour till 1347, when the marriage of the heiress of the last Earl de Warenne with the Earl of Arundel, deprived Lewes of much of the importance and superiority which it formerly possessed, and which were now transferred to the former town. The warlike resolution and unfortunate fate of one of its priors, John de Cariloco, may serve to relieve somewhat of the monotony of its later career. In 1377, shortly after the demise of Edward III. the French, taking advantage of the distracted reign of his weak and youthful grandson, Richard II., landed at Rottingdean, with the design to ransack Lewes. In this object they

were foiled by the courage of the Prior of St. Pancras, John de Cariloco, who, with Sir Thomas Cheney, constable of Dover Castle, Sir John Falsley, John Broches, Esq. and others, assisted by the peasantry of the neighbourhood, boldly attacked the foe; and though their rude forces were routed by the disciplined troops of the French, and the Prior and the two Knights taken prisoners, yet by the loss which they occasioned the enemy, they compelled them to retreat, abandon their enterprise, and return to France.

We now arrive at the epoch when this celebrated and magnificent structure shared the fate of so many other religious edifices, and was levelled and destroyed by the tyrant, Henry VIII. and his kindred satellites. Letters are extant describing its destruction, and the more than common means which were found requisite to demolish this splendid building. So complete, however, has been its overthrow, that not only was the edifice brought to the ground, and its monuments and remains dispersed, but even the site of its various departments is no longer to be distinguished. The only remains which have been recovered are the tomb of Gundred, placed in Southover church, and the architectural fragments now preserved in this Museum. But ere we treat of these, let us for a moment sketch before the mind's eye, a view of

this celebrated structure as it stood in its primitive magnificence, a proud and hallowed monument of the wisdom, benevolence, and piety of our forefathers. Placed in a delightful and convenient situation, sufficiently near to the castle to avail itself, if need were, of its power and protection, yet so prudently remote as to secure it from being annoyed or disturbed by the warlike character of the fortress; surrounded with all the adjuncts of a noble, nay, a princely mansion, with gardens, orchards, fish-ponds, and dove-houses of immense extent; it reared its towers and pinnacles on high in all the pomp of magnificence, in all the beauty of holiness; a temple of worship to the surrounding neighbourhood; a shrine of charity and mercy, whose provisions failed not to the needy and distressed; a place of refuge and security from the oppressor and unjust; adorned with all the pomp of architectural splendour, as these few and imperfect remains yet strongly evince; resorted to and honoured by the great and powerful while living, and chosen as their place of sepulture when dead; while the vast extensive fane glowed with animation, with industry and devotion, and the sacred duties of study and of learning, of charity and of mercy, of intercession and forgiveness, of prayer and praise, ceased not within its walls. And what is its condition now? Its towers are

overthrown, its monuments scattered to the winds of heaven, and its very site and situation a matter of doubt. One is almost ashamed to intrude one's own trivialities and puny productions amid these sacred recollections of the past, and the indulgence of the reader is solicited for the following lines, which were suggested by a visit to the spot:—

Beautiful structure ! as the pilgrim strays  
Through the lone precincts of thy mould'ring walls,  
And marks thy ruin'd shrines, thy roofless halls,  
He feels reviv'd the dreams of other days :  
For hark, e'en now what sounds of prayer and praise  
Fill the rapt ear with all the bliss of song,  
While shadowy forms at distance glide along,  
And choral voices loud Hosannas raise !  
The anthem swells, rich wreaths of incense soar,  
The slow procession leads its lengthen'd train,  
Devotion lives and breathes through all the fane,  
And fancy rules a moment and no more ;  
For hark, yon music dies o'er vale and hill ;  
Yon shadowy forms depart, and all once more is still !

The architectural remains comprise a series of capitals of columns, friezes, mouldings, &c., which have been pronounced by Mr. Britton, the eminent antiquary, to be of high interest, as exhibiting samples of the earliest Norman architecture now extant. One fragment of the kind, in excellent preservation, exhibits in one of its compartments

the Miraculous Draught of Fishes, in which the boat, the net, the fish, and in particular the faces of the astonished fishermen, are rudely but boldly and spiritedly depicted.

The suite of figured tiles placed in an adjoining cabinet, is of high antiquarian interest; they were, as their name imports, not of English, but Norman manufacture. They are not superficially coloured, not merely painted over, but are inlaid with a different coloured earth, as is obvious in many instances where the latter has crumbled away and fallen out of its situation; and after having been inlaid, the tile appears to have been exposed to a strong heat, and the glazing produced. They were discovered by Dr. Mantell many years ago, in a part of the edifice called the dungeon, now destroyed.

The late Lord Henniker, when residing at Caen, in France, about the year 1789, discovered a number of similar tiles in the ruins of an abbey in that city, called the Abbaye aux Hommes, (where the tomb of the Conqueror is shown,) at that time used as a granary, and his Lordship addressed a letter to the Society of Antiquaries, through the medium of their president, the Earl of Leicester, in explanation of these relics. Those which his Lordship discovered appear to have been extremely similar to those now exhibited, and are evidently



of the same origin and manufacture, the convent to which they belonged having been founded by William. His Lordship remarks that they are composed only of two colours, white and brown, a description which exactly applies to the objects here described, while among the armorial devices which they offer is a Fleur de Lis, exactly resembling a tile in this museum. Those which Lord Henniker describes in his pamphlet are intended chiefly to represent the armorial bearings of the most distinguished families of the country, a purpose which is also evidently contemplated by those of Lewes Priory. The object of his Lordship's work is to prove that these tiles are contemporary with the Conquest, a fact which he has established in a very satisfactory manner: and which serves to prove a circumstance of some interest to the antiquary, namely, that heraldic bearings, such as are depicted in these tiles, and which are generally considered not to have been employed until after the termination of the first crusade, were in use at the Conquest, nearly a century before. The relics in question represent the armorial distinctions of the great families of this county; conspicuous among which is the celebrated chequer *or et azur*, the badge of the great de Warenne, founder of the edifice, and second only in importance and dignity to the arms of royalty itself. Some have figures of knights on horseback, fleur de



lis, stags, birds, and other devices. Similar pavements are occasionally found in our ancient cathedrals, placed around the high altar in commemoration of noble and distinguished individuals who have been benefactors to the establishment. Various divisions of the same cabinet contain sepulchral British and Roman urns, and Roman vases, for holding holy oil and water, and the ashes of the dead. A fine specimen of a British urn, from near Bletchington, is in excellent preservation. A remarkable earthen vessel, of conical form, with numerous perforations on the sides, has occasioned no small difficulty to antiquaries, since the singularity of the relic is increased by the fact, that no similar vase is known to exist in the cabinet of any collector, nor has it been found figured in any publication. It is presumed, however, to have been used for incense, and that the drugs were lighted below, and the vapour diffused through the apertures at the sides, on the principle of the pastille-burners of the present day. An adjoining shelf contains a relic equally unique; it is a ball, composed of a round nodule of flint, coated over with a very hard composition; the ground white, ornamented with stars of a reddish brown colour. It was discovered in a vessel of coarsest earthenware, part of which still remains. A drawing close by exhibits the outline of a Roman urn, found in the garden of Dr. Mantell

at Lewes, containing the bones of a cock, conceived to be the offering to Esculapius, an instance of which is mentioned in the death of Socrates, who reminds his friends, "I have vowed a cock to Esculapius; see that the debt be paid." The same case contains a similar classic relic, disinterred a short time since by a ploughman, on the estate of the Marquis of Bristol, at Kemptown. The ploughshare struck the vase and disclosed its contents; they are burnt human bones—those of a young female; and it is inferred that some young Roman lady has lived and died on this spot, that her remains have been consumed on the funeral pile, and the ashes carefully collected and placed in this receptacle. This highly interesting memorial has given rise to the following lines:—

Urn of the dead ! so long entombed  
Within thy lone sepulchral cave ;  
What varied thoughts, with thee exhumed,  
Arise, with thee, from out the grave !

These ashes of the young and fair,  
If now endued with life and breath,  
Might to our anxious minds declare  
Some sad sweet tale of love and death !

Thus might they tell, if fell disease  
Had snatched the Roman maid away ;  
Or, if bereav'd of health and ease,  
She fell—to grief a lingering prey !

Or they might speak, if Pagan fears  
Increased the terrors of her doom ;  
And, if 'mid doubts and sighs and tears,  
She sank in sorrow to the tomb !

Or they might say, if Christian hope  
Smiled sweetly on her latest hours ;  
And if her parting soul had scope,  
For prospects bright and blest as ours !

But no ! these relics only show  
How brief the space on earth that's given ;—  
Teach, that no rest is found below,  
And bid us fix our hopes in Heaven !

The skull of a youth, in like manner, tells its brief eventful history. A number of skeletons were discovered a short time since, near the heights on which was fought the battle of Lewes ; and from their being all those of youths of sixteen or eighteen, and not one of an adult, it is conceived that they were the remains of the London apprentices, whose fate has been already alluded to, and who may be regarded as martyrs in the cause of liberty. Urns, vases, swords, armour, and other relics of like interest, occupy the remainder of this cabinet, which contains a treasury for the antiquarian.

A small case adjoining closes the collection, and contains the spoils of the tumuli and barrows of the vicinity. In the sepulchres of men were

found the flint celt, and the stone from which it was rudely fashioned; the celt of bronze, the sword, the dagger, the arrow-head, and the spear. In the tombs of ladies were placed their weapons, in the shape of ornaments, rings, bracelets, and beads. One group contains the whole paraphernalia of a British lady of rank, all composed of bronze, the armlet worn above the elbow; the bracelet for the wrist; the circlet for the hair, with rings for the finger and thumb; the circlet and celt having been broken, evidently by design, before they were buried: together with amulets, arrow-heads of stone, celts, blades of knives, spears, and swords of the Britons. Similar relics of the Saxons, with the beautiful gold ear-ring of a lady of that nation, with beads, buckles, keys, tweezers, and pins, constitute the remaining contents of the case; and a little Roman bronze figure of Cupid, found by a ploughman at Falmer, and presented by the writer to Dr. Mantell, has formed the subject of a subsequent article. Among the relics of the Middle Ages is an Apostle's spoon, which it was, and is now in Switzerland and Germany, the practice among Catholics for sponsors at baptisms to present to their god-children. Shakspeare, whose observation was most extensive, whose learning and information were universal, has an allusion to this fact. In the play of Henry VIII. Cardinal Wolsey objects to act as sponsor at the baptism of Queen

Elizabeth, when the king remonstrates, observing, in obvious allusion to this practice,—

“ Lord Cardinal, you wish to save your spoons.”

The description might be prolonged *ad infinitum*, since every object, especially of antiquarian character, has its legend, and the interest of such a collection consists not merely in the objects themselves, but in the associations with which they are connected; but we must now limit our inquiries and draw to a close.

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Such, then, is this Museum; or rather, such is a hasty glance at its most interesting and valuable contents; for when it is mentioned that the collection comprises from twenty to thirty thousand specimens, it may be conceived that a whole volume would be insufficient to describe its treasures. As the collection of a private individual, it is perhaps unrivalled, and calls for our high commendation of its founder, who, by his unwearied investigations into nature, history, and antiquity, has furnished so many sources of improvement and gratification, and discovered new worlds of study and reflection.

The Museum has been most extensively and numerously visited; and has by its exhibition, as already stated, contributed more powerfully to diffuse a taste for science than perhaps any similar establishment extant. Occasionally indeed the num-



ber, variety, and importance of its objects seem to produce some little confusion of ideas in the minds of its visitants, as will be observed in the following instances, the facetious nature of which may possibly enliven the dryness of the technical and antiquarian discussions in which we have been employed.

A lady one day begged to recommend a young friend (who, *par parenthèse*, was exceedingly handsome) to the especial care of the attendant on the Museum, on the ground of her being "an excellent geologist." The party thus appealed to, expressed the gratification he should feel in displaying the collection to one so well qualified to judge of its value, and accordingly he commenced the tour of inspection; when arriving at the fossils of the Paris basin, he remarked, "You are aware, Madam, what a basin is, of course?" "Of course," replied the fair philosopher; "it's a thing to wash your hands in!"

Describing, on another occasion, the fossils of the chalk, the exhibitor was interrupted by a lady, who exclaimed, "The Ammonites! O pray, Sir, show me the Ammonites; they are what one reads of in the Scriptures!"

"Come, my dear, do look at this," said a gentleman to his female friend, pointing to a relic already described; "this is one of the very spoons that were used by the Apostles!"

There are but few persons who are not aware that a tribute frequently paid to *savans*, is the employing



their name as the specific designation of some natural object. Thus have we *Cycadea Mantellii*, *Chimera Mantellii*. "Now," said a lady to her friend, "the meaning of this name *Mantellii* being used, is that when the workmen find a curiosity, no name is put to it, it not being thought worth while; but when Dr. Mantell finds anything, he puts his own name upon it, which is no more than fair and right." Strange to say, a Professor, (whether of Oxford or Cambridge is perfectly immaterial,) was of a totally opposite sentiment, for he thought it "decided bad taste in Dr. Mantell to put his own name on the things he found!"

From various poetic tributes which have been paid to this collection, we will select the following as the close of our observations.

Mantell! thou nobly hast achiev'd the praise  
 That but to noblest natures doth belong;  
 To soar superior to the triflers' throng,  
 And by thy deeds thy monument to raise!  
 For who that o'er thy vast Museum strays,  
 And views with awe-struck soul the scene sublime,  
 That seems to spurn the bounds of space and time,  
 And wakes to view the world of other days!  
 O who but feels that thou hast reared a fame,  
 That not alone shall charm the present age,  
 But to all time the pilgrim shall engage,  
 To seek the spot where all thy triumphs reign!  
 Yes, thou hast reared thee an immortal shrine;  
 Then live or die content, a deathless name is thine!

## BRAMBLETYE HOUSE.

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TIME-WASTED pile ! where ruin darkly lowers,  
How changed thine aspect since these roofless walls  
Shone forth as Beauty's courts, as Grandeur's halls,  
And mirth and music cheer'd your festive hours.  
Yet lo ! once more with spell of magic powers,  
A master-mind hath wak'd ye from your trance,  
Reviv'd again the dream of old Romance,  
And fill'd your courts and deck'd again your bowers.  
But see ! the charm is o'er,—the spell is read ;  
The master shuts again his open'd book ;  
Each fancied form hath sought some hidden nook ;  
The scene is still, and all its joys are fled.  
Yet many a charm still lurks these relics round ;  
I linger as I go,—the spot is classic ground !

## THE BRONZE CUPID.

*A Tale of the Mantellian Museum.*

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DURING the second invasion of this island by Julius Cæsar, and at a period when a portion of his troops occupied the encampment now termed the Devil's Dyke, two youthful Roman officers met at an early hour of the morning, on the brow which o'erlooks the flat country at its base.

"Good morrow, Apronius," said the elder of the two, "already risen at so early an hour?"

"Yes, my Lucilius, occupied with my wonted and favourite diversion, wooing Aurora, ere yet she deigns to appear."

"You know the proverb, Apronius, that there is no disputing about tastes. I will not therefore quarrel with thee concerning thine. Yet this I will say for myself, that thy darling Aurora is no favourite of mine; I have ever found her too coy and chilling, and fain have sought a warmer and more willing deity. The lovely Hebe or yet lovelier Venus were a goddess more to my taste."

“ True, Lucilius; and Aurora, cold as she is even in our native Italy, is doubly chilling on the lone, bleak hills of this savage land. Soldier as I am, I could fain wish that these wars were over, and that we could again return to our country and our home.”

“ But, my Apronius, as a Roman and a soldier, we must each perform a soldier’s duty.”

“ Yet, Lucilius, though Romans and soldiers, we still are men, and possess human feelings; and I must own, my friend, I feel somewhat of repugnance at our present career of conquest and slaughter. Our attack on the Gauls had perhaps some colour of justice, though the dreadful retribution we inflicted far exceeded the measure of their offence; but, in the case of these poor, ignorant Britons, I cannot find even the pretence for invading them.

“ Nay, nay, Apronius, ’tis the soldier’s duty to fight, remember, not to reason; nor mayst thou, my friend, though educated in Greece, presume to enact the teacher in the camp, or dictate the maxims of philosophy, instead of obeying the orders of thy commander.”

“ True, Lucilius; yet one need not wholly forget the pursuits of letters amid the duties of the army, nor the studies of philosophy in the dangers of war. *’Tis even rumoured in the camp, that our Cæsar*

*himself is actually writing a Commentary on his wars, and that he never retires to rest at night ere he hath recorded the events and actions of the day.* To a friend, moreover, one may express feelings one would not proclaim before the multitude. When I look on the rude yet harmless savages around us, I ask, are we justified in coming to spread desolation and misery among them? How many slaughters shall we not occasion! How many widows and orphans render desolate! How oft shall the bereaved British maiden rue the hour that deprived her of her lover, and curse our hated Roman name!"

"Nay, nay, thou grow'st too eloquent, my friend, and one might deem wast thyself enamoured of one of these island maidens, so warmly dost thou plead their cause."

"Lucilius, I will not ask if I may trust thee—our friendship is of too strict, too sacred a nature to admit of doubt or question. Know, then, that I have conceived a passion, nay, have established an intimacy, with one of these island maids. A few nights after our arrival, attracted by the beauty of the vale, I so far transgressed the commands of our leader and the discipline of our camp, as to descend from these heights and roam along the woods at their base, till, bewildered amid the mazes of the thicket, I was unable to regain the pathway to our

camp. After vainly attempting to recover my road, overcome with fatigue and the weight of my arms, I resigned myself to slumber, determined to await the morning ere I resumed my journey. Suddenly I was awakened by a vision of exceeding beauty. A native girl stood before me who had evidently been watching my slumbers. Her fair hair streamed to the winds of night, her blue eyes beamed on me a look of pity and surprise, and her whole aspect was at once so strange and different from our dark-eyed Italian maids, that I at first imagined her a being of superior order, and thought that some native dryad had emerged from her sacred forest-shade to awaken and direct me. I accosted her in the Gallic language, which as thou knowest I learned during our late wars in Gaul. She replied in a dialect of the same tongue; and with eager haste explained that I had been descried by the natives, and that several of their warriors, among whom was her brother, were seeking me amid the woods. She offered her guidance; and, led by her hand, and guided by her knowledge of the country, I reached our camp in safety ere my absence was remarked by the tribune in command. Yet we parted not till she had promised me another interview; and this night, when the latest trumpet shall sound, I have appointed to meet her in yon grove of oaks, whither she repairs to gather the sacred



mistletoe, which it seems these savages adore. And may I request a favour from my Lucilius; will my friend look to my command, and fulfil my duty till my return?"

"And watch and walk over these cold hills while thou art warmly housed with thy new-found flame. A modest request, truly! Well, well, 'tis granted; depart and rely on me; but hark thee, Apronius, a campaign against the enemy thou know'st counts for two years of peaceful service at home; wherefore when we return to fair Italy again, I promise to keep thee two nights on duty for every one I serve for thee here. But we now must part—the tribune approaches—the calls of duty must be obeyed. *Vale, amice, vale!*"

The friends separated, the day passed but tardily to the enamoured Apronius, who at night-fall visited the tent of his friend Lucilius, and then, muffled in a dark mantle, hastened down the declivity of the mountain, and sought the forest at its foot. At the appointed rendezvous, an oak of primeval growth, he found waiting the fair object of his expedition, the native maid.

"My deity," exclaimed the impatient Roman, "my fair Venus of this island-shore, so, thou art ready to welcome and receive thy votary. I hope I have not kept thee waiting long. But say, fair one, by what name shall I call thee; a name,

believe me, that shall be ever dear to my heart and lips?"

"I am called Voana," said the maiden, "and am daughter of Belino, a chief residing near; my uncle is the Druid Camur, who is deeply skilled in magic, and of whose powerful charms thou doubtless must have heard."

"Not I, fair one, nor should heed them if I had. I have seen *thine*, however, and believe me, they are matchless. Nay, turn thee not away in modesty or scorn, but let me thank my goddess-preserver for the life she has spared. And having saved, wilt thou not render me happy; and when these wars are ended, return with me to our fair Italy, and be mine alone?"

"Hear me. I have heard of thy countrymen from the merchants who use to trade with Gaul. Ye are bloodthirsty, men say, and cruel; and truly, were ye not so, why, after spoiling our neighbours, come into our poor land and rob us of the little that poverty allows us? When last we met, you boasted, stranger, that your countrymen were rich; that yours is a land producing fruits, and plants, and generous drinks that men call wines; while we have but the scanty fare of want, the milk yielded by our herds, and the rough juice which we press from the barley-corn. I am but a simple girl, and know not of the temples and palaces

which travellers talk of in your distant lands; yet, stranger, if your country be so fair, your lands so rich, your towns so large, why envy us these bleak and barren hills, or seek to drive us from our poor and lowly valleys?"

"Nay, nay, my fair reasoner, thine eloquence is, like thy beauty, all convincing, and I dare not contend with one whose looks and speech are alike persuasive. I am a soldier, and perchance thou know'st it is a soldier's duty to obey, not to question the orders he receives."

"Yet, methinks, when you would make widows and orphans, ye might inquire the reason which prompted such cruel deeds. We poor savages of this poor island can at least have done no wrong to thee or thine. Why not then leave us in peace?"

"'Tis but to introduce among you a better, happier mode of life, that we come thus in rude and hostile manner to your shores. When we shall have reduced your nation to obedience, we shall confer on you the advantages of civilized life, and teach you the refinements and benefits we ourselves enjoy."

"And make us, no doubt, cruel and bloodthirsty as yourselves. Away! away! rather shall Voana pray her native gods that Britons shall ever remain rude and uncultivated, than that they shall acquire the vices and the cruelty of their Roman invaders."

“Nay, nay, my pretty prophetess, for methinks thou look’st one in thy scorn, if such be thy hatred of us Romans,—and I own we deserve somewhat of thy indignation,—why wast thou the other night so anxious to save one of these Romans, my unworthy self?”

“Stranger, had I met thee in the battle, I own to thee I would have hurled a dagger at thy breast, or at least, with my woman’s voice have urged our warriors to the conflict. But, I saw thee sleeping and defenceless; a word of mine had sacrificed thy life; at the risk of my own thou know’st I led thee to a place of safety, and to-night have idly, weakly, met thee again. ’Tis said we love the being we have protected; I feel it even thus, and entertain, in spite of my natural hatred to my country’s foes, a love for thee! In proof whereof I entreat thee for thy own safety to depart; the night wastes, and thou wilt scarcely retrace thy steps to thy countrymen ere morning. So farewell.”

“No, my sylvan love, we part not thus early—well, if we must separate, accept at least a token of my gratitude, my love. Here is a statue of the most potent of our deities, the God of Love; though but a child, my girl, he is all-powerful; his car is drawn by lions, whom he hath tamed; and he is obeyed by men and gods! Take him, sweet maiden, to thy breast, and when amid the oak-woods of thy native land, the mystic Druid bids

thee bow to yon pale moon, or adore her host of attendant stars, then breathe a prayer to love, and cast one thought upon thy Roman youth !”

“I will accept thy gift, stranger, and wear it next my heart ! And now must we part, for morning is about to dawn.”

“Farewell, my love, and on the third night hence, when the full moon looks on our encampment, then look thou on this spot for thy Roman lover. And now one embrace, and one farewell, since it must be so.”

“Farewell ; the third night, said’st thou ?”

“Even so ; farewell ! farewell !”

The Roman left the spot, and sought his camp. From the intricacy of the way, his journey was protracted, and it was late ere he attained the spot. On reaching the *porta prætoria*, or chief entrance, he was hoarsely accosted by the sentinel, and found that his friend Lucilius was dispossessed of his charge, which had passed into other and severer hands. The strict Trebellius, a veteran famed for severity of discipline, held the command, and by his order the youthful lover, who was unable to give a feasible account of his nocturnal expedition, was consigned to his tent to be reported to the general on the morrow. Here he was speedily sought by his friend Lucilius, who entered with the frank good feeling of a soldier.

“Courage, my Apronius. Be of good cheer,



man, though it must be owned fortune hath served us both an ugly trick. The truth is, thou must learn to shorten thy love-*tales*, and be quicker in thy wooing. I had continued full four hours on the watch, when at last old Trebellius came down, and swearing the good round oath of all the gods at once, ordered me to my tent and took the guard himself; and, as I have just now heard, threatens to report thee to the general to-morrow. Nay, never mind, man, come matters to the worst 'tis but to own all, and our general loves a night adventure and a fair girl too well himself, not to excuse the same taste in another. I have but looked in to cheer thee, and for thy sake had better disappear as soon as may be convenient; so farewell!"

"Farewell, my friend, *ago gratias*, many thanks for thy friendly offers, which I regret only for the trouble and possible disgrace they may occasion thee!"

"Tush, man, never name it; but,—well remembered,—how goes thy courtship? is thine island Venus a favourable or an unfavourable deity? frowns she or smiles upon thy suit?"

"Of that when we next meet, Lucilius; for the present, stay not too long, lest thou incur the risk of sharing my disgrace."

"As you wish, Apronius, farewell till morning."



The morrow came, and ushered in a new and important event. The natives had assembled in great numbers during the night, and advanced rashly and ignorantly to attack the almost impregnable encampment of the Romans. The scene was new and strange, and the Roman host gazed awhile, lost in astonishment at their new and barbarian foes. The extensive and wooded valleys of the weald were filled with a numerous and varied host. The greater number were on foot, while here and there the chariot of a chief was seen careering before the ranks, when the warrior occasionally checked his horses at full speed, to harangue his countrymen, or to utter imprecations of defiance on the foe, and to hurl a javelin towards their distant camp. The main body of the assailants was composed of a strange undisciplined mass of warriors, either naked and dyed deep blue, or tattooed like the present savages of the Southern seas, or partially covered with the skins of wild beasts. Their arms consisted generally of a shield, the outer part composed of rude leather, the inner formed with bosses of iron; a short spear, furnished with a ball of brass, the noise of which was intended to terrify their foes, together with a short sword and a dagger. By degrees they approached the hill, and were about to commence their attack, when a champion of gigantic size, his body remark-

able for its deeply indented figures of the sun, moon, and celestial bodies, with rude representations of wild beasts, urged his chariot halfway up the ascent, and leaping on the ground brandished his spear and sword, and with gestures of insult defied the Romans to the conflict.

Our two friends beheld the challenger with all the indignation of the Roman soldier; both were eager to avenge the insult and vindicate the honour of the Roman arms; a friendly contest arose as to which should undertake the championship; and it was only at the request of Apronius, to be allowed this opportunity of retrieving his honour, that his friend yielded to his wish of engaging in the combat.

The Roman disdaining to fight on unequal terms, and perceiving his opponent to be destitute of armour, threw off the *galea*, *lorica*, and *ocrea*, the helmet, coat of mail, and leg-armour, which were the appropriate panoply of the Roman soldier, and descending the steep with hasty steps, indicated his wish to accept the proffered challenge.

The combat was but of brief duration. The native, from a short distance, hurled his javelin at his foe, which the latter turned aside with his buckler, and joined in close contest with his antagonist. The rude sword of the latter proved an inadequate match to the sharper gladius of his Roman

foe ; nor was the skill of the barbarian commensurate with that of his better-disciplined opponent, who was also protected by his ample buckler from the assaults of his antagonist. The victory, which was not for a moment doubtful, was soon decided in favour of the Roman champion, who, by a well-aimed blow of his powerful blade, clove in sunder the head of his assailant. The issue was marked with loud howlings by the natives, and hailed with shouts of triumph by the Roman host, who now pressed impetuously down the hill. The archers, agreeably to the orders of their chief, aimed not their shafts at the warriors in the chariots, but at the horses which drew the vehicles, which, thus galled and frantic with pain, plunged back on their own hosts, and carried confusion into their army. The Roman leader perceiving this disorder, ordered the trumpets to sound, and the first line, closely followed by the second and third, fell impetuously on the foe, and completed their discomfiture. This easy triumph, though it inflicted a severe loss on the Britons, occasioned but a trivial injury to the Roman forces. Our two friends were unhurt, and at the close of the day messengers arrived at the Roman camp requesting the usual permission to bury the dead, and offering hostages and terms of peace. These, after some slight difficulty and delay, were granted, and the army returned to its encamp-

ment on the height. The nocturnal absence of Apronius was pardoned, or rather was overlooked or forgotten in the victory to which he had so largely contributed. The following day and that which succeeded were passed in celebrating the victory—in rendering the last rites to the victims of the battle—or in instituting martial games and contests in honour of their memory. The time, however, passed sadly and slowly to the young Apronius, who longed for the approach of the third evening, and on its arrival, hastened to the appointed meeting-place with the British fair one.

He found her at the usual spot, seated in an attitude of grief at the foot of the accustomed oak. With eager steps the youth bounded to salute her.

“Well met,” he exclaimed; “how true, how faithful is my island love! and now, fair one, I bring thee glad tidings: the wars are done—thy countrymen, routed in an easy victory, have yielded to the Roman power, and we shall shortly return to our beloved Italy. Will my fair one, my preserver, accompany her lover to Rome?”

She shook her head in mournful silence.

“Nay, nay, o’ercome this repugnance, and I will make thee rich, joyous, and happy. Thou shalt doff these poor garments, once the coverings of wild beasts, and, clothed in purple and fine linen, shalt rival the matrons of Rome in dress, as thou

already excellest them in beauty. I am prosperous and happy. We have achieved a decisive triumph, to which I have mainly contributed; the wars are now ended. But why so melancholy? True, 'tis thy friends are discomfited; but this will but sooner bring the peace thou wishest to enjoy."

"But," exclaimed the maiden, in a sorrowful tone, "our nation hath suffered dreadfully; many a widow weeps for her husband; many an orphan its father; many a maiden her lover slain: a noble youth, the proudest, the tallest, the bravest of our warriors, hath fallen by the Roman champion!"

"Of that crime, I, 'tis true, am guilty. I accepted the challenge of the barbarian, and did what any soldier in our legion would have done; I slew the champion of your host in single combat."

The maiden started to her feet, exclaiming, "And is it so? My fears, then, are verified; I dreaded, yet doubted, the truth. All is now over between us. I saved thy life, stranger, and thou hast murdered mine. Know that our champion was my brother! Noblest and bravest of our youth, he defied the power of thy hosts; but fell, alas, by thy hands!" And she burst into tears, and wept long and bitterly.

In vain did her lover seek to console her, and to palliate his conduct. "Away!" she exclaimed; "remove thy hand; there's blood upon it; the



blood that flows through these veins has been shed by thee, and yet thou wouldst talk to me of love. I have prayed, moreover, as thou desiredst me, to thy little god, whose image thou hast given me, but he hears or heeds not my prayers. See, here is thine idol, stranger, and thus I cast him from me, and with him thy pernicious and fatal love!" And thus saying, she threw the relic into the thickest of the wood.

Finding it impossible to soothe her, he requested her to meet him on the morrow night, when her feelings would, he hoped, be more calmed and soothed. Apparently softened by his entreaties, she replied, "Yes, I will meet thee, but at another spot than this; I will truly be there, and will surely meet thee if thou darest to come. And now, as thou saidst before, one kiss and one farewell!"

He bent forward to embrace her, when, clasping him with her left hand, she snatched with her right the dagger from his girdle, and, ere he could prevent her fatal purpose, plunged it in her bosom, murmuring as she sank a faint farewell!

Vainly did the youth attempt to staunch the flow of blood, and stay the fleeting life; in a few moments she ceased to breathe; and gently he laid her on the turfy bed, and retraced his steps towards the camp. Yet, ere he departed, he endeavoured



to discover the bronze image of Cupid which she had thrown into the thicket, but it eluded his research; and, after being imbedded in the earth during a lapse of ages, it was found, as is well known to many of the visitors of this Museum, a short time since, and is now immortalized by being placed among so interesting and valuable a collection!

CONCLUSION  
OF  
SCHULTZE'S POEM OF CECILIA.

*From the German.*

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[Ernst Schultze was a youth of enthusiastic character, and of distinguished poetic genius, who having lost the object of his attachment by death, consecrated to her memory a poem, entitled, after her name, "Cecilia," of which the following are the concluding stanzas.]

---

AND now 'tis o'er, the theme so fond, so dear,  
It for a while forbade e'en me to mourn ;  
I vowed the task, while weeping o'er thy bier,  
And finished now I place it on thine urn.  
Its faithful mirror hath depicted clear  
The grief, the joy, that I have silent borne ;  
Accept the gift that, passing dear to me,  
Hath been my all of bliss, because it told of thee !

M

And now as seamen, that on some fair shore,  
Seek for awhile the bright and blooming strand ;  
And many a goodly town, and many a tower  
They see extending o'er that happy land ;  
And then embark once more, and hour by hour,  
Behold the prospect fade, that late they scann'd—  
So in the darkening distance do I see  
The dream of song depart that told of love and thee !

Such as thou wast in life I strove to paint,  
To sketch each loveliest charm and grace refined,  
But found expression all too weak and faint,  
To tell thy gifts of person and of mind.  
Yet as I strove, thine angel form, sweet saint,  
Beam'd from the skies, and cheer'd with accents kind ;  
Alas ! that now my soothing task is o'er,  
Again, lost love, I'm called to part with thee once more !

Three years have passed in this delicious dream,  
For though the tempest of the time ran high,  
And wafted wildly on life's stormy stream,  
Through peace and war my bark flew quickly by !  
I heeded not the storm's electric gleam,  
Nor fear'd the waters, though they met the sky,  
For in each hour that threaten'd death to me,  
My soul's true compass turn'd alone, lost love, to thee !

For thou hast been my single guiding star,  
The only light of love o'er me that shone ;  
For thee I girded on the blade of war,  
And every thought of peace was thine alone !

And while my heart wore sorrow's deepest scar,  
I suffer'd all, nor breath'd a single moan,  
And only fear'd lest fate should chance destroy  
This votive song, my sad, but still my only joy.

And now, since thou hast gained thy throne on high,  
And I, no more by earthly ties confin'd,  
Have only sought from life and joy to fly,  
My sole companionship with thee to find !  
Full many a faithless friend hath pass'd me by,  
Full many a heart grown cold that once was kind,  
And if I bore what forced my heart to break,  
And joy'd to bear it all, 'twas but for thy sweet sake !

*As vases once that softest perfumes hold,  
Retain in after-times those odours sweet ;  
As clouds, that suns of evening deck with gold,  
Are bright, while round them shades of darkness meet ;  
As rivers far to sea their currents hold,  
Though ocean-tides against them vainly beat —  
So this poor heart, that once hath been thy shrine,  
Shall now be filled alone with thoughts of thee and thine !*

## ALINE.

---

I WAS inspecting, a short time since, the *studio* of a friend, who having retired from the exercise of his profession as a painter, still retains the mementos of his art in the shape of sketches of foreign as well as home scenery, character, and costume, when my attention was excited by an exquisitely finished picture, representing a French peasant girl, who, overwhelmed with grief, is appealing with a look of exceeding humility to a *religieuse* in whose aspect a certain expression of severity, perhaps of displeasure, is mingled with an air of pity and commiseration. On inquiring into the subject, my friend kindly furnished me with the particulars of the following tale.

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ALINE COURTOIS was the child of a widowed mother, whom she chiefly supported by her labours as a lacemaker, and many a weary day, and still more weary night, did the young and patient girl toil at her monotonous employ, to procure for her aged and declining parent the little luxuries to which in better days she had been accustomed.

Aline was a general favourite. Her habits of industry, and her attention to her parent, would have alone ensured her universal esteem; and to these advantages were added the attractions of a figure which, though *petite*, was extremely graceful and pleasing, and a face which, without being strikingly handsome, presented in its healthful and blooming tints, its air of feeling and intelligence, and in particular, in the animated yet gentle expression of the eye, many of the most attractive charms of youth and loveliness. And then Aline was *si bonne et si sage*; her companions of her own sex all loved as much as they admired her, and the young men were only emulous to show her attentions and to win her favour. At the little *fête*, or the Sunday dance, each was anxious to be her *cavalier*; and happy was he who could lure her for a while from the side of her mother, to whom she was unremitting in her attentions, and gain her as his partner in the waltz or the quadrille.



Among those who strove to win her smiles, none seemed more constant in his *devoirs*, or more favourably received by their object, than the youthful Theodore Bellon, a *commis* in a house from which Aline frequently received commissions in the way of her employment. It is true that she was too young and too much occupied with her parent to cherish in herself or to encourage in her lover a serious passion, while his attentions were paid to her rather, as the French phrase it, *en jeune homme*, than as the offerings of a serious and permanent attachment; yet it was impossible not to perceive that a sympathy was growing up between them, which might in time ripen to a stronger feeling. And many were the friends of Aline who looked grave on the matter, and shook their heads when any one mentioned the name of Theodore, and wished that he was better and more deserving, for the general opinion was, that she was too good to be his wife.

True, he was handsome, singularly handsome; his colossal height and masculine air and looks contrasted strongly with the slight form and delicate features of his young and gentle *amante*; but then he was so *volage*, so thoughtless; his mind was acute, and his heart was kind; but he was thoughtless and desultory, if not dissipated. While engaged at his occupation, it is true, he was sufficiently atten-

tive; but the moment he was released from the *comptoir*, he flew to the *café* and the *billard*, where his time was passed amid worthless companions and idle pursuits.

It would be both untrue and unjust towards Aline to say that she perceived not the faults of her lover, but unhappily she saw them only to overlook or to excuse them. Of all the gentle and hallowed sympathies of woman, there is perhaps none which is more congenial with her nature, yet certainly none more frequently destructive of her happiness and her peace, than the disposition to which she is ever prone to invest the whole of her feelings in the object of her attachment, and to palliate or forgive those faults, which her better reason cannot but condemn. How often is the remonstrance of friends urged, yet urged in vain, to convince her that the being on whom she has fixed her choice is unworthy of her love; that there is between them none of that union of mind and feeling, of that sympathy of tastes and pursuits, of sorrows and of joys, without which happiness must be hoped for in vain; and how often does her own judgment accord with these dictates of friendship and of prudence only to be over-ruled by the stronger and more prevailing impulse of her affections. Aline, unknown to others, possibly even to herself, had conceived for Theodore an attachment

which, if it blinded her not to his failings, at least induced her to forget them; in a word she loved him; chastely, delicately, yet still fervently loved him; and when was woman's love capable of being destroyed, or possibly even diminished, by the mere imperfections of its object?

Among the various friends whom the gentleness and filial piety of Aline had attached to her, was the still young and accomplished and beautiful Rosalie de Villette, who, having been deprived of her mother at an age when others are just entering on the gay scenes of the world, had determined on quitting them, and had exchanged the allurements of society for the solitude of a cloister, by becoming an inmate of the convent of Grey Sisters, at Arras. Gentle and amiable herself, she felt a powerful sympathy for these qualities in Aline, whom she invited to pay her visits, whenever her leisure permitted, and by judicious advice to herself, and kind attentions and occasional presents to her mother, won the love and confidence of the affectionate girl.

Matters thus went on; the quiet drama of Aline's life proceeded, unmarked by any incident of grave importance, undisturbed, save by the natural anxiety arising from the declining state of her mother's health, or by the occasional indiscretions of Theodore, who, we regret to say, far from

exhibiting any amelioration of character or conduct, only became more and more thoughtless and imprudent, and not unfrequently was betrayed into *escapades*, which, though of no very serious moment, called for the interposition of Aline, while they had also the effect of convincing her how strong was the interest which she felt in his well-being.

Meanwhile an unforeseen event of considerable importance had taken place. The revolution of July had changed the political relations of France. An augmentation of the army was determined on, and a numerous conscription was ordered. Aline heard the intelligence with an emotion which surprised herself, for she knew that Theodore was liable to the fatal chance, and thus became, perhaps for the first time, seriously aware of the interest with which he had inspired her. The dreaded day of the *tirage* arrived; the young men assembled at the Mairie, around the urn of fate, which, on this occasion, was represented by the cocked hat of Monsieur le Maire; himself an *ancien militaire*, to draw the important lots which were to decide their future destination. And with what different sentiments did they approach the ordeal: the greater part, with the true feelings of Frenchmen, looked forward to prospects of novelty and glory, and victory and renown; a few viewed the charm with apprehension and dismay; while

some regarded the scene with an expression of at least assumed indifference, an air of careless quiet, and even pleasure, which was perhaps little in accordance with their real emotions.

Among the latter number was Theodore; he put on an appearance of self-possession and ease, which it evidently cost him much to maintain, traversed the apartment with hurried steps, and when the *appel* came on, and he was called, hastened to the hat and drew his name; alas! it was one of those destined for the *départ*, and Theodore beheld himself about to be torn from his home and his Aline.

The intelligence of the destiny of her lover speedily reached her. At first she was overwhelmed by the fatal news, yet soon recovered sufficient self-possession to contemplate the calamity with calmness, and to take measures to avert it. Her earliest proceeding was to see Theodore; but when she did so, her regrets were sadly increased by finding him elevated with wine, to which he had flown as the only escape from his feelings.

She entered the apartment with eager steps, yet with downcast eyes, and anxiously inquired if the fatal intelligence were true.

“*O pour ça, oui!*” said her lover, “I must e’en go—and leave thee, *ma pauvre Aline!*”

“But is there no resource, no hope?” she asked, eager, like every child of misfortune, to find if possible a way of escape from her calamity.

“*O pour ça, non, faut obéir à l'honneur, tu sais,*” and under the influence of wine, he began to sing vociferously—

“Allons, enfans, de la patrie,  
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!”

“*Mais encore donc, cher Théodor,*” said the affectionate girl, “there is a resource. *Un remplaçant dis donc.* Little Bernard, the *épicier*, tells me he has found a substitute, and why not thou?”

“*Ah v’la ce que c’est ; c’petit matin là ;* he is not tall enough for a drummer-boy, and he’ll get a *remplaçant* for almost nothing ; *mais pour moi, c’est une autre affaire ;* they would make a grenadier of me ; a substitute would cost 500 or 600 francs, *et tu sais bien, pour moi, je n’ai pas tant de sous. Faut partir alors,—que veux-tu donc ?*” and he was about finishing the couplet which she had interrupted before.

But even he was melted and subdued, when the gentle girl, twining her fair arms around his neck, and laying her small head in his bosom, burst into a fit of wild, irrepressible sorrow. Recovering slowly, she lifted up her still streaming eyes to his, and inquired—



“ *Comment ! cinq ou six cent francs, dis-tu ? c’est beaucoup, c’est trop.* ”

“ *Dame ! j’sais bien que c’est trop, mais q’veux-tu toi ; on n’a pas des hommes pour des chansons !* ”

“ *Et tu n’as rien ?* ” she inquired, in a tone of despair.

“ *Pas un liard,* ” he replied, with a mournful shake of the head.

“ *Mais, mon Dieu, que faire ?* ” she exclaimed ; *mais dis donc, Théodor, écoute un instant ;* ” and she placed her small hand on her lover’s arm, to win attention to her words. “ I have some money, a little, very little sum in the *Caisse d’épargne*, which I had placed there unknown to *pauvre maman* ; it was intended to provide for her last illness, and her interment ; for,” she wept as she spoke, “ at her age, and with her infirmities, I cannot hope to be blest with her very long. Now I will take this sum, will save more, will work day and night to increase it, will apply to my friends, will—”

But the feelings of Theodore, who was by no means destitute of generosity, revolted at such a step. “ *Comment, mon Aline, dost thou take me for a lâche like that, to rob thee of thy earnings, and take the money thou hast saved for thy poor mother, and spend it to save me from becoming a brave, and perhaps an officier ?* ”

But mild and gentle as Aline ever was, she on

this occasion evinced a firmness of purpose, and a determination of conduct, which all the remonstrances of her lover were insufficient to overcome. She assured him that expostulation was vain, that her plans were fixed and unalterable, that she intended forthwith applying to his employer to request him to become responsible to the authorities for a substitute (*garant*), and that if even 500 francs were required, she despaired not of raising the amount in the course of two months, the time allowed by the regulations of the service for that purpose.

She then left her lover, conjuring him to take no more wine, and leave her to make her own arrangements. "*Plus de vin, et laisse moi faire, mon Théodor,*" were her last words as she imprinted a parting kiss on his flushed and heated cheek.

Aline retired to her humble home, and passed a sleepless night in deploring the calamity which had overtaken her lover and herself, and devising plans for averting it. And now, in fact, it was that she felt all the severity of the infliction, all the difficulty of her situation. Who, indeed, among us has not found that the moment of affliction itself is less severe than those which either precede or follow it! When called on to pass through the fiery trial, we summon our resolution and strengthen our energies to the task, and often endure it with a courage and a

fortitude which surprise even ourselves: but it is in the seasons of solitude, the long hours of meditation, that we feel the full weight of our calamity, and bewail the difficulties of our lot,—as the gay and gallant soldier braves the dangers of the battle, but sinks beneath the sufferings and privations of the march and the bivouac, and all the tedious and wasting endurances of the long campaign.

When Aline reclined on her pillow, and contemplated the sum necessary for her lover's release, her heart sank within her, as she felt the all but impossibility of achieving the object; the sum was so large, her earnings so few and small, while from Theodore himself, owing to his habits of imprudence, no assistance could be hoped—all, she felt, must depend on herself. With that energy, however, which is ever the characteristic of a virtuous mind, and a worthy purpose, she determined not to sink under these difficulties, but rather to redouble her exertions, in order, if possible, to accomplish the end. “At least, I will endeavour to save him,” was her last resolve, as with a prayer to the Virgin and the saints she resigned herself to repose. Early next morning she rose, and went on her mission of love. Her first visit was to the *comptoir* of M. B—, the employer of Theodore, to whom she recounted the sad story of his having become a conscript, and her own determi-

nation, if possible, to procure a *remplaçant*, and as a *garant* was necessary, might she entreat that M. B—— would undertake the responsibility; it was much to ask, but it was to save one whom he had long known, and who had served him with fidelity. M. B—— might rely on her honour, and on that of Theodore; and—

She was interrupted by the worthy man, who shook his head at her hopes of raising such a sum as 500 francs; yet reflecting, on the other hand, that Theodore had some claims on his kindness, that the youth would be constantly under his own *surveillance*; and sharing in that general esteem which all who knew Aline cherished for her character, and feeling it impossible to refuse aiding her generous resolve, he at once complied with her request, and undertook the security required.

Aline scarcely allowed herself time to thank him for his benevolence, but eagerly hastened to her only friend, the *religieuse* of the Grey Convent. To her with some difficulty she summoned resolution to explain the circumstances in which she was placed, and the resolution she had adopted to save her lover; but her friend saw much of difficulty and objection in the determination which poor Aline had overlooked or forgotten.

“*Ma pauvre Aline,*” said her friend, in whose mind the sympathies of youth were mingled with

the prudence of maturer years; “think on the effort thou art about to make. The sum is large beyond thy means of raising; and I cannot conceal that the person for whose benefit it is intended has been represented to me as scarcely deserving so hard a sacrifice. But *voyons*, what means hast thou of amassing the sum?”

Aline briefly detailed her little resources, the amount in the *Caisse d'épargnes*, the sacrifice and sale of her little stock of ornaments, some trifles of dress, and her own earnings during the ensuing two months.

“But,” interposed her friend, “hast thou two deposits invested in the bank? I have heard thee speak of but one; and that thou hast assured me was destined as a provision for the illness or the last obsequies of thy parent. It is not surely this sum which thou wouldst alienate from so sacred a purpose!”

The tears of Aline fell fast, and her hands were mechanically clasped together as she answered that it was.

“Against such a disposal,” replied her adviser, “I should most decidedly object. That deposit my Aline must consider sacred, nor can she hope that Heaven will bless her exertions if she appropriate to another purpose a sum which she has already consecrated as an offering of filial grati-

tude and piety. *Non, mon enfant*, be thy arrangements as they may, this money can form no part of thy lover's ransom. Even he, had he the spirit of a man, would scorn to extort such a sacrifice, or to owe his safety to the perversion of a fund, however small and trifling, which is destined to so hallowed an object!"

Aline's heart died within her, as she remembered that Theodore himself, unthinking and reckless as he was, had repelled such a mode of appropriation; and an additional pang was supplied by the still small voice of conscience, which whispered in her bosom the criminality of resolving, even under the exigency of the circumstances in which Theodore was placed, to divert from its sacred purpose a fund which filial piety and tenderness claimed as their own.

"Be it understood, then," said her counsellor, "that the sum reserved for thy mother shall form no portion of thy lover's redemption; this thou wilt promise, and I hold thee engaged for the performance. But *mon amie* has omitted the chief source whence the supply ought to be obtained,—the conscript himself,—the young man, how much does he supply?"

And Aline felt a *désespoir* which words could not express, and which she could only declare by her weeping eyes and clasped hands, as she sobbed out



the confession that he could or would contribute nothing; that owing to the state of destitution, occasioned by his desultory habits, it was in vain to hope aught from him.

“It is at this moment of her little history,” observed my friend, “while she is listening in hopeless despair to the remonstrances of the nun, that I have chosen to depict her.”

“How,” exclaimed her friend, “and would my Aline labour beyond her strength, and deprive herself of all she possesses, to benefit a person who is unable or unwilling to contribute to his own redemption and assist himself, but would be indebted for his liberty to the exertions of a gentle, and delicate, and devoted girl, who is ready to endure all for his sake?” and she reprobated, in no measured terms, the character and conduct of such a being.

Poor Aline could not but feel that the greater part, if not the whole, of this censure was deserved; yet her woman’s love, — fond, confiding to the last, — induced her to undertake, as best she could, the defence of her erring lover. True, he was thoughtless, she said, imprudent; but then, *il avait le cœur si bon, si franc!* and admitting that he had his faults, yet surely these would not be improved by his becoming a soldier, a life little calculated to correct idleness or dissipation;

while by redeeming him from such a career, it might be hoped that his character would be improved, and he would become a worthy member of the community; at least, if her friend saw no other difficulty, Aline was disposed to make the trial.

“ My only objection is already stated,” replied her adviser; “ *ma pauvre petite* will perhaps destroy herself for the sake of saving one who is unworthy such devotion; but the *Sainte Vierge* forbid, *mon enfant*, that I should prevent thy charitable efforts. Adieu, then, and may thy good work prosper !”

Aline slowly and mournfully left the presence of her friend, her interview with whom had only raised a new, yet she felt a just obstacle, in addition to those which had previously existed. “ Yes,” she exclaimed, “ I will exert myself,—I will, at least, endeavour to save him; and if he has only a heart, he will feel and bless my efforts for his redemption.”

At an early opportunity Aline acquainted Theodore with her resolve, and her gentle and kind heart painted, *en couleur de rose*, the prospects of his liberation. M. B—— would be his *garant*, that was settled, *une affaire finie*; “ and I, dearest Theodore, will work day and night; and *pauvre maman*, I hope, will be spared; and thou shalt not leave us; and we will be united,—will be

happy ;"—and she hid her glowing features in his bosom.

And Theodore was moved, deeply moved,—for the moment,—and promised amendment ; but, alas ! remembered his promise only while in the presence of Aline. When absent from her he but too speedily relapsed into his former habits of idleness and dissipation.

Aline, however, followed up her determination with all the energy of woman's love. She arose before the dawn, and protracted her toil far into the night ; hoping, wishing, persuading herself, that her task would be accomplished, and her lover redeemed.

And at first matters went prosperously, for she was skilful at her art, and her light fingers wrought with such rapidity and delicacy, that fairy hands might have seemed to have lent their aid to her tasks ; and a bird in the air had whispered the matter, and she received so many commissions that her laces were bought from her pillow as soon as finished, and were paid, and overpaid, by the kindness of those by whom her little enterprise was known. Five or six weeks had thus flowed on, and Aline's little system of finance presented a really favourable appearance, and she relieved the tedium of her work by her calculations, and these were her reckonings on its results. *D'abord,*

there was the produce of her trinkets,—mere useless things; she did not want them, not she, indeed, —*cent vingt francs, suppose; et alors*, she had in her possession *à peu près cent francs en bons écus; et puis*, in three weeks' time, she should have *pour cent cinquante francs* work finished and ready; *et puis Théodor*, if he could raise something,—but she had heard that he was still thoughtless and trifling, and she feared she could expect nothing from him,—but then the *bon Dieu*, and the *Sainte Vierge*, and all the saints, would aid her, and she should raise the sum without touching the deposit saved for her mother; and she must, yes, she would succeed, and be happy!

But alas! this prosperous state of things was not destined to continue; and just as the close of the term approached, her mother was seized with sudden and alarming indisposition, and Aline was forced to quit her work and attend beside her parent's couch; a duty which her filial feelings alone would have prompted her to fulfil, but which was rendered indispensable by the habits of the invalid, who, long accustomed to the gentle attentions of Aline, would suffer no other attendant near her couch, and would take no medicine or nourishment save that administered by her hands.

By the vigilant attention of Aline, her parent was again restored; but the interruption of her

usual toils completely disturbed the projects of the gentle and patient girl. On her mother's recovery, she flew to her labours with redoubled eagerness; but, alas! her constitution had been rudely shaken by anxiety and labour; her hands refused their office, her eyes were no longer able to trace the filaments of her task, nor her weak and fragile frame to support even the effort of sitting uninterruptedly at her work. She became seriously, alarmingly ill, and her malady was increased by the regret she felt at being compelled to abandon her exertions, and to behold her dearly-cherished hopes destroyed when on the eve of completion. But there was no resource; a fever raged in her veins, pains of excruciating anguish seized her head, and threatened to drive reason from its seat.

And time passed on amid these sufferings, and the fatal day of Theodore's term approached. So nearly had she arrived at the object of her wishes, that she could have completed the amount required, by adding to it the sum reserved for her mother in the *Caisse d'épargne*; but this step she felt herself forbidden to take. Her friend was right; it was a sacred deposit—an offering of filial affection—poor, indeed, and small, compared with the debt of gratitude which she owed to her parent; but sacred, consecrated, given as an offering to duty and affection, which she had promised never to

appropriate, and which no necessity should induce her to violate.

And day after day wore on, and the fatal term drew near, and Theodore, she heard, was careless and idle, and seemed as willing to go as to remain, and the *médecin* pronounced her worse; for her anxiety increased with the approach of that period to which she looked forward with so much dread. And, alas! it came and passed away; and it was impossible to conceal from Aline the dire intelligence that Theodore had departed.

This cruel annihilation of her hope, this frustration of an object to which she had devoted her care, her health, her life, overpowered her slight remaining strength; she sank rapidly, in a few days her friends were summoned to her couch, to receive her last farewell; and mournful indeed was the aspect of that sad sick-room and its sorrowing inmates. By the pillow of the sweet sufferer sat her parent, herself oppressed with age and sickness, yet forgetting all her own afflictions in the hope of ministering to the wants, and soothing the sorrows of her departing child; at the opposite side was the *religieuse*, clasping in her hand the thin attenuated fingers of the dying girl, and lifting her fine eyes to heaven in the attitude and act of prayer. On a sudden a noise was heard on the stair, the door was rapidly yet noiselessly opened,



and Theodore, in the guise of a conscript, for he indeed was the intruder, rushed to the couch only in time to behold the closing scene.

“*Mon Aline!*” he exclaimed, shocked at the sad alteration of her face and looks; “what, shall we lose thee, sweet one?—No, no;—look up, my love, and live for thy mother, and for me!”

As on hearing his voice she lifted her pale face from its pillow, she first caught sight of his uniform. “My fears, then, are true,” she exclaimed; “thou art a soldier, my Theodore, and I have laboured and loved in vain;” and turning from the unwilling spectacle, she plunged her face in her pillow, and wept aloud.

“No,” he eagerly exclaimed; “no, my Aline, I am no soldier now. Some angel of goodness last evening sent my ransom, and with it the intelligence of thy malady. I have marched all night to see thee, to bid thee hope, and live, and be happy.”

But the dying girl shook her head as she mournfully ejaculated, “Too late! too late!”

“Not so; not so;” ejaculated the repentant youth; “live; for my sake, live! O my Aline, what misery have I not occasioned thee; what retribution do I not owe thee! Live, that thy Theodore may make thee at least some atonement, and win thy forgiveness, thy love!”

A sweet yet mournful smile illumined her faded features as she gently whispered, "My forgiveness, Theodore, thou hast it now; I pardon and love thee as I have ever loved." But she enquired, as her voice grew weaker, "Thy ransom, Theodore—who—who?"—and she paused from exhaustion.

On this point he could afford no information, but her own acute though failing powers furnished the truth, as, turning to the *religieuse*, and pressing her hand within her wasted fingers, "'Tis thy work, dear and only friend," she feebly said; "poor Aline gives her thanks; and Theodore and dear *maman* thank thee too—and more could I say—but—but—speech is painful, and my eyes grow dim;" then feebly grasping in her own the hand of her mother, of Theodore, and her friend, and raising them to her lips, she impressed on each in turn a faint but burning kiss, faltered out a blessing on all, sank back on her pillow; and, with the words, *Theodor, pardon,*" her gentle spirit fled!

## WITH A NOSEGAY.

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I BRING thee flowers !—for they resemble thee  
In many a gift and grace ; like thee they breathe  
Of beauty and of bliss ; and round them wreathe  
All thoughts and joys that gentlest, holiest be !

I bring thee flowers !—for in their forms I see  
Thy own sweet charms reflected—youth and bloom ;  
And beauties that thy face and form illumine,  
Endeared to all, but dearest far to me !

I bring thee flowers !—what off'ring could I find  
So meet for one so blest and fair as thou ?  
Their lovely tints outshone by thy soft brow,  
Their odours sweet exceeded by thy mind !  
To Beauty's self I come, from Beauty's bowers,  
Accept their gift and mine ;—sweet one, I bring thee  
flowers !

## DREAMS.

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“ Nec pes nec caput uni  
Reddatur formæ.”—HORACE.

“ There’s no making head or tail of ’em.”  
FREE HAMILTONIAN TRANSLATION.

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Does any one know of a bigger bore,  
Than the horrid bore of dreaming?  
To be tumbled and toss’d the whole night o’er,  
Perplexing, worrying, scheming?  
As if ’twere not enough, the while ’tis light,  
To be harass’d and worried double;  
But a man must be plung’d all the blessed night  
In seas of boundless trouble!

Scarce can I venture at night to lay  
My head on its weary pillow;  
When Fancy bids me awake and away,  
Far, far, over land and billow!  
And we fly with stronger and swifter wings,  
Than e’er witch or wizard flew;  
And see more wild and wondrous things  
Than enchantment ever knew!

I haste where in Zembla's halls of ice  
Stern Winter holds his throne ;  
And at Fancy's call, I am back in a trice  
To the realms of the burning zone !  
And now I roam by the sunny stream  
Of the Rhone, or the Guadalquiver ;  
Or wander, transported in Fancy's dream,  
On the banks of far Swan River !

I'm cross—I'm pleased—I'm gay—I'm sad—  
I sorrow and I thrive ;  
I'm well—I'm ill—I'm wild—I'm mad—  
I'm dead—and I'm buried alive !  
And I struggle and gasp for vital air,  
Till with pain and madness haunted,—  
*I pray to die, with that horrid prayer,*  
*Which fears what it asks may be granted !*

Instead of a bachelor, free from strife,  
I have married my own first cousin ;  
I've a smoking house, and a scolding wife,  
And of squalling brats a dozen !  
I'm learning the flute at the risk of my lungs,  
With a patience most deserving ;—  
And I'm fagging away at the unknown tongues,  
Taking lessons of Parson Irving !

I'm requested to play with my old aunt Prim,  
What she calls a friendly rubber ;  
And an Esquimaux begs that I'll dine with him,  
At their lord mayor's feast, on blubber !

I receive a note from my lady fair,  
And seal'd with her signet-ring ;  
But when I open the billet rare,  
'Tis signed by—Muster Swing !

Old Mrs. Tims's youngest girl,  
So people say, is pretty ;—  
She has sweet blue eyes, and teeth of pearl,  
And the young men think her witty !  
So I fell in love with Sarah Tims,  
Without any more suggestion ;  
And to complete the chain of whims,  
As quickly popt the question ;

The lady looked up, and the lady looked down,  
On her shoe and her white silk stocking ;—  
And she said that if her mamma should frown,  
She feared 'twould be vastly shocking !—  
So I flew to mamma, on my purpose rife,  
But before I could get her answer,—  
I'd been married a year, run away from my wife,  
And gone off with an opera dancer !

I've been all that's wrong, from singeing Long,  
To Thurtell, Burke, and Corder ;—  
And the night before last I was tried and cast,  
And was going to be hanged for murder !  
And curses rung from every tongue,  
Each face wore a dire expression ;  
And I hear men cry, before I die,  
My last speech and confession !



And the clergy conjure me, on life's dark brink,  
To confess my wicked way ;  
And my weak brain turns, till I almost think,  
*That I am the thing they say !—*  
So I give one thought, sweet love, on thee,  
And still farther to carry the farce on,  
I own my guilt at the gallows-tree,  
And shake hands with Jack Ketch and the parson !

And at length I give the fatal sign,  
'Mid women's shrieks and crying ;  
The bolt is drawn, and loos'd the line,  
And I'm struggling, strangling, dying !  
But ere my parting soul is loose,  
And to other realms is carried,  
I find my neck in a different noose,—  
And now I am going to be married.

And my bride has twenty thousand charms  
Of pocket and of person ;  
And what a theme are her wedded arms,  
To write delightful verse on !  
She's doubtless a being of beauty and grace,  
An all-enchanting creature ;—  
But her long white veil so hides her face,  
I can't make out a feature !

But to marry a wife whom I never have seen,  
Seems rather beyond a joke,  
And wedding her thus behind a screen,  
Like buying a pig in a poke !—

So when to pledge the fatal vow  
We stand before the altar ;  
My spirits sink, and, I scarce know how,  
My courage begins to falter ;

While she mutters like a solemn dunce,  
In a tone that moves one's laughter,  
Those vows which ladies—promise once—  
And break—their whole lives after !—  
But, 'tis done, and I tear the veil aside,  
With eager hand and ready,  
When my worst of fears are verified—  
I have married the pig-faced lady !

I have been where torment never ends,  
Where the souls of lost ones be !  
I have been with music, with books, with friends,  
I have been, sweet love, with thee !  
Like a seraph, sent from realms above,  
For a moment thou wast given,  
And trouble was changed to bliss and love,  
And my visions were all of heaven !

And blissful hopes, and hallowed themes,  
Made all my joys divine ;  
Thou wast the spirit of my dreams,  
And my thoughts were of thee and thine !  
And do thou but cheer my wild dreams by night,  
And my wilder dreams by day ;—  
And I'll think life's heaviest trials light,  
Let Fate bring what it may !

## THE RING.

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THE unfortunate Conradin, of the house of Hohenstaufen, had terminated his course on the scaffold, which the hatred of his foes had erected for him at Naples; a similar fate awaited his friends and adherents, and nearly all the survivors who possessed the means of flight hastened to seek in the wilds of nature—in inaccessible mountains or deep impenetrable forests—a refuge from the persecutions of enmity and revenge.

Among those who thus fled from the hate of their foes, there was perhaps none whose fate excited a more lively interest than the young Count Giuliano di Cotalto, who sought, amid the natural fastnesses of the Abruzzi, a retreat from the rage of his pursuers. Of the same age with the hapless Conradin, and allied to that unhappy prince by ties of strictest friendship, he ceased not to mourn his death, and to wait an opportunity to avenge his fate; and thus became particularly obnoxious to the ruling powers, who set a price on his head, and left no means untried of ensnaring

his person within their power. But Count Julian was brave, active, and intrepid; protected by the almost impenetrable nature of the region to which he had retreated, he defied alike the power and ingenuity of his persecutors, and evaded all their endeavours to deprive him of liberty or of life.

Here, amid the wildest and most savage scenes, surrounded by companions whom the same necessity had driven to seek the same refuge, he exchanged the delights of the city and the court for the seclusion and danger of the outlaw's life; while a deeper pang was added to his sorrows in being forced from the object of his attachment, the young and beautiful Bianca, his cousin, the only daughter of his maternal uncle, the Marchese di Pignatelli, who, having embraced the opposite party, resided at Naples, guarded by the protection, and favoured with the friendship of the dominant power.

No great interval had elapsed after the expulsion of Count Julian, when the Marchese was summoned, by the illness of a relation, to visit Ortona, a town, the road to which lay partly through the Abruzzi district, and traversed some of its most lonely and wildest passes. The dangers of such an expedition would, under other circumstances, have deterred the Marchese from attempting the journey; but the illness of his aged relative

admitted neither hesitation nor delay: she had forwarded an urgent entreaty that she might again behold the Marchese and his daughter, and then, and not before, her missive added, should she be enabled to close her eyes in peace.

No course remained but to undertake the dreaded expedition, and the Marchese, with his daughter, set out, attended by a whole cavalcade of attendants, servants, and, above all, by a numerous body of the retainers of his house, fully armed and equipped, to repulse the attacks of the outlaws, should such be made.

The journey proceeded prosperously enough, till on the third evening from leaving the capital they reached a defile of most fearful and suspicious character. Two vast overhanging rocks joined erewhile together, but rent in sunder by one of those convulsions of which this region bears so many traces, still approached each other at their upper verge so closely as almost to shut out the light of day, leaving a narrow, rough, and insecure defile as the only pathway between them; while their sides, hollowed out by various fissures of the rock, and overgrown with shrubs, afforded means of covert and ambush, protected and concealed by which a small band of assailants might arrest the progress of a mighty host. The Marchese was a soldier, an old experienced leader; he saw the

difficulty and danger of the pass, and feared not for himself, but for the lovely and precious treasure which he was about to place in peril.

But there was no time for delay; the leading soldiers of the cavalcade had already entered the path, through which they were able to advance only in single files. Those in front had proceeded some distance in safety, the whole train was now entangled in the ravine, when an attack, fierce and furious, and directed from unseen assailants, was made at once on the front, centre, and rear of the procession. Arrows, spears, and darts, were discharged; masses of stone loosened from the sides of the rock were hurled on the intruders; while the attacking party were so hidden in the clefts of the precipices, or so screened by the trees and bushes, as to remain completely obscured from view, and sheltered from retaliation. Several of the party were levelled to the earth; many of the horses were wounded and terrified by the discharge of missiles; and an arrow piercing the noble palfrey which bore the lady Bianca, the affrighted animal plunged madly forward, while its alarmed burthen screamed wildly in terror, and her agonized father urged his courser onwards, vainly striving to catch the rein, which she had dropped, and calling wildly, "Bianca; oh, save my Bianca, my beloved, my lost, my sacrificed child!" Scarcely had that name



reverberated among the rude rocks and wild recesses of this savage scene, than a louder cry re-echoed over the noise and tumult of the fight. A voice noble and commanding, ordered a cessation of arms, and the figure of a youthful warrior was seen standing on a pinnacle of the precipice, and in gestures and tones of authority bidding the tempest of the attack to cease. It was—yes, it was—Count Giuliano, in the garb of an outlaw, ordering his associates to suspend their warfare, and spare the loved one, whose name had reached his ear. Perceiving at the same time the danger to which she was exposed from the fright of her wounded steed, he leaped from crag to crag, from rock to rock, till he seized the rein, and stopped the startled animal.

Ere he could effect this purpose, she had sunk in a state of insensibility on the creature's neck, and all the cares of the Count, together with those of her attendants, were required, ere she could be restored to consciousness.

“Bianca, my own love,” he cried, as at length reviving, she slowly and wildly gazed around; “awake, and fear not; no evil shall befall thee or thine while thy Giuliano is here to protect thee.”

“But oh!” she exclaimed, “in what a guise do I behold thee: an outlaw; thy occupation, violence or murder; thy companions, the outcasts of the world.”

“Nay, lady; ’tis no time for parley, else could I reproach those friends of thine and of thy sire, who have shed the blood of our noblest Italian youth on the scaffold, or driven them forth as wanderers on the earth. But time is precious. You are journeying towards Ortona, and purpose resting to-night at Lanciano. Thus much our scouts had informed me; thy name alone was unknown, or, believe me, no ill should have chanced to thee or thine. The way is dreary and dangerous; you are liable to attack from other of our bands; allow me, therefore, to be for some distance your escort.”

The request would have been declined by the Marchese, who had now joined the youthful pair, but Giuliano urged its expediency, nay, its necessity, with so much force and clearness, that it was found impossible to refuse the offer.

For a brief, too brief, a space, then, did he journey side by side with the object of his love, and enjoy one of those delicious interviews, which those who love ever find too short, however lengthened their duration, and too few and far between, however frequent their recurrence.

They had long passed beyond that part of the country which Count Giuliano had described as dangerous, and the walls and towers of Ortona were seen in the distance, when the Marchese, who had before vainly endeavoured to give sundry

hints, now urged the Count to consult his own safety by withdrawing; and won by the courtesy and gallant bearing of his kinsman, expressed in lively terms his gratitude for that protection and rescue from danger which he had afforded.

“I trust, Signor Marchese,” said the Count, “that all danger is now past, yet I can scarcely assure you that you are safe from attack. I can, however, furnish you with a safeguard for your protection. Will my sweet Bianca,” he said, “accept a talisman which shall protect her against such evil? Take this ring; it is the last gift of the unhappy Conradin, my regretted friend and master. It is composed of emeralds and rubies, shaped, as thou seest, in form of that regal crown which he wore, alas! for too brief a space, and is surmounted by the holy cross; while beneath is placed a heart, the image of our friendship!” And thus saying, he gently took the forefinger of her right hand, and placed on it the ring, the brightness and beauty of whose tints were only outshone by the dazzling whiteness of the skin with which they were contrasted.

“If attacked,” he added, “by any of the bands who range these wild districts, you have only to show this ring, and you will be secure from insult and injury. And, further, if you wish aught of Giuliano, send me but this ring, and the summons shall be instantly obeyed.”

“*Grazie, mille grazie,*” replied the Marchese, as he acknowledged the courtesy of their protector: and the fair object of his care, too much agitated to express her feelings by words, could only reply by the mute but potent eloquence of tears to the passionate adieu of Giuliano, as after placing the gem on her hand, he raised it gently and reverentially to his lips, and imprinted on it a kiss of fervent adoration.

The cavalcade passed on without further molestation or impediment. The Marchese arrived just in time to receive the last sighs of his relative, and to hear her name his Bianca as her heir. After awaiting the obsequies of his friend, the Marchese set out on his return, which was accomplished in perfect safety, and with no repetition of such an accident as had marked its outset.

Meanwhile the strange and singular adventure which had befallen him formed the subject of general conversation and remark, and all who constituted the escort of the Marchese were loud in their praise of the conduct of Giuliano. The men could not but admire the soldier-like skill and ability with which he availed himself of the advantages of his position for attacking the cavalcade; as well as the gallantry and self-devotion with which, nimble as the chamois of those rocks, he had leaped from point to point to rescue his

Bianca from danger; while the waiting maids, who formed part of the procession, were all admiration of his form and face, and Bianca could hear on all sides nothing but his praise.

“Such eyes, *Marchesina*,” said little Margaretta, the youngest and prettiest of her train; “such a look: fierce and terrible in war, and when frowning defiance to the men; but so sweet, so soft, so gentle, when he looks at you, *Signorina*. Well, you are formed for each other, and that’s the truth!”

On their return to Naples the affair was still more noised abroad, and at length reached the ears of the Duca di ———; who, being on terms of intimacy with the Marchese and the Lady Bianca, sent a mission requesting to be favoured with a sight of the ring, and a narration of the adventure of which it was the subject. The Marchese requested his daughter to relax so far from her usual rule (for she never allowed the ring to leave her finger), as to favour a nobleman so highly elevated in rank, and so favoured with the confidence of his sovereign, by inspecting the jewel; and Bianca, in spite of a secret foreboding, which urged her, in this one instance at least, to refuse compliance with the wishes of a parent, allowed her father to transmit the ring to the duke for his inspection. Some days passed away



without the object being returned, and she could not but miss the gem on which she was daily, hourly, accustomed to look; nay, she felt certain misgivings as to the propriety of having allowed it to leave her possession.

She had even determined to mention the matter to her father, and to remonstrate on the detention of her treasure, when one morning she heard from the high windows of her apartment a noise and tumult in the streets, and was about to inquire the cause, when Margaretta rushed in, her face in a glow of rage, her bright eyes on fire with passion.

“O *Signorina!*” she exclaimed; “such a calamity has happened. The Count Guiliano is taken captive, and led to prison.”

“Giuliano—captive—prison!” were the only sounds re-echoed by the horror-stricken girl.

“Yes, *Marchesina*, ’tis too true. I saw him myself while hastening from mass, looking noble though a captive, and proud though bound in chains, frowning the same defiance at the insults of the mob, as when he so fiercely assaulted our procession in the Abruzzi pass.”

“But how,” Bianca at length regained composure to inquire, “how has he been ensnared?”

“In the usual way, *Signorina*; a woman is the cause. I do believe our precious sex never will



leave off imitating their mother Eve, and doing all the mischief they can, while the world shall endure. Cruel, treacherous wretch ! if I had her here, I would tear her eyes out; and ”—

But her attention was directed to her unhappy mistress, on whose mind the dreadful truth had dawned, and who guessed with that fatal certainty which so often forebodes evil, that she had been made the innocent means of her cousin's destruction. Too late she perceived the imprudence of which she had been guilty, in allowing the ring to pass from her possession ; for she doubted not that it had been obtained with a view to entrap and betray him. Her fatal forebodings were shortly after confirmed ; and a little inquiry sufficed to convince her, that her father and herself had been made the unsuspecting instruments for ensnaring and capturing him, and that the ring, sent with a pretended message from herself, had induced him to repair unattended to a spot where he was speedily overpowered, and brought a prisoner to the capital. Together with this intelligence, she also learned that his hours were numbered ; that his trial, a mere mockery and form in those days of cruelty and outrage, was fixed to take place almost immediately, within the walls of his dungeon, which he would quit only for the scaffold.

What intelligence was this for one who loved as Bianca loved, to find that herself and her parent had been made the tools of a crooked and cruel state policy; had unsuspectingly contributed to the destruction of a relative; in short, that she had become the murderess of that being, on whom all her hopes of happiness were fixed. The thought was madness, and reason could scarce support the very reflection.

Her despair was increased by considering that the calamity was utterly hopeless, and admitted of neither relief nor consolation. To have attempted to soften the hearts of his foes a moment's consideration convinced her were an endeavour, which would have only embittered his fate, or increased the sufferings he was destined to undergo.

One poor consolation alone remained, and this her woman's heart, the shrine of native honour, and feeling, and truth, prompted her to seek. She could, she was aware, readily procure means of access to his prison, and she determined to visit him there, to explain the cruel, the treacherous deceit which had been practised; to undeceive him as to the cause which had led to his captivity and his death; to avow her unalterable love; to breathe a prayer that Heaven would shortly unite her to himself in another and a better world; and, if it might be so, to obtain his parting forgiveness!

At the hour of midnight did the young and timid girl leave the bright and brilliant palazzo of her fathers, to seek the fearful gloom and solitude of a prison. Her heart sank within her as she entered the massive portal; and as the grating key and rattling chain gave her ingress into the abode of misery, she shuddered for the fate of one so tenderly beloved, so fatally sacrificed, who, she knew, would only go from prison to death, and leave the darkness of his dungeon for the scaffold.

After threading innumerable dark and damp passages, and traversing what seemed a subterranean city of despair, she was at length ushered into the wretched, deeply sunk dungeon, to which was consigned the young and gallant, and dearly loved Giuliano.

With trembling hands, she took the proffered lamp from the attendant, and advancing to a heap of straw in a remote corner of the cell, she beheld the object of which she was in quest—the hapless prisoner, stretched in uneasy and unquiet sleep.

Slowly and cautiously did she approach the slumbering and ill-fated youth, shading the lamp with her small hand, lest its light should awaken the captive; and treading with the lightness of a sylph, lest her footstep should disturb his sleep.

As she bent over him, she shuddered as she saw a deep gash extending across his forehead, on

which it was evident no surgical care had been bestowed. The blood uncleansed was clotted over the brow, and the wound itself gaped livid, wide, and frightful, unprotected, uncovered by any bandage or other friendly appliance.

“O Heaven! he is wounded, and his wounds are undressed,” she mentally exclaimed; and looking on his hands, which were clasped on his breast, perceived that they were heavily manacled; while a closer inspection revealed to her that his fetters, whether by accident or design, were fastened so closely that blood had flowed from the pressure: and her anguish was completed, as his lips feebly and slowly moved, ejaculating a reproach to her name.

“*Falsa, falsa Bianca!*” was the exclamation of his dreams, and, overwhelmed with grief, she tottered towards the wall of the cell to abide his awaking.

The slumbers of the wretched are brief and easily broken, and the light and scarcely audible steps of the maiden were sufficient to arouse him from his sleep. Her heart beat fearfully when she heard his fetters clank as he turned on his couch of straw; but still more terrific were its vibrations when, perceiving her, he denounced her perfidy and upbraided her cruelty in coming to view, and, as he supposed, to triumph in the misery she had occasioned.

“False, perfidious!” was his cry, “and art thou come to complete thy cruelty by insulting me in my misery, and gloating on the ruin thou hast wrought?”

Bianca essayed to reply; but, unable to articulate, could only answer with tears.

“Thou hast still, beautiful but perfidious fiend, another joy in store. I have been condemned to die by a band of poltroons; any one, nay, any three of whom, give me but my good steed and my knightly harness, I would have encountered and felled to the earth. They have consigned me to the scaffold; and, at to-morrow’s noon, thou mayst feast thine eye and rejoice thine heart on the mangled corse of Giuliano Cotalto, who loved thee, false one, but too well; and whose love thou hast so cruelly, so basely repaid.”

As she feebly and faintly attempted to explain, he fiercely interrupted her vindication.

“Nay, add not the guilt of falsehood to the crime of treachery. When I had thee in the Abruzzi hills, and would have crushed thy weak and coward escort as ’twere a nutshell, and thence could have borne thee to our mountains, and there have extorted as thy ransom what terms of peace or pardon I chose; I fondly, weakly suffered my love to overcome my reason, dared the displeasure of my associates, and gave a pledge which thou



hast employed but for my ruin,"—and exhausted and wearied he sank again on his pillow of straw.

Bianca slowly and painfully collecting herself, now commenced the recital of that treachery of which she, as well as himself, had been made the victim. Bitterly and unsparingly did she reproach herself for the negligence with which she had allowed the ring to depart from her custody. Could she have divined the cruel, the treacherous, the murderous purpose for which it had been procured, never, never would she have parted with it. As it was she implored not his forgiveness; this she dared not ask; but his pity, and his last regret; and, as he gradually became calm and listened to her adjurations, she approached nearer to him, grasped his passive hand, and kneeling by his couch implored Heaven to grant her its pardon, and to bestow the further boon of shortly rejoining her lover, her victim, in the tomb!

The unhappy prisoner softened, affected by the undeniable truth of her sad story, raised himself on his couch, and clasping the weeping girl, bestowed his blessing, his forgiveness!

The time allowed for their interview had now expired, and with many a mutual sob and sigh, and oft repeated embrace, the unhappy girl was separated from her only treasure.

On the ensuing morning the preparations of



execution were made on the Piazza. The youth and estimable qualities of the condemned excited a more than usual interest in his behalf, the crowds collected were enormous, and the dread spectacle of death had not attracted a more numerous assemblage since the unhappy Conradin himself was the hero of its melancholy scene!

At noon precisely was the hapless prisoner conducted to the scaffold, and as the bell of Santa Maria tolled the noon-tide hour, the head of the youthful noble rolled a ghastly and lifeless relic on the scaffold. And at this hour precisely she who had unconsciously been the instrument of his fate enregistered herself in the convent of Ursuline nuns of Santa Catarina, as a novice; here she soon found the boon she sought; she lingered in sickness and in sorrow through the term of her noviciate, and on that day of the following year a grave was opened in the cemetery of the convent for the reception of the mortal remains of the young and beautiful, and ill-fated Bianca!

A RYGHTE TREWE STORIE  
OF A WAULKE AND TAULKE  
ABOWTE  
GEOLOGYE ANDE HISTORYE.

---

God prosper longe our Ladye Queene,  
Our menne of scyence alle !  
What pleasyng waulkes, what learnedde taulkes,  
On Sussex Downes befalle !

Mantell, whoe late toe Lewes broughte  
His followers, fonde and trewe ;  
Now clymbed the Steyning hilles, and soughte  
“ Fresh fyeldes and pastures newe !”

And showed againe, o’er vale and hille,  
With learned taulke and toyle,  
The deedes of olde, and older stille,  
The wonders of the soyle !

Fyrst, att the ryver halted wee,  
Whyle Mantell toke his stande,  
And tolde the marvelles of the sea,  
And changes of the lande !

“ The insecte smalle,” quod he, “ the whyle  
Itt flytts among the flowres,  
Thinkes them eternall : do ye smyle ?  
Itts errour is but owres !

“ Wee, tooe, throughoute lyfe’s lyttell daye,  
Looke owre eache tranquil scene,  
And fondlie thinke ’twill be for aye,  
And soe hath ever bene !

“ But knowe, thatt once no ryver flowed  
Throughoute these smyling fyldes ;  
Butt farre off waters drayned the landes,  
And rann thro’ dystant wealdes !

“ And whenn some vaste expansyve force  
Broke upp the ocean’s bedde,  
’Twas thenn this ryver founde itts cowrse,  
And thro’ these valleys spredde !

“ And soe, when wee shall vanyshed bee,  
Like change shall then come owre ;  
The sea be lande, the fylde a strande,  
The rivere flowe noe more !

“ Butt lett us nowe from Nature’s workes  
To deedes of mann resorte :  
For knowe, that yonder humble toun  
Was once a royall porte !

“ Here Edwardes, Henryes, sallyed forthe,  
Wyth banner and wyth launce;  
And ofte our monarches sayled from hence  
Toe conqueste and toe Fraunce !

“ And whenn agaynste th’ Armada’s force  
Our fathers dared to stryve,  
This porte sent syx-and-twentye shyppes,  
Ande London twenty-fyve !

“ Thus, if wee Nature’s workes exhume,  
Or owre past hist’rie range,  
Wee fynde both mann and Nature’s doome  
Is one perpetuall change !

“ But seeke we nowe the churche, and viewe  
Its auntyente sacredde pyle ;  
Where Saxonn wyth the Normann arche  
Doth blende its varied style !

“ And see, in forme of Holye Crosse  
Was builde the blessedde fane,  
To keep in mynde the Savyour’s losse,  
And mann’s eternall gayne !”

And now o’er hylle, and mounte, and dale,  
His followers Mantell broughte ;  
And whyle he told the varied tale,  
This was the lore he taughte :

“ The distant wealdes ye gaze upon,  
Once swarmedde with monsters rare ;  
There ranged the vast Iguanodon,  
The Hylæosaurus there !

“ And later yet a sea owrspreddde  
The spot where nowe wee waulke ;  
And this was once an ocean’s bedde,  
The ocean of the chaulke !

“ And seas more late, in forme and date,  
Spreddde owre the self-same strande ;  
And manye a change, most wylde and strange,  
Reversed the sea and lande.

“ And later styлле, o’er yonder hylle,  
Didde tropycke creatures roame :  
The wild horse, deere, founde pasture here,  
The elephaunte a home !”

And thus, owre valley and owre mounte,  
Didde Mantell holde hys cowlse ;  
And pawsing laste beside a founte,  
He there described its sowlse.

“ This stone of sand, on which I stande,”  
He sayde, the stream besyde,  
“ Beares deepe and darke the rypple marke,  
Worne by a ryver’s tyde.

“ And Nature’s lawes, from self-same cawse,  
Have marked alike the clowde ;  
And e’en the sunn hath grooves uponn  
Hys dym and dystante shrowde ! ”

And thence toe porche of Steyning churche,  
A fayre and statelie pyle ;  
And there he tolde itt beautyes olde,  
Of nave, and arche, and aysle.

And next wee seeke the castled peake,  
And gayne itt frendlie towre.  
The tyme we fyxe to dyne is syxe,  
And, harke ! itt strykes the howre !

There vyandes rare are spredde with care ;  
And, thanks to frendes, wee fynde  
Refreshyng cheere provyded here,  
For bodye, and for mynde.

For, harke ! they alle, at Mantell’s calle,  
Have soughte the castelle keepe ;  
To heare once more recounted owre  
The change of lande and deepe !

Anon, turn’d hee to hystorye,  
From earthes, and chaulkes, and marles ;  
And showed to syghte the lyne of flyghte,  
When fledde our second Charles,



Whenn forced by fate, and Cromwell's hate,  
He flewe from Worcester fyelde,  
Ande soughte the chaunce of flyghte to Fraunce  
Thro' owre own Sussex Wealde !

“ Looke out againe, in yonder lane  
His fierce pursewers meete ;  
And rudelie ryde the kyng besyde,  
And shake hym in hys seate !

“ But, thanks to love and Heav'n above,  
Hee 'scapedde from danger's snare ;  
Achieved the flyghte to France by nyghte,  
And landedde safelie there ! ”

And tolde hee of that lovyng wyfe,\*  
Who didde herr courage prove,  
And peryll'd libertie and lyfe  
For loyalte and love !

For mann, tho' hee a traitor bee  
To trewth, to dutie's lawes ;  
Yet woman deare is styll sincere  
To love, to honour's cawse !

Agayne hee tolde the storie olde,  
Yett ever, ever newe,  
Of changes wyde, in lande and tyde,  
That earthe and oceane knewe !

\* The wife of Colonel Gunter.—See the Colonel's narrative in  
“ Parry's Coast of Sussex.”

“ Butt I will cease, and holde mye peace,”  
Enthusyaste Mantell saydde,  
“ Whyle cleare and bryghte before youre syghte  
The charmes of Nature spredde.

“ For, harke ! from hylle and vale so styлле  
Ascends her evenyng hymne,  
That nowe dothe rayse her Maker’s prayse,  
And breathes alle love toe Hym !

“ And marke her fyeldes, her woodes, her wealdes,  
Her panorama vaste ;  
And see the whyle the sunne dothe smyle  
Hys bryghtest and hys laste !”

For joyes most sweete are alsoe fleete,  
Now twylyghte’s shadowes felle ;  
Night threwe owre alle her spangledde palle,  
And Mantell badde—Farewelle !

Nowe yee whoe blame this verse, so lame,  
Writt by unlearnedde elfe,  
Thynke not hys lore, as myne, was poore,  
But goe next tyme yourselfe !

You’ll synge, I ween, “ Long lyve owr Queene,  
And Mantell, long lyve hee ;  
And whenn hee waulkes, and whenn hee taulkes,  
Maye I bee there to see !”

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

---

Alone with thee ! how sweet from noise and folly,  
From worldly tumult, grief, and care to flee ;  
And give the mind to musings high and holy,  
Alone with thee !

Alone with thee ! how blest, fair love, to wander  
O'er parting lands and wider parting sea ;  
On former thoughts and themes of bliss to ponder,  
Alone with thee !

Alone with thee ! how sweet were times of gladness,  
Couldst thou but share their hallowed joys with me ;  
Yet haply still more sweet were hours of sadness,  
Alone with thee !

Alone with thee ! in Joy's bright noon of splendour,  
How blest to roam o'er hill and vale and lea ;  
Yet Sorrow's twilight were, methinks, more tender,  
Alone with thee !

Alone with thee ! e'en this world's day of sorrow  
Were bright and blest as Paradise to me ;  
How far more bright Eternity's vast morrow,  
Alone with thee !

## AN ANECDOTE OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

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AMONG those characters who have adorned the page of history by their conduct and their exploits, modern annals present perhaps no personage more truly deserving our admiration and esteem than the Swedish hero, Gustavus Adolphus, who united in his life and actions the policy of an enlightened monarch with the courage and honour of a *preux chevalier*; whose career has attracted the attention of the greatest writers of their age, and who has been immortalized by Schiller and celebrated by Scott.

Of those various and touching incidents which gave to his brief and brilliant course all the interest of a romance, the following simple but touching anecdote is recorded by his biographers.

It was his custom, on the eve of any great military expedition, to retire occasionally from the bustle of the camp, and wander in the fields, absorbed in deep and solitary meditation. While his army lay entrenched within the angle which is formed by the confluence of the Elbe and the

Havel, near the town of Havelberg, he was one day walking on the banks of the latter of these rivers, when he was "surprised with the voices of ten or twelve young cavaliers, who were talking with much vivacity, and seemed to shape their course towards the Swedish quarters. The king despatched a sentinel or two to summon them to him; but, as these volunteers talked neither German nor Swedish, they could only answer by signs. Gustavus guessing their errand, spoke to them very politely in Latin, and offered to incorporate them that very day into the very best body of troops then in his service." The offer was gladly and instantly accepted, and the new comers were enrolled in a distinguished corps under the immediate observation of the king. For it was a practice with this politic sovereign and excellent general to pay particular attention to the character and conduct of every young officer who joined his standard, and to inquire of their superiors and colonels as to their turn of mind and genius for the art of war. Nay, we are told that he not unfrequently conversed with the meanest of his soldiers, and knew numbers of them by name. In the course of the observation which he was thus induced to form of the young aspirants to his favour, he was much struck with the martial figure and intelligent features of a young Frenchman of the party. He

therefore entered into conversation with the youth, and, delighted with the spirit and talent of his conversation, invited him to his table and his tent, and one morning requested the favour of his company to inspect some beautiful horses which had been captured at the outposts from the enemy. The Frenchman appeared perfectly conversant with the qualities of the animals, and having expressed his admiration of two in preference to the rest, the king requested his acceptance in terms as polite as they were generous. "You will please observe, Sir," was his observation, "that they are not a present; I do not give them to you, I only pay you for the merit which I see you have, and which you have dedicated to my service." The youth still attempting to express his acknowledgments and excuses, and declining the gift, the king stopped him with the remark—"Nay, Sir, you will find them necessary for your use, as brigadier in my regiment of guards, to which post I have just now appointed you. They may be further useful in some expeditions of importance in which I may shortly have the pleasure of employing you."

An opportunity of the sort very speedily occurred. Intelligence reached the Swedish camp that a convoy of rich booty, plundered by the Imperialists, would ere long pass within a short distance, under the command of an officer of high



rank and family, and of distinguished military reputation. To attack the escort, to overthrow it, and, if possible, gain possession of its treasures, were objects of great importance to the Swedish king; the enterprise was instantly resolved on, and its execution entrusted to an officer of considerable valour and experience, who was directed to select a proper number of volunteers for the dangerous but honourable service. Among the first who presented themselves need we say was the gallant Frenchman, who burned with the desire to signalize himself, and win the steed which had been so generously bestowed. The due preparations made, the expedition was fixed to set out at fall of night, and the commandant was directed to repair, at that hour, to the tent of Gustavus, to receive his latest commands and directions. These were carefully and cautiously detailed by the brave but prudent monarch, who united caution for the personal safety of others, and neglect of his own, in a degree eminently characteristic of his generous and noble nature. When all was explained—"And now, Von Ernstein," said the king, "comes an injunction scarcely less important than those I have mentioned before. Among your little band you have a French youth, a mere stripling, who has ventured on this dangerous service. You will know him—he rides a black steed which Bjornstjern took the

other day from the Bavarians; be careful of this youth, have your eye on him, and keep a trooper or two behind him in the charge—their aid may be necessary; for he is brave and eager, or I mistake my man, and I grow weak and womanish in my likings, old comrade; and believe me, I could as well afford to lose a battle of ten thousand a side as to lose that young, and beautiful, and gallant boy;” and with a hearty pressure of the hand the monarch dismissed his officer.

The brave band set out at night-fall, and proceeded to the place appointed for their rendezvous. At the distance of a German mile from the scene of action they met a peasant, who, true to time and place, was instantly recognised and mounted behind the fleetest dragoon of the corps. By his direction the party quitted the main road, and sought through by-paths the appointed rendezvous, a hill above the high road, admirably adapted for an ambuscade, since its brow was covered with lofty trees which sheltered the hidden troops, while a pathway led on each side to the road itself. Half a dozen of the men dismounted, and securing their horses, advanced to the brow. They had scarcely taken up their ground when the noise of approaching cavalry was heard, and the advanced guard of the Imperialists was descried on the causeway.

A halt was suddenly called, and a conference took place between the officers, so near that it could be distinctly heard by the party hidden in the thicket.

“Auenbach,” said the commanding officer to his lieutenant, “this spot looks suspicious, and ought perhaps to be searched. It would hide a regiment of Pappenheim’s cuirassiers. Methought amid these pines this moment I heard a movement, and fancied I distinguished the neighing of a horse. See’st thou—hear’st thou aught?”

“’Twas the tired nag of a peasant, perchance,” said the party interrogated, “glad to hasten to its stable. I hear nothing, not I; yet stay—hark, it is—the advance of our own dragoons; ’tis we have lingered, and ought to be a full half mile in advance. Come, hasten on, and gallop be our word, or they will overtake us while we stand trifling here.”

The command was given, the advanced party hastened on, and were soon succeeded by the main body. The party *en faction* had returned to their comrades; all was ready, and on their approach to the hill the escort were attacked with an impetuosity and daring which left no doubt of success. The Imperialists, surprised, overwhelmed, overthrown in a moment, fled to a man, their commander alone opposing a brief and fruitless resistance.

He was instantly singled out by the French youth, the object of Gustavus' friendship, who, after a mutual and harmless discharge of pistols, closed with him sword in hand. The advantage of strength and experience was with the German officer, but these were counterbalanced by the courage and daring of his youthful opponent, who moreover had the superiority of being much better mounted than his foe, and after a short but spirited combat, unhorsed his opponent, and compelled him reluctantly to surrender. The booty seized by the Swedish party was rich and rare, sufficient, in short, to repay all the risks and dangers of the enterprise; and having secured the prisoners and the effects, the victors sought their monarch's camp.

Soon as their approach next morning was notified to Gustavus, he left his tent to welcome his conquering soldiers, and inspect their booty. Among his first inquiries was the question if the young Frenchman was alive and unhurt; and what was his delight when the youth presented himself, followed by the commander of the enemy's forces, a prisoner to his stripling opponent, whom, according to usage, he delivered up to his sovereign as part of the booty. "Brave boy," exclaimed the monarch, "how well hast thou justified my expectations! Think not, however, that Gustavus will rob thee

of thy spoils, and partake an advantage thy own bravery hath earned. Thy prisoner is rich and noble; and rich and noble will be the ransom he should pay thee. For myself, I renounce it, and give all to thee. Farewell for the moment; we shall be engaged till dinner, and then shall hope for thy presence, young soldier."

And the place of honour was reserved for the youthful and victorious aspirant; and after the friendly meal, and when the wine-cup had gone its round, Gustavus inquired aloud of the youth what ransom he had agreed on with his captive.

"I hope to be forgiven," said the youth, "but the ransom is settled, and, in some measure, already paid. My prisoner, may it please your majesty, is a brave soldier, and a gallant and a worthy man; and poor as I am, I could not ask him money for his liberty; we have therefore bargained, if you, Sire, will allow it, that he is to have his freedom for nothing, only that he is to remain awhile with me, to teach me the Swedish and German languages, that I may thereby be enabled the better to receive and execute your majesty's commands!"

The heart of Gustavus overflowed with sympathy and admiration and delight. A hearty pressure of the hand, *herzlicher händedruck* is the German phrase, told all that was left unsaid by his

tear-fraught eyes and failing voice; and it was not until the youth had respectfully bowed and departed that the king could adequately express his feelings. "That boy," at length he exclaimed to his friends, "will be a great man!"

And could so great a man be mistaken in his estimate of greatness? That boy, who long survived his adored general and master, was Jean Gassion, one of the bravest soldiers France ever saw. After attaining eminent distinction in Germany, he acquired equal eminence in his native country, was loaded with honours and preferments, and was the only Protestant prior to the revolution who obtained the rank of a Marshal of France!



## REMEMBRANCE.

---

REMEMBER thee, sweet one ! remember, O yes,  
I will ever remember, adore thee and bless ;  
From the carols of morning, to eve's vesper chime,  
In each saddest, and sweetest, and holiest time !

Remember thee, dearest ! O think'st thou that I  
Could ever erase thee from mind and from eye ?  
Those lips and those looks, and those ringlets so jet—  
O who could behold them and ever forget ?

Remember thee ! yes, I'll remember thee still,  
In bliss and in sorrow, in joy and in ill ;  
Though absence may sever, though distance may part,  
I'll remember how lovely, how loving thou art !

Remember thee ! yes, but while others may prize  
Thine outward perfections, those looks, and those eyes ;  
'Twill be mine with a dearer, a deeper control,  
To dwell on thy gifts, and thy graces of soul !

Remember thee ! yes, I'll remember, sweet saint,  
Each treasure that love and affection would paint ;  
Each gift, and each charm, and each talent refin'd,  
Thy graces all feeling, thy beauties all mind !

Remember thee ! yes, in each moment of care,  
Of solitude, sorrow, devotion, and prayer ;  
And each boon that I ask at Eternity's shrine,  
Shall be mingled with blessings on thee and on thine !

## STANZAS

ON THE QUEEN'S ARRIVAL AT BRIGHTON.

---

HAIL, daughter of a royal line !

Whom England joys to call her own ;  
While England's hopes and prayers entwine  
Around thy young and virgin throne.

We now invite thee to thy home,  
Young mistress of this fair demesne ;  
And welcome to yon palace dome  
Our young, and loved, and maiden Queen !

Hail, ruler o'er a mighty land !

And may that Power Supreme who gave  
The sceptre to thy fair young hand,  
And bade thee reign o'er land and wave—  
O may that power each grace impart  
That's richest prized or rarest seen,  
And bless with gifts of mind and heart  
Our young, and loved, and maiden Queen !

Hail, object of a mother's prayer !

Who, while she views this scene of bliss,  
Feels many a year of hope and care  
Repaid by moments blest as this.

And while in transports meek and mild,  
She views the bright and fairy scene,  
Still blesses Heaven, that sent her child,  
Our young, and loved, and maiden Queen !

Hail, hail, all hail !—these outward joys,  
The cheering shout, the deafening din,—  
The cannons' roar, the crowd, the noise,  
But poorly speak the bliss within :  
And would we strive our joys to tell,  
Our noblest words were all too mean ;  
And silence best can show how well  
We love our young and maiden Queen !

## THE SEPARATION.

---

THE young Earl of C—— had received a diplomatic mission to one of the German courts, and having completed the requisite preparations for his journey, came to bid adieu to his young and beautiful Countess.

“All is finished, Julia, love,” he exclaimed as he entered her *boudoir*, “the carriage is at the door, the trunks are packed and loaded, and I have now only to bid adieu to thee!”

“Farewell, Henry,” said his beautiful consort, as she hastily wiped the starting tear from her eyes; “farewell, since it must be so. But we shall not be parted long, dearest, at least I hope not; I shall be inconsolable till I see you again. Pray, Harry, shorten your stay as much as possible; but you will, for *my* sake, you will,” and she grasped his proffered hand yet firmer, and a fresh flow of tears obscured her eyes as they looked anxiously into his.

“Of course I will, love,” said the ardent and devoted husband; “but time wastes, and I must tear myself away. You will not be long a widow, Julia, rely on it; and the first moment I can get away shall bring me to your arms again.”

“Thank you, dearest,” exclaimed the Countess, “and there is another person too you know, who, unconscious as he is, should win you again to your home;” and with gentle, noiseless steps she led her husband to the elegant cot, in which reposed in all the sweet loveliness of childish beauty, the infant heir of his house.

The happy parents gazed with mutual delight on the slumbers of their darling, and turned away to renew their adieus and protestations of attachment. These were now closed, the last mutual kiss had been impressed, the last fond farewell breathed, and Lord C—— had reached the door, when the voice of his lady recalled him for a moment.

“And Henry, dear—”

“My love,”—was his reply, as he waited the communication.

“Come hither, Henry,” said the Countess, and hesitatingly added, “Of course, Harry—that is—you know—you’ll promise me—to be a good boy, dearest; forgive my foolish feelings, but the continent is gay, you know; and when I am away—

and—and—" unable to finish her injunction, she hid her blushing face in his bosom, ashamed of her own fears.

"*Sois tranquille, mon amour,*" said the fond *mari*, "I have a monitor here, you see, which, believe me, shall never quit my heart;" and he produced a miniature of herself, which he ever wore on his bosom. To you, Julia, I give no admonition. I leave a little representative of myself, who will effectually recall my recollection, should it for a moment escape your bosom. Be kind, be ever attentive to him, darling, is all I ask, all I wish. You will stay with my mother, and to her I entreat a similar affection. And now once more, farewell, farewell!"

And with another last kiss, another last adieu, he tore himself from his now weeping consort, and left the house.

The Countess of C—— was, as we have said, a young and beautiful woman, and it is painful to add, her character partook somewhat of that fickleness and irresolution which are usually in a greater or less degree the concomitants of youth and inexperience. Her disposition was kind, amiable, affectionate, but it was yielding, conforming, weak; the creature of impulse, she yielded to every circumstance, however trivial, which could influence her conduct, every passing breath of opinion, of per-



suasion, of inducement. In her mature years, in short, she retained and displayed the weaknesses almost of infancy; and like a child which, while under the eye of its master, would conduct itself with propriety and correctness, the moment that superintendence was withdrawn, she was prone, at the instance of others, to deviate from that path of strict duty and propriety which her own feelings and her better judgment would have preferred, and to fall into errors and follies which were foreign to her nature.

For some time after the departure of her lord, nothing could have been more consistent, more strictly becoming than her whole deportment. Secluded at home, she declined even the visits of her nearest and dearest friends; devoted to the care of her little and precious charge, whose sole nurse she was, she fulfilled the sacred duties of a mother with the most perfect and self-denying attention. During this period, it is necessary to state, the metropolis was comparatively empty. She had but few friends to interrupt her good resolves, and her correspondingly good conduct; but it is painful to add, that her attentions gradually relaxed as temptations presented themselves, and she was assailed with all the attractions of a London season.

O that London season! with how many dark and

mournful, as well as bright and glad associations, is it not connected! Beautiful and brilliant as it appears at a distance, a nearer approach, a closer investigation, often exhibit results of the most painful character, and like the volcano, its fires delight the eye with their splendour, but too often leave in many a bosom the sorrows and the ashes of penitence and regret. And our fair Countess was one of the most charming, the most to be pitied of its victims.

For a considerable time she resisted the importunities of friends to appear in public, and the repeated presents of tickets for Almack's, the solicitations of musical professors to patronize their concerts, and the more pressing invitations to private parties, were alike disregarded. Her box at the opera was untenanted; her carriage was wanting in the drive; and the absence of the beautiful Countess was mourned as that of the brightest star in the galaxy of fashion. Her almost sole delight was her attention to her darling child; her chief employ corresponding with her absent lord, or conversing with his aged mother, who began to fear that the almost total seclusion would prove injurious to her health and spirits. By degrees, therefore, the affectionate and aged Countess-dowager persuaded her daughter-in-law to relax somewhat of her strictness, and to receive and

return the visits of a few of her friends; but unhappily the change in her habits thus effected, was but too soon followed by consequences of the most painful kind. "The beginning of evil," says the wise man, "is as when one letteth out water;" its progress, small at first, goes on increasing, till the swelling stream bursts all barriers, and overwhelms all around in one flood of misery!

The Countess at first paid merely a few visits, and went to a few only of the parties of her friends, and from these she early and eagerly returned to the delightful task of nursing her infant treasure, and discoursing with her aged and revered parent. These visits by degrees increased in number and extent; her invitations became more numerous, her absence from home more frequent and more protracted, and she was at length drawn into all the gaieties of that London season, whose perilous attractions we have already had occasion to regret. Her former delightful duties were now but slightly attended to, or put off altogether; she wrote but seldom to her Lord; how could she?—she had not time; and attended but imperfectly to the duties of her child, for the task was alike incompatible with her various and increasing engagements.

Her affectionate parent witnessed, with severe regret and self-reproach, the altered conduct of her deluded daughter. Fain would she have recalled

the fatal solicitation with which, from motives of kindness, she had urged her to join in the gaieties of the world; fain have caused her to retrace her steps; alas! it was too late, and she could only indulge in that bitterest of all regrets—the fruitless lamentation for the past. She determined, however, to remonstrate with her mistaken charge, and in terms, mild, yet forcible, she pointed out the folly, nay the guilt, of conduct so inconsiderate; its ill effects on her own health, and that of her infant; her ingratitude to her husband; and finally, her want of delicacy and right feeling towards herself, since, though invested with no authority from her son, the Dowager-countess felt that she was responsible in some degree to him for the health and welfare of his wife and child, both of which were endangered by her present course. The Earl, too, had signified his intention of shortly returning home, and what would be his displeasure at such a course as Lady C—— was pursuing. But remonstrance was unavailing, the Rubicon was passed, and the Countess was only induced to persevere in this course from the opposition which was raised against it.

“At least,” added her mother, “dear Lady C——, let me entreat you to remain at home this evening; it is long since you have done so, and it is my duty to acquaint you that I feel considerable

uneasiness on account of the child. Neglect, I fear, is about to produce ill effects on his frame; he has been restless the whole night, and this morning has all the symptoms of fever: indeed, indeed he is ill; and will you, can you go?"

The beautiful and still feeling, but weak and irresolute Countess, paused for a moment, struck with the justice of the remonstrance, and was half inclined to accede to her wish, when a rap of thunder was heard at the door, and she saw through the window the carriage of Lady ——, with whom she had made an appointment to report on the sale of tickets for the concert of an Italian *artiste*, which was to take place that evening.

"Dear mamma," she said, "excuse me; for this moment I must see Lady —— by appointment, and afterwards we will speak on the subject."

The aged lady mournfully withdrew, and the visiter came, was received, and found means effectually to engage the fickle Lady C—— to join her party in the evening.

The time consumed in this conference, and the requisite preparations for the toilette, occupied nearly the space till night; and it was only when full dressed, that the Countess again encountered her anxious mother, who vainly sought to dissuade her from her injudicious promise.

"Come and see the child," at last she added,



finding her entreaties unavailing ; and she led her unwillingly to the cot in which the infant lay. He had sunk into a momentary slumber ; but the short quick breath, the clenched hands, the flushed cheek, the restless expression of the features, plainly spoke of suffering and pain. “ And will you, Julia, will you really go ? ” asked her aged relative, with intense anxiety.

“ Dear mamma,” said the thoughtless lady, “ I cannot avoid it ; I am positively pledged to Lady —— . Besides, you see he is asleep, and, I have no doubt, will awake revived and refreshed, and better. You’ll attend to him, Morris,” she said to her lady’s maid, “ till I come back ; and if any thing should occur, be sure you send immediately for Carpue.” And she hastened to her carriage and her *soirée*.

Scarcely had she left the house, when the infant awoke in all the anguish of suffering. Its cries were fearful ; its agonies but too evident ; and all attempts to soothe or quiet it were vain. The aged Lady C—— was immediately informed of its danger, and instantly despatched a note to a fashionable surgeon residing in the same street, requesting his immediate attention ; while a message was also forwarded to the concert at which Lady C—— was attending, but which was unhappily at a considerable distance from the mansion.



The surgeon arrived, and had just been ushered into the room in which the sufferer lay, when a travelling carriage was heard rushing up the street, a loud and repeated knocking shook the house, and in a few seconds the Earl of C—— rushed into the room where lay his now dying child. The medical attendant and his mother were vainly striving to soothe the infant, which was now attacked with strong convulsions, the evident harbingers of death.

“What!” he wildly cried ;—“C—— here !— my boy ill! O mother! where, where is Lady C——? Has any thing befallen *her*?”

“She is from home at this moment,” falteringly replied his mother.

“From home! but why, at a time like this? O there is sad negligence somewhere! Tell me, mother, where is my wife? this instant, I conjure you, tell me?”

His parent would fain have evaded the reply; but her son perceived her hesitation, and urged an answer. “Can you, will you, deceive me, mother? Where, I again ask, is Lady C——?”

The aged lady tremblingly replied, “At ——’s concert.”

“At a concert!” shrieked the Earl, “while her child is dying. But she could not know of his state. Say she knew it not, and ease my breaking heart.”

But his mother could only cast down her eyes in answer, and weep tears of unavailing regret.

“But why,” he reiterated, “did she leave home? and why, mother, did you suffer it? Why”—but at this moment a carriage drew up at the door; a rap was heard; in a few seconds the unhappy object of censure entered the room: and what was the scene which presented itself! Her aged relative the picture of sorrow and despair; her angry and justly incensed lord darting on her a look of horror, such as she had never before met, never before deserved; her child moaning in all the agonies of death; for even at that moment, a fresh convulsion seized him; the little hands were clenched; the tiny mouth was drawn with agony; the eyes glared wildly for an instant, and the infant heir of an earldom was no more!

The fashionable journals of the next week deplored the separation of a noble earl, distinguished in the diplomatic circles, and his young and lovely consort. Various causes, all indeed but the right, were assigned as the motives of the separation, the real occasion of which is now, for the first time, revealed to the public.

## STANZAS.

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O THOU hast beam'd upon my path in beauty and in bliss,  
A vision of a brighter sphere, too pure, too blest for this ;  
A being from a better world, in mercy sent to beam  
Its blessings on the mourner's grief, the captive's lonely  
dream.

My youthful visions oft had feign'd a creature all of grace,  
Divinest gifts adorn'd her mind, and loveliest charms  
her face ;  
And when I met some new-found charm, I flew to  
fancy's shrine,  
And graced my idol with the gift, and joy'd to call it mine.

Yet such a mind and such a face I scarcely hop'd to see,  
So fair a being on this earth methought could never be ;  
Yet still I deck'd her form and face with graces ever new,  
And my visions only seem'd more bright since they could  
ne'er be true.

And O with such a being blest, I said what joys were mine,  
To seek together fancy's bowers, or kneel at learning's  
shrine ;  
To cultivate the mutual mind and purify the heart,  
Or rise from mental joys and seek devotion's better part !

One joy, one grief, would then be ours, one fond confiding heart,  
No bliss save what each other felt, no happiness apart ;  
Our joys a brighter dream by far than e'er below was given ;  
Our life one sabbath all of bliss, and this poor earth a heaven !

And thou, fair love, hast far outshone the hope of love and youth,  
Hast blest my dreams with waking bliss, and made my visions truth ;  
Thy face and form are brighter far than fancy's shapes of air,  
And O ! what fancy e'er could feign a mind so blest and fair !

But thou art like some vision blest, that dawns on sorrow's sleep,  
That beams awhile in love and light, then leaves the wretch to weep ;  
And like some fair angelic form, a moment seen and flown,  
Thine image will but shine more bright when thou art ever gone.

And I am left to mourn the bliss, that was but seen to flee,  
And vainly seek, in others, charms that only live in thee ;  
To dream awhile of happiness, in misery to wake ;—  
But hush, my sighs, be still my tears, and heart, O do not break !

## THE CORONATION.

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I SAW the pageant ; when a people free,  
And brave, and blest,—O who so blest as they !  
Lords of the land and rulers of the sea—  
Crown'd the young monarch whom their isles obey.  
Earth's proudest triumphs hail'd the halcyon day,  
And smil'd the skies in fair unwonted sheen,  
The bright sun shone with clear and cloudless ray,  
And gentlest shower soft fell, at times, between,  
As Heaven itself would weep, for joy, at such a scene.

I saw the heroes of a hundred fights ;—  
And lovely women look'd on gallant men ;  
And steel-clad warriors and stern harness'd knights  
Smiled on bright eyes, that sweetly smil'd again !  
And dreams of rapture fir'd the soul ; for then  
I felt how glorious were these sea-girt isles,  
Which never Tyranny hath made its den,  
Nor Bigotry ensnared with craftiest wiles,  
But Freedom makes her home, and Peace adorns with  
smiles !

I saw a warrior from a rival realm,  
And mark'd the triumph that adorn'd his way ;  
For noblest laurels deck'd the veteran's helm,  
Won in the strife of many a hard-fought fray !  
And as his course through crowded thousands lay,  
I heard the shouts that hail'd him ; for the free  
Are gen'rous as they're valiant, and repay  
A foeman's worth, and joy such claims to see  
As England proudly views and owns, brave Soult, in  
thee!

I saw a royal mother ; and her smile,  
And the glad transport of her joy-lit face,  
Could scarce express the bliss she felt the while  
She shared the rapture of that hour and place !  
For O ! if bliss of heaven can find a space  
In mortal breast, 'tis when a mother shares  
The transports of her child, and views the grace  
With which her darling her young triumph wears,  
And feels that hour repay long years of fears and  
cares.

I saw the Queen, fair England's fairest rose ;  
And O ! at sight of her, what prayers were sped ;  
What blessings loud and deep to heaven arose,  
Invoking happiness on that young head ;  
Like morning dews on some sweet rosebud spread !  
And when at eve she sought her palace bower,  
Alike were gentlest prayers and blessings said ;  
Falling around in many a softest shower,  
Like dews of evening shed on some sweet closing  
flower.



And be this day auspicious ;—long may she  
Taste of such rapture as this hour beguiles ;  
Long reign the monarch of the brave and free ;  
The guardian angel of her subject isles ;  
And ne'er may Fortune's shafts nor Falsehood's wiles  
Mar the sweet transport of her soul's content ;  
But may she ever wreathe her brow with smiles ;  
And when her happy course on earth is spent,  
May "goodness" and herself "fill up one monument."

THE END.







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